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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN you're in Inner Mongolia you can't be too careful how you deal with the local demons. Very unreliable lot, the Inner Mongolian demons. The only sure protection against them, you are told, is a long thin-bladed knife called "The Silver Moon."

That's how T'ai Wun explained it to Wolf Norgaard when he gave him the knife. But a long, thin-bladed knife is practically no protection at all when the demon in question turns out to be a girl—an American girl, at that, in a red bathing suit. Girls, Wolf suddenly discovered, are a much worse problem than demons. It took him months to solve this one and a trip halfway round the world. But solve it he did—with the aid of "The Silver Moon." In a dramatic short story Sidney Herschel Small explains.

THE NRA is an emergency measure. The CWA is temporary. The AAA is not intended to be permanent. And so for the others. What comes after them? When the last initial has unobtrusively slipped back into place in the alphabet—what then? What are the long-range aims of the New Deal?

With this problem in mind, Walter Davenport has been striding up and down the corridors in Washington, putting questions where they would do the most good. He was greeted by some uncertainty and confusion. There's no one place where you can find the picture as a whole. But, taking it bit by bit and assembling the pieces, you end with something that approaches a vision. Mr. Davenport shows you what it's like in an article called "Revive Us Again."

FROM the very first day that Eddie Starkweather saw Suzanne he knew that he had a find. Her ideas inspired him. They were spectacularly dumb ideas. Any movie director who used them would have been canned overnight. But if you took those ideas by the scruff of the neck and gently but firmly turned them inside out they proved to be knockouts. Pretty soon Eddie saw that he couldn't get along without Suzanne—"She Brought Him Luck." Jerome Beatty goes into the details.

MATT TAYLOR contributes "Bachelor Dinner," a moving love story. T. R. Ybarra sends the first of a series of brilliant reports from South America. Kyle Crichton gives you the history of Anna Sten, "The Kid from the Ukraine." Quentin Reynolds, Ray Tucker, Ernest Haycox, Arthur Somers Roche and others contribute facts and fiction. Resistance is a waste of time.

This Week

●

March 24, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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●

Any Week

"FAR be it from me to carp and find fault," writes Mr. Dave Gollard of Trenton, New Jersey, "but would you mind changing your day of issue once in a while so that I can get a decent Friday night dinner at home? Collier's comes out on Fridays, as you probably know. My wife and two daughters get it about noon and as far as any work around the house is concerned that's the end of Friday. I have to eat out. I do not mind doing that once a week but I would like it to be Monday or Wednesday or Thursday once in a while." I love my family and can't give up Collier's so you have to do something."

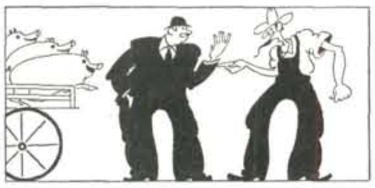
MRS. FRANK B. McLARRIE of Fort Wayne, Indiana, complains that there are so many things to think of these days that a body simply can't concentrate. "How is it," she demands, "that in all these street riots in Europe these days none of the dictators, chancellors, premiers, regents and political bosses who call out the troops to shoot down the opposition ever get a scratch?"

WE MIGHT work up an answer for Mrs. McLarrie, maybe the wrong one, but then all answers are apt to be a bit off the fact. For example, while Mr. Lynn G. Wales of Washington, D. C., was riding through that city in a taxicab he passed a building near the Capitol wherein a large, untamed band was rehearsing, apparently by ear. He asked the chauffeur about it. The chauffeur wasn't sure. "It has been going on some time now," he told Mr. Wales. "One of the newspaper correspondents who was riding with me yesterday said he guessed it might be the Hon. James M. Beck of Pennsylvania calling attention to the Constitution."

FOR twenty-five years, by his own count, Mr. Louis F. Guckes of Salem, Oregon, has been a faithful student of politics. "Franklin D. Roosevelt is not only a great President," says Mr. Guckes, "but he is the most astute politician I have ever studied. He is the only statesman who has taken care of his future by taking several million of his votes into his employ. Of course I refer to the PWA, the CWA and all the other emergency employment agencies. These people are working for Roosevelt in more ways than one."

WE TOO have been contemplating something for years. It's a trip to Staten Island, in New York Harbor. Somehow we've never got around to it. Now comes a letter from Mr. Edward K. Clark of Bayonne, New Jersey, concerning Phyllis Duganne's "You Can't Fool the Stars." Says Mr. Clark: "Either Miss Duganne is unfamiliar with transportation facilities on Staten Island or she has a distorted sense of sound. She has her heroine boarding a train which 'chugged peacefully through the spring countryside to the Bentons' station.' Tut, tut, Miss Duganne. Only steam trains chug. On Staten Island only electric cars are used for passenger transportation and they never, never chug. Moreover, in that section where Miss Duganne's young lady was being transported amid chugs there have been no steam trains for nine years except for freight. So if the lady had traveled by steam it was either on a freight train or before 1925, in which case she would have been aged eleven and a trifle young, I should think, to become engaged."

BUT we have to make a little room for Mr. William Ree of New Holstein, Wisconsin, who, decently enough, gives a bit of free and sound advice to E. Phillips Oppenheim who, as you know, writes the kind of serials that keep one's blood circulating briskly. Recently Mr. Oppenheim used the phrase "not by a damn' sight" and Mr. Ree objects. "The proper way to use this term," says Mr. Ree, "is 'by a dam site' as any farmer who has tried to farm it through the depression will tell him."



"THERE was a better than middling fight out here at the stockyards the other day," reports Mr. Bill Notches of Omaha, Nebraska. "A farmer came in with a truck load of fat hogs and was offered four cents a pound. The farmer protested and the buyer did a lot of cussing, adding that hogs weren't worth any more than that to him. The farmer said: 'Listen, mister, that ain't no way to talk to your relations.' The buyer said: 'Hell, you ain't no relation of mine.' Then the farmer said: 'No, I was speaking for the hogs.' It was one of the nicest fights we've had out here for more than a year."

BUT the farmer lost—as usual.

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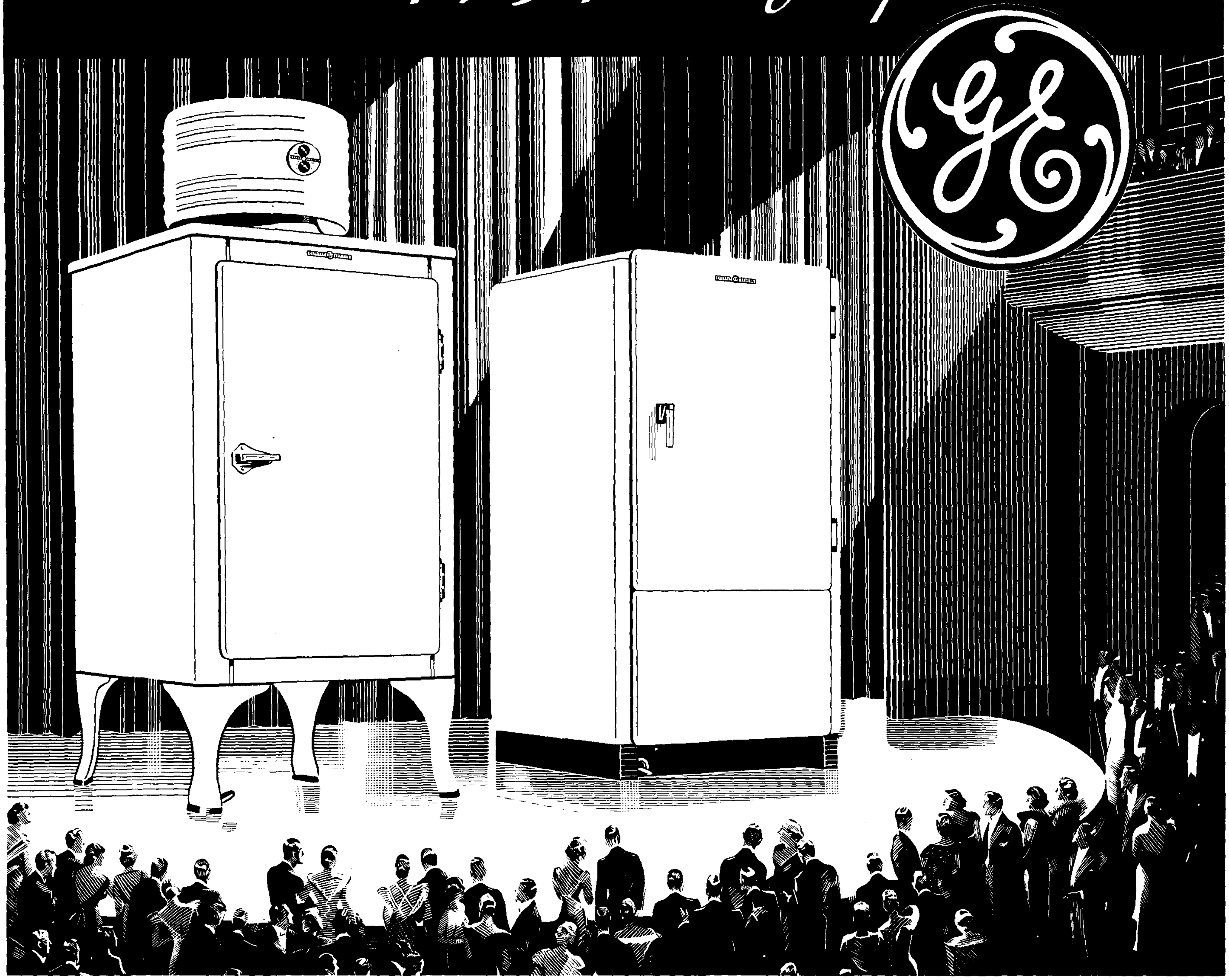

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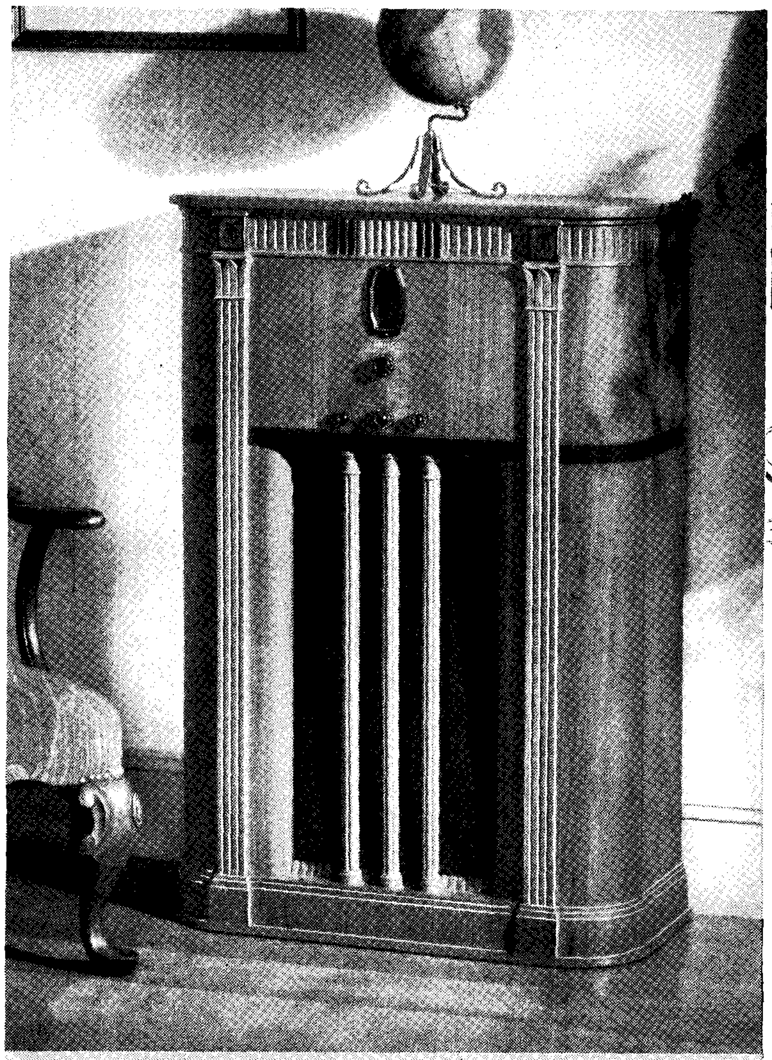

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ALL-WAVE and, in addition, TONE such as only PHILCO can give. The clear, true, undistorted tone is due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

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And every other worth-while radio improvement, including Two Tuning Ratios, 5 Wave-Band Switch, Bass Compensating Tone Control, Super "Class A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.

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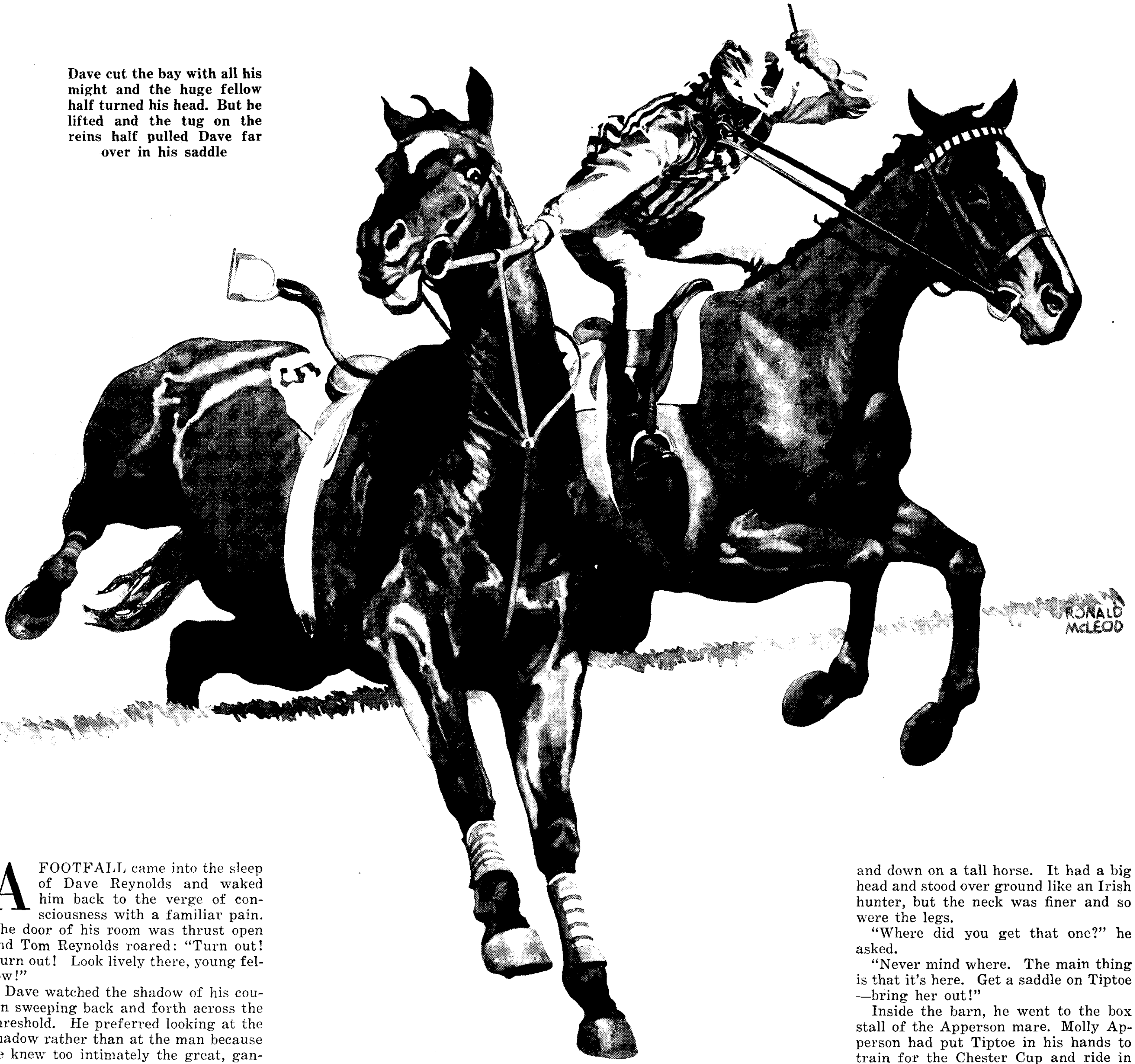
Collier's The National Weekly for March 24, 1934



Dave cut the bay with all his might and the huge fellow half turned his head. But he lifted and the tug on the reins half pulled Dave far over in his saddle

Beyond the Finish

By Max Brand

Where gentlemen are in the saddle a race is on the square. But—well, there was a girl, and two cousins, and a great race to be run. It's a story with many strange twists

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

A FOOTFALL came into the sleep of Dave Reynolds and waked him back to the verge of consciousness with a familiar pain. The door of his room was thrust open and Tom Reynolds roared: "Turn out! Turn out! Look lively there, young fellow!"

Dave watched the shadow of his cousin sweeping back and forth across the threshold. He preferred looking at the shadow rather than at the man because he knew too intimately the great, gangling body and the long, predatory, forward thrust of the head. For seven years that figure had dominated his life since he was sixteen and had come homeless to the house of Cousin Tom. All during those years he had been trying to find the kindness and the warmth of the blood behind the brutal gruffness of Tom, but he discovered himself deeper and deeper in a servitude from which he did not know how to escape.

"Hurry it up!" called Tom. Always there was hurry in his house. From the very beginning a whip, Dave felt, had been poised above him, though his older cousin had relented a bit when he discovered that Dave had a natural seat and a fine pair of hands; for the grain and potatoes off the Reynolds farm were far less important than the horses Tom raised or bought. Dave had become, in effect, the first stableman and trainer.

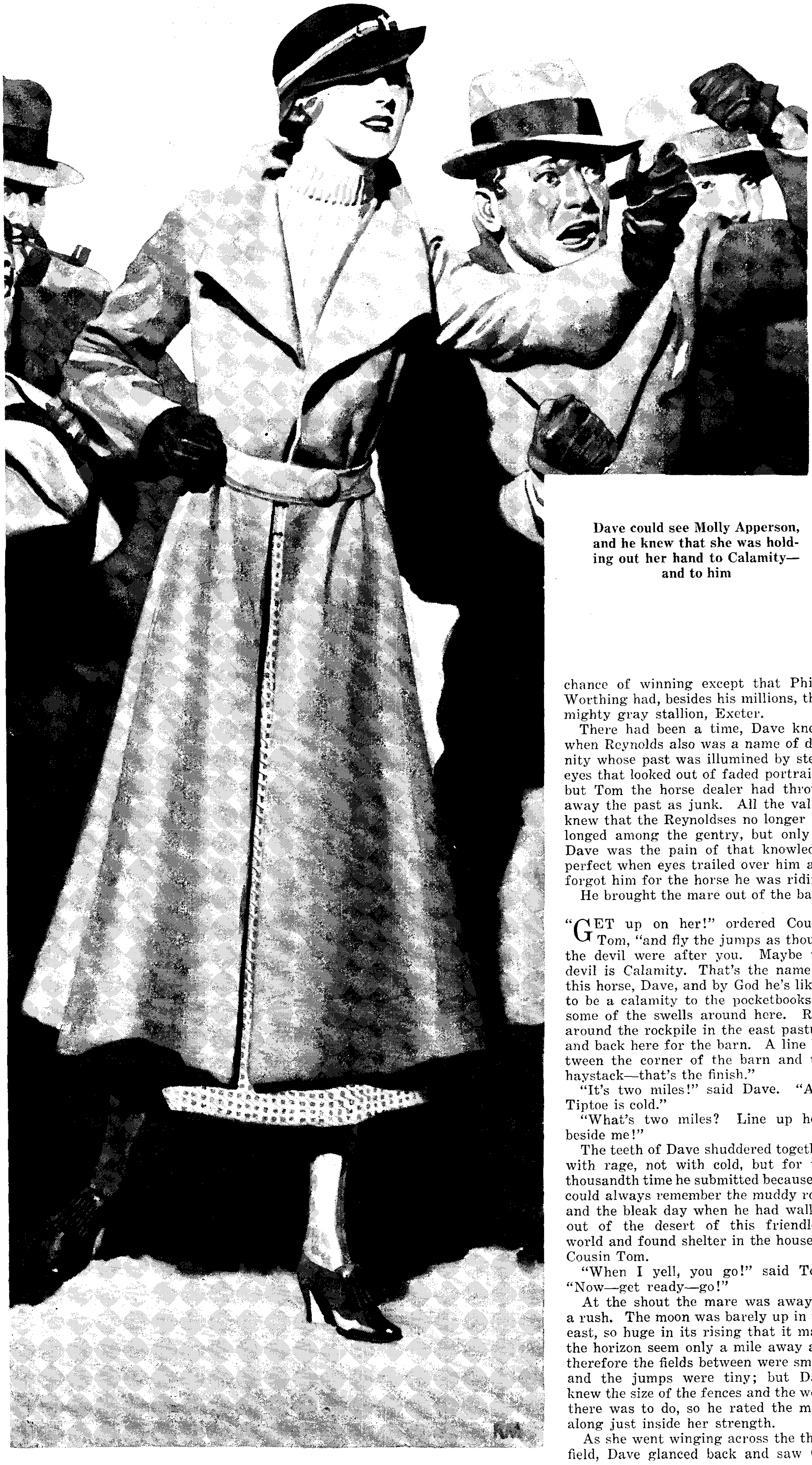
Outside, the autumn night was black and still and cold. When Dave got to the barn, he saw Cousin Tom riding up and down on a tall horse. It had a big head and stood over ground like an Irish hunter, but the neck was finer and so were the legs.

"Where did you get that one?" he asked.

"Never mind where. The main thing is that it's here. Get a saddle on Tiptoe—bring her out!"

Inside the barn, he went to the box stall of the Apperson mare. Molly Apperson had put Tiptoe in his hands to train for the Chester Cup and ride in the famous race. As he entered the stall, Tiptoe leaped up to her feet with a snort, but she knew him at once, the silk of her muzzle touching his hand and his face. The chilly saddle made the mare flinch. She was all delicacy, beauty and nerves, like Molly Apperson; but in Molly gentleness and the soft voice could not keep the high soul and the dauntless spirit of the Appersons from showing through. To young Dave Reynolds, other women were obscure images, but Molly Apperson was the sunlight and the springtime of reality. "There's no finer pair of hands in Virginia than yours, Dave," she had said. "If you take Tiptoe, Father will give you his colors for the Chester Cup."

Colonel Apperson, to some people, was a figure out of a book—dignity, narrow gray beard and all—but to Dave Reynolds and thousands of others he was Old Virginia, gallant, gentle, and proud. To wear his colors and to ride Molly's horse—well, Tiptoe had an excellent



Dave could see Molly Apperson, and he knew that she was holding out her hand to Calamity—and to him

chance of winning except that Philip Worthing had, besides his millions, that mighty gray stallion, Exeter.

There had been a time, Dave knew, when Reynolds also was a name of dignity whose past was illumined by stern eyes that looked out of faded portraits; but Tom the horse dealer had thrown away the past as junk. All the valley knew that the Reynoldses no longer belonged among the gentry, but only in Dave was the pain of that knowledge perfect when eyes trailed over him and forgot him for the horse he was riding.

He brought the mare out of the barn.

"GET up on her!" ordered Cousin Tom, "and fly the jumps as though the devil were after you. Maybe the devil is Calamity. That's the name of this horse, Dave, and by God he's likely to be a calamity to the pocketbooks of some of the swells around here. Ride around the rockpile in the east pasture and back here for the barn. A line between the corner of the barn and the haystack—that's the finish."

"It's two miles!" said Dave. "And Tiptoe is cold."

"What's two miles? Line up here beside me!"

The teeth of Dave shuddered together with rage, not with cold, but for the thousandth time he submitted because he could always remember the muddy road and the bleak day when he had walked out of the desert of this friendless world and found shelter in the house of Cousin Tom.

"When I yell, you go!" said Tom. "Now—get ready—go!"

At the shout the mare was away in a rush. The moon was barely up in the east, so huge in its rising that it made the horizon seem only a mile away and therefore the fields between were small, and the jumps were tiny; but Dave knew the size of the fences and the work there was to do, so he rated the mare along just inside her strength.

As she went winging across the third field, Dave glanced back and saw Calamity as a black silhouette that moved with a monstrous fling to its gallop. When Dave compared that with the sweet flowing of Tiptoe beneath him, he wanted to laugh. He would beat Cousin Tom. In fact, he always beat Tom in everything that had to do with horseflesh except picking the winners. Yet, three fields from the finish, he heard a rhythmic pounding behind him. To look back would be foolish, for he knew what it meant.

Straight and true ran the good mare, but at the last jump a long-headed monster left the ground behind her and landed ahead.

Cousin Tom had finished with a whip that carried Calamity a good length into the lead before the finish—a good length and going away!

CALAMITY was lumbering to an awkward halt as Tiptoe pulled up in the rear. Dave took her on into the open barn and rubbed her down in a stall. He only straightened for a moment when he heard the regular beating of departing hoofs outside.

As he got into the house he heard the tuneless voice of Cousin Tom singing. Tom, with a bottle and a glass, stood at the door from the kitchen to the rear hall.

"That's what you're going to ride—Calamity," said Tom. "He's your mount in the Chester Cup. To hell with that mare. Take her home tomorrow."

In the great, bony face of Cousin Tom there was only one loose feature, and that was the mouth, which was now stretched wide and discolored by the hugeness of his grin. Dave stared at him.

"Why," said Dave, "I've promised Molly Apperson I'd ride Tiptoe!"

"You take that mare back home tomorrow," commanded Tom shortly.

"I can't do it, Tom. I promised Molly. And Tiptoe—"

"Get out of my sight and into your bed!" shouted Tom. His mouth stretched wider than ever, in a grimace. The knees of Dave turned to water. He got up the stairs by pulling with one hand against the rail of the banisters. Afterwards, lying in bed, he dreamed of that day when he would stand face to face with Cousin Tom and strike him with words as with whips.

It was a clean autumn sky that he had over his head the next morning; and he rode the bay gelding, Cold Comfort, leading Tiptoe, and took that winding road towards the Apperson estate. His only hope was that Molly would not be at home. Then he could leave the mare and a note for its owner, and hurry away.

In fact, Molly was not there, but when he brought Tiptoe into the yard Colonel Apperson was at hand with tall young Philip Worthing, who, rumor said, would surely marry Molly Apperson. Worthing merely nodded at the cousin of Tom Reynolds, but the Colonel shook hands.

"I'm glad to see you, Dave," he said. "I was—"

"Have you brought the mare back to show Molly how she's coming along?" broke in Philip Worthing.

"I brought her back to Molly because I can't ride her," said Dave. He added, miserably: "Tom won't let me! He has another horse which I have to ride."

"*Have* to ride?" shouted the colonel. "Are you a—" He checked himself. "I'll take the mare," he said sternly, and then, suppressing an emotion which still gleamed in his eyes, asked courteously enough: "What sort of a horse has your cousin bought, Dave? In the old days there was a Reynolds who won the Cup. If your cousin has a horse for the Cup it must be a good one. Tom Reynolds is not the fellow to take chances that are too long."

(Continued on page 62)

Clouded Leopard

By Frank Buck

Illustrated by R. H. Collins

If anyone knows what to expect in the jungle, it's Frank Buck, who for more than twenty years has been invading its fastnesses to bring back alive the snarling and hissing creatures that lurk there. And yet the jungle has secrets and surprises for him still. His latest trip was filled with danger and excitement and new triumphs. Here, in the first of a series of articles, he tells you how he tracked down the rarest of all leopards and shot her out of a tree—without hitting her

AFTER over twenty years in the jungles I thought I knew what to expect from animals. After all, animals of the same families or species have pretty much the same habits, and you expect them to behave according to those habits. Well, I have just returned from ten and a half months spent in the jungles of India, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon and Sumatra, and I have decided that it is impossible to predict what animals will do. The jungles are still the same dark, mysterious jungles as ever—but the animals are up to strange tricks, constantly giving new thrills in new ways.

The last time I wrote for Collier's I told about the black leopard I had captured alive, which jumped overboard from my ship and battled in the water to the death with a man-eating shark. I told about the time a cobra spit his venom into my eyes and blinded me for several hours so that I didn't know whether I'd ever recover my sight. I told of the man-eating tiger which my friend, the Sultan of Johore, assisted me to trap in a pit and the difficulties and dangers in getting the animal out. But this trip I have had new experiences in bringing animals back alive—experiences more queer, more dangerous, and to me, at least, more thrilling than any of these!

I left New York just a year ago to make my new motion picture. But my main determination was to capture and bring back a collection of particularly rare animals, and I concentrated all my energies on getting a collection more rare than ever before. As a matter of fact, I had to. I had definite orders from various circuses and zoos, and from the time I decided to make capturing animals my life work I've done my level best to fill orders, no matter how difficult.

It Sounded Silly to Ali

Ali, my Number One boy, who was waiting for me at Singapore, turned as pale as it is possible for a walnut-colored Malay to turn when he saw the list.

"Api Ini!" he said. *"Gila!"* Which is his way of saying, "What's this? It's impossible—crazy!" I pretty much agreed with him, but didn't tell him so.

The thing did look pretty *gila*. You see, on my list was a male Indian rhinoceros, the rarest and biggest of the rhino family. In the whole world outside of India there are only three of these armor-plated rhinos in captivity, and all of them are females. My order called for a male, none of which to my knowledge had ever been captured. This meant an extra two-thousand-mile trip up into Nepal on the northeastern border of India, a prayer, weeks of hard work—and all the luck I could get.

Another item on my list was a white water buffalo. That sounds fairly easy until you realize that white water buffalo are about as rare as white elephants. The only one I had ever seen was an albino calf in a herd in Negri Sembelin—and that was *six years before!* So you can see why Ali said *gila* to the hope of again finding this particular buffalo in the wild haystack of the jungle.

Then I had an order for a Malayan tapir. These are the saddle-back tapirs. They seem to have ignored evolution, and are unchanged survivors of a prehistoric age. They are, of course, very rare, and Ali didn't think much of our chances in this direction, either.

The Rarest Leopard of All

There were other little items such as a giant orang-utan which must have an arm spread of at least eight feet, a number of bull elephants, a big and ferocious specimen of a genuine man-eating tiger, as well as countless orders for rare birds and monkeys.

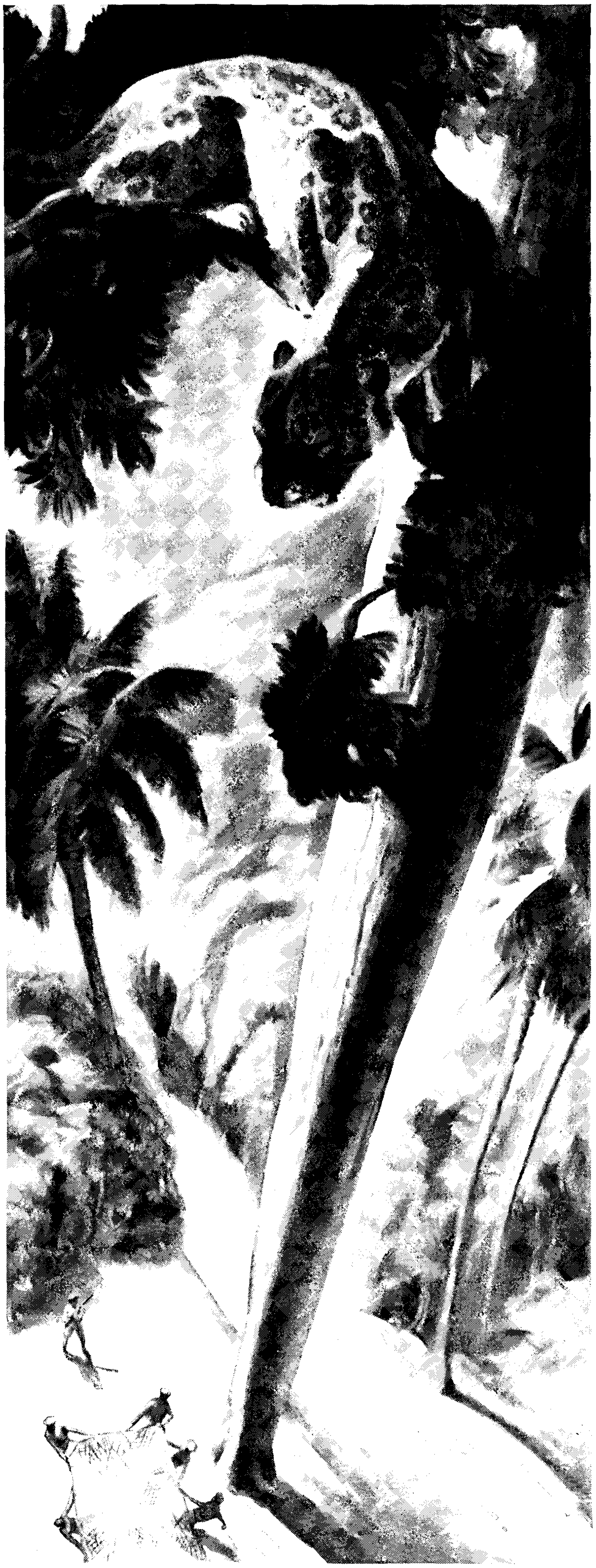
But the thing on the list over which Ali *gila*-ed the loudest was a clouded leopard. There are three kinds of leopards—black, spotted and clouded. And the clouded is by far the most rare and difficult to catch. For some reason or other they do not breed as freely as the other varieties. Even in their natural habitat they are extremely scarce and, unlike the black and spotted leopards, are seldom seen by the Sakai of the jungles or the Malays who live on the edge of the great forests.

"Cannot do, master," said Ali, a brown finger on the clouded leopard order. *"Gila."*

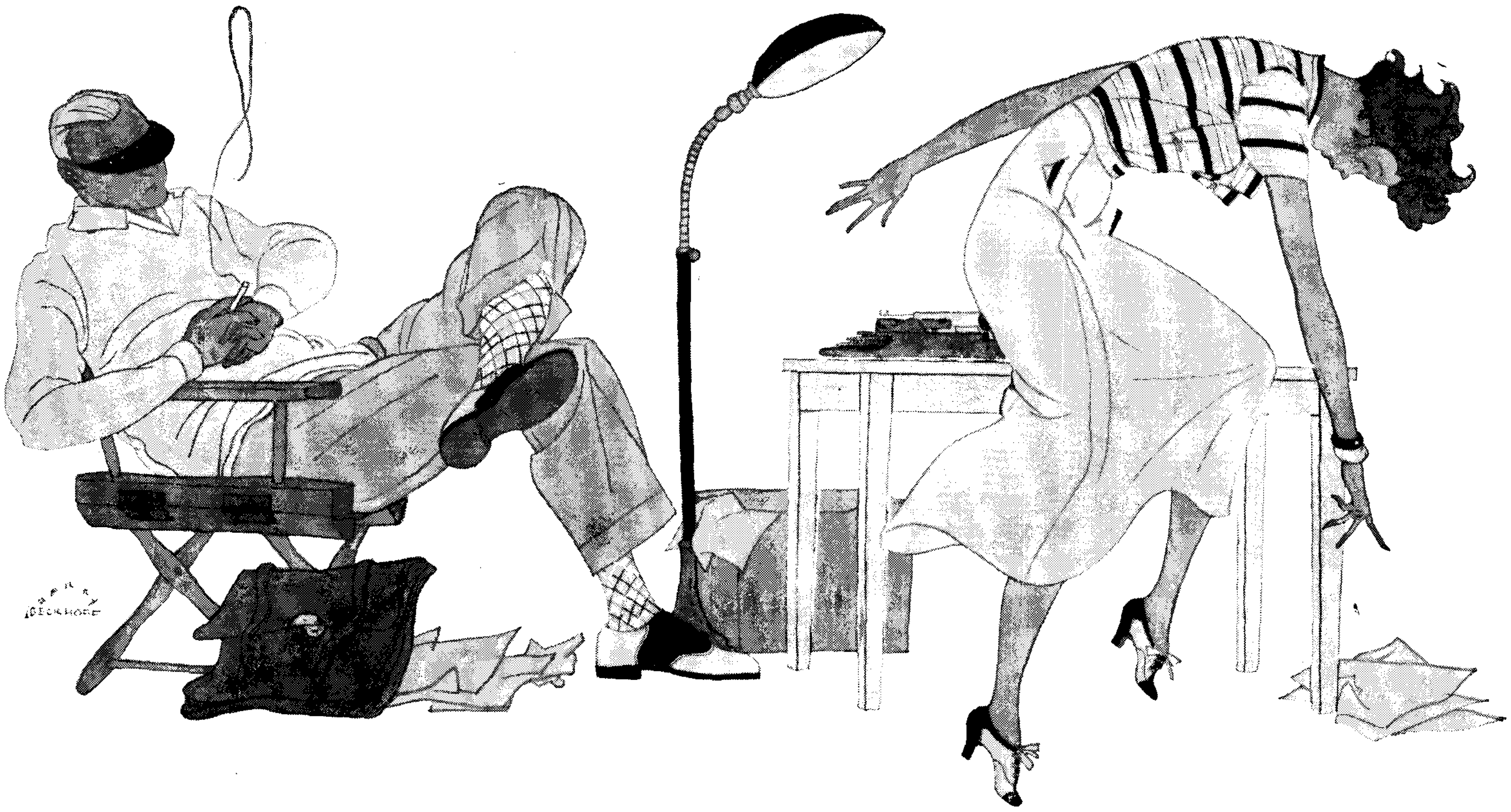
"Got to do, Ali," I told him, and almost shook my head as he shook his.

I always make Singapore my headquarters in the Far East, and start all expeditions from there. There I get my jungle equipment and boys together before starting off into the far country. An old native net maker there makes an animal net for me which is stronger and more pliable than anything of the kind that I can get elsewhere. It is constructed of steel cables about the size of a lead pencil, yet bends as easily under pressure as a fish net. It was with one of these nets that I hoped to catch my clouded leopard, though I didn't quite know how. These leopards are usually too clever to be caught in

(Continued on page 54)



I saw I'd have to work fast. The limb had begun to crack



She showed me. I said, "It's a cute dance." "And you'll let me do it?" she asked. "No," I replied

This Little Pig

A hard-boiled romance of Hollywood, where, it would seem, they don't all love one another

By Dashiell Hammett

MAX RHINEWIEN'S telegram brought me back from Santa Barbara. He glared at me over his bicarbonate of soda and demanded, "And where've you been?"

"Where'd you wire me? I've been trying to finish a play."

"Is there a picture in it?"

"Why not? You bought Soviet Law, didn't you? And that's a bibliography."

"Never mind," he said, "it's a good title anyway. Listen, Bugs, I want you to hop over to Serrita and—"

"Nothing doing. I've still got nine days coming to me and I want to get the play finished."

"As a favor to me, Bugs. It won't take over a week, I promise you. Is a week going to hurt? You can take your nine days afterward—take ten days—take two weeks if you want. I wouldn't ask you if I wasn't in a hole. You know I'd be the last person in the world to interfere with your play. But maybe it'll be better for you this way. Maybe you'll come back to your play with a clear mind—you know—better perspective. You got some problems, haven't you, that you ain't been able to clear up yet? Well, you get away from it for a little while and give your self-conscious mind a chance to work and—"

I never had much luck arguing with Max. I said, "All right, I'll go."

"Thanks. That's fine. I knew I could count on you. Did you see the Go West script?"

"No."

"Well, I said all along it needed something, but it wasn't till last night I could put my finger on it. It ain't a bad story at all—this Blaine's got something—but it needs just that one thing; and you know what it is? Sexing up."

"You mean you're going to put sex in a Western picture?" I asked.

"Yep!"

I shook my head.

He beamed on me. "Can't see it, huh? I guess a lot of people can't, but stick around and you will. And you'll see Westerns grossing in the first-run houses instead of just in the neighbs and the sticks. Listen, Bugs, is Sol Feldman a dope?"

"Not that I know of."

"Exactly. Not that anybody knows of. Well, I happened to hear only last night that they're sexing up this The Dogie Trail plenty."

"Why don't you let him? Why don't you wait and see how—?"

He slapped a hand down flat on his desk. "You know that ain't my way," he said. "I got to be always first in the field. You know that. And we can beat 'em to release by a week or two easy."

"It's all right with me. It's not my baby. What do I do?"

"I want you to sex up Go West! Keep it clean, see, but cram it with that stuff. You're the boy to do it. You'll have to get over there right away—take a plane—and you'll have to work your stuff up as they go along, because they already been shooting a couple days, but you can do that all right. This fellow Lawrence Blaine that wrote the script is out with them and you can either make him help you or send him back, whichever you want. And you won't have any trouble with Fred."

"That part's O. K.," I said, "but tell me one thing: how are you going to sex up Betty Lee Fenton?"

"WHY not—so you keep it clean? She ain't crippled. She can throw herself around if somebody shows her how, can't she? Anyhow, you don't have to depend on her. There's other girls over there—Ann Meadows and Gracie King and—and if you want to take anybody else, go ahead. I'm sending Danny Finn along with you. I was thinking you might work him in something along the line that he's a drunk piano player that Gracie—say—is taking along to open a dance-hall in this mining town, and she's got some girls with her and—you know—you can work it up."

"Didn't Paramount try something like that three or four years ago? I didn't see the picture, but I heard—"

"What of it?" Max asked. "Is the stuff you write going to be like anybody else's? That's what I'm counting on—the Parish touch—the angle you got that nobody else can come anywhere near."

"Go on," I said, "I bet you tell that to all the writers. Have you got a copy of the script?"

"Miss Shepherd'll give you one. I appreciate this a lot, Bugs." He shook a fist at me. "Like that, see, but clean."

I said, "Absolutely," and—with Danny Finn—flew over the mountains to Serrita.

I found Fred LePage in his tent—besides housing the company, the tents served as a U. S. cavalry encampment in the picture—rehearsing a small dark girl in a one-eyed fadeaway. (A one-eyed fadeaway is where a character that has been rebuffed glances sidewise—fearfully or reproachfully as a rule—into the camera or at whoever did the rebuffing, and slinks off.) Fred greeted me with open arms. "Hello! What are you doing here?"

"Didn't Max wire you?"

His grin went away. "Maybe. I stopped reading his wires. He's driving me nuts."

"A fine business," I said. "The director of a horse opera going temperamental."

He had the decency to seem embarrassed. "Well, if you were in my shoes—" He broke off. "Uh—you know Kitty Doran? This is Bugs Parish."

The small dark girl dimpled and held out her hand. "How do you do?"

Fred growled, "Come on, what's the bad news?"

When I told him he hit the top of the tent and spun there. I had expected him to yell his head off, of course, but he put on a really grand performance.

"YOU know how Max is," I said with soothing intent as soon as I could get a word in. "He hears Feldman's going in for sex in the open spaces—we've got to have sex in our open spaces. What the hell? He'll probably change his mind before—"

"That's just it," he howled. "He'll change his mind again and stick me with a week's retakes and I'm already three days behind. What was the idea of sending us way over here, in the first place? And with nothing ready. I got to do every damned thing myself. What's he trying to do—make a bum out of me? Why don't he give me some of those crooner shorts if that's what he's trying to do?"

Fred was only a run-of-the-mine director, but his habit of getting pictures into the can a little ahead of his schedule and a little under his budget made him worth his wages, and he knew it.

I said, "I don't blame you for squawking. Let's see what you've shot and we'll save as much of it as we can."

He said, "I know it's not your fault, but Max is driving me nuts."

Betty Lee Fenton, our little gingham girl, came in and said: "Hello, Bugs. Say, is Max sticking this guy Finn in the picture? He knows I don't like to work with him."

"Danny's a good comic, whatever else you say about him."

She made a face. "The else is plenty."

"How are you on good clean sex?" I asked.

"What?"

"I don't mean tonight, or anything like that; I mean in the picture."

"What is this—a gag?"

I moved my head up and down. "And it's got Fred here rolling on the floor. The picture's new title is Go West with Sex."

Then it was her turn. "I might've known it," she shrieked. "Once I let Max talk me into a ride-ride-bang-bang, he thinks he can do anything to me. Well, he can't, and he might just as well find it out right now. If he's crazy, I'm not. Don't he think my public's got a right to the kind of a characterization they expect of me? Does Fox try things like that? Of course not. Max is a fool."

Fred said to her, "Now, don't you start cutting up."

She turned on him: they were not very fond of each other. "Listen, Mr. Lubitsch, I've had—"

I said, "Come, come, my gal, you're yelling before you're hurt. Maybe—"

She turned on me. "You're right, I am! And I'm yelling long distance to Max right now." And out she went.

KITTY DORAN said primly, "I think she's unreasonable."

Fred said: "What? Oh! Uh—better scoot, Kitty. We got to work."

"All righty." She smiled brightly at him and came over to me. "I'm awfully, awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Parish, and I hope— Well, by-by, Freddy." She waved her hand at both of us and went out.

"Whaty is thaty?" I asked Fred.

"She's all right. Just a kid that had a couple of bits in my last picture. I'm giving her a small part in this." He looked as if a thought had struck him. "We might build it up a little. She's pretty good."

"She must be—if she needs private coaching in one-eyed fadeaways."

"She's just a green kid, of course," he admitted, "but—you'll see. You don't think you got a chance of changing what La Fenton calls her characterization, do you?"

"No. I'm counting on Ann for the chief—"

"Sure," he said, "and we can build up Kitty's part too. She's just a green kid, but she takes direction swell and—"

"What the hell is this?" I asked.

He scowled at me. "Are you going to start that too? Any other director can pick a girl out of the line because he knows talent when he sees it, but with me it's got to be because I've fallen for the dame and she's playing me for a sucker. You and Ann ought to incorporate."

"Ann doesn't think your Kitty's got talent?"

"Ann's just being disagreeable. What's the matter with women? Look here, Bugs: I'm not saying this kid's a Hepburn; I'm saying she's got something. What do you know about it? You've never seen her work. Wait till you do."

That seemed reasonable enough. I said: "O. K., Freddy. Get your author and let's start pushing his masterpiece around."

I sat beside Ann at dinner that night and we went for a walk down a canyon afterward. "What's the matter with everybody?" I asked.

"I hadn't noticed," she said. "Location fever, I guess."

"Sure, but that oughtn't to come till you've been out a couple of weeks, and here you've all been out only since—what?—Sunday and you're already split up into tight little groups going around dog-eying each other."

"Well, Fred's been in a bad humor and I guess it's catching."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

SHE laughed, though not very happily. "It started with the Indians. It was somebody's bright idea to send us to hell and gone over here because these Indians had never been used in pictures before. You know what I mean? Simple, natural, unspoiled, that kind of junk.

"What a bright idea that was! Never having worked in pictures before, these little red brothers had no idea of what extras get. All they knew was what they read about Garbo and Gable and they started off putting anything from a hundred dollars a day up on their price tags. Then, when we got 'em over that, we found out they didn't have any horses and most of 'em didn't know how to ride, so we had to get horses and teach them. Then Fred tried shooting them without putting Indian make-up on 'em—some more of that natural stuff—and had to shoot 'em all over again. All that wasted time and money—and you know how Fred is about the schedule and budget." We took about ten steps in silence, then she said, "And then this cutie."

"The Doran girl?"

"Yes. You know her?"

"I met her before dinner."

"Sure. If you've seen Fred you've seen her."

"Why don't you write that guy off, Ann?" I said. "What do you want to waste your time on him for when you can have a fellow like me?"

"Probably because I'm a sap," she said, "but neither of us can help that. How big a part is Fred persuading you to give her in the new script?"

"It depends on what she can carry. Is she any good?"

"Terrible!" She took hold of my arm. "She really is. It's not just that I'm jealous, though I am—awfully. Oh, Bugs, can I help it that I'm nuts about that guy?"

"Maybe not," I said, "but I can do without hearing too much of it."

She squeezed my arm and said, "I'm sorry," as if she were thinking of something else. Presently she asked, "Do you think she's pretty?"

"She is."

"Prettier than I am?"

"What the hell is this?" I asked.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "I've got to talk to somebody. You're the only one that knows how I really feel about Fred. I—I hoped maybe you could help me."

"You mean help you get him back?"

"Yes."

"That's a sweet job to give me. You're not just nuts about him—you're nuts. Anyway, how do you know he isn't really in love with the girl—and through with you?"

"Don't be silly," she said with complete certainty. "You know what a push-over he is for a new face and a new line—and how soon it blows over."

"Then the answer's easy. Just wait it out."

SHE caught her breath. "I'm afraid. I'm always afraid that this time he'll get himself so tangled up that he won't—maybe won't want to get out of it."

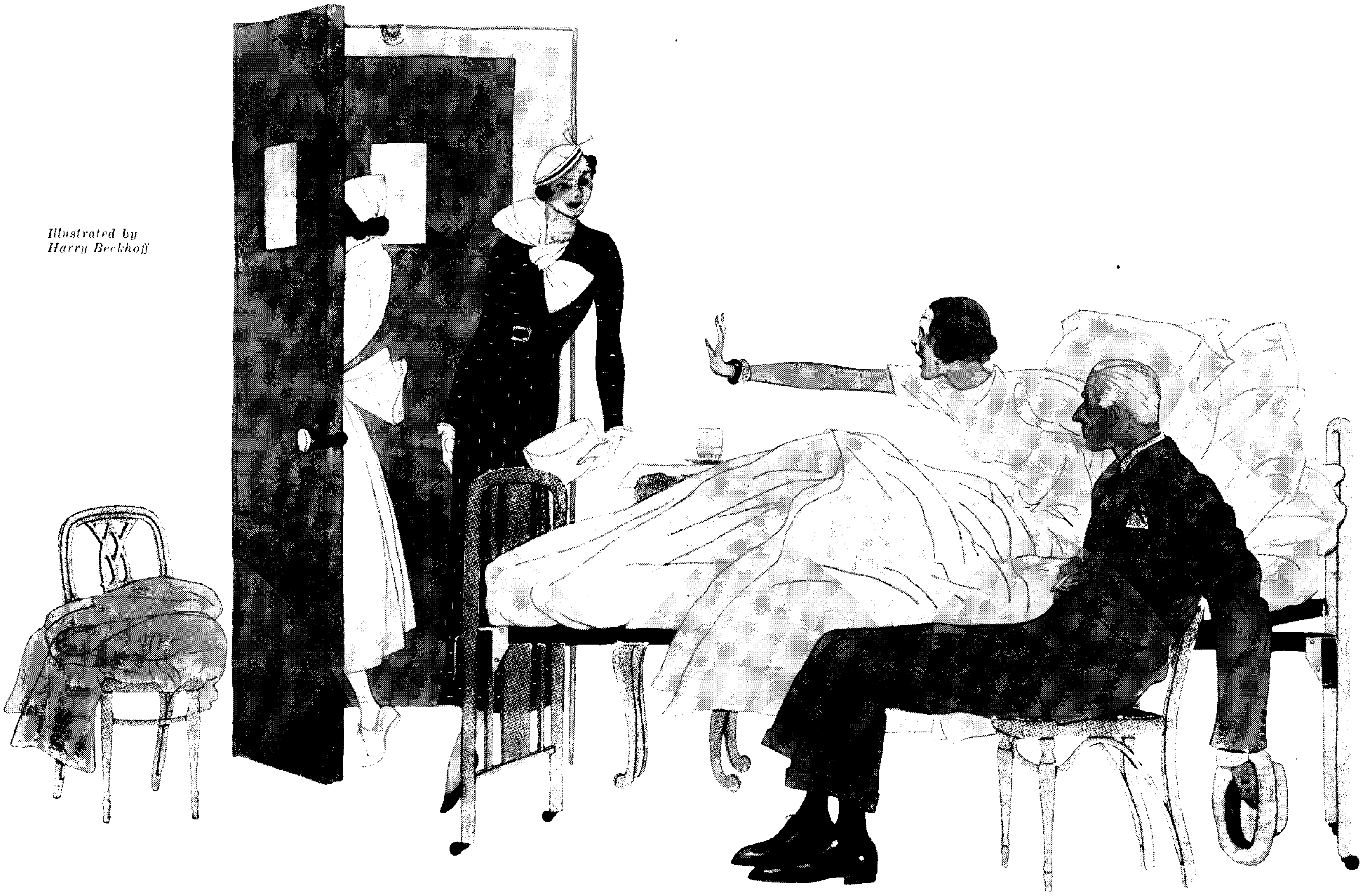
I thought, that would be swell. I said, "There's nothing I can do about it, but I'll see."

She squeezed my arm. "Thanks, Bugs. I knew you—"

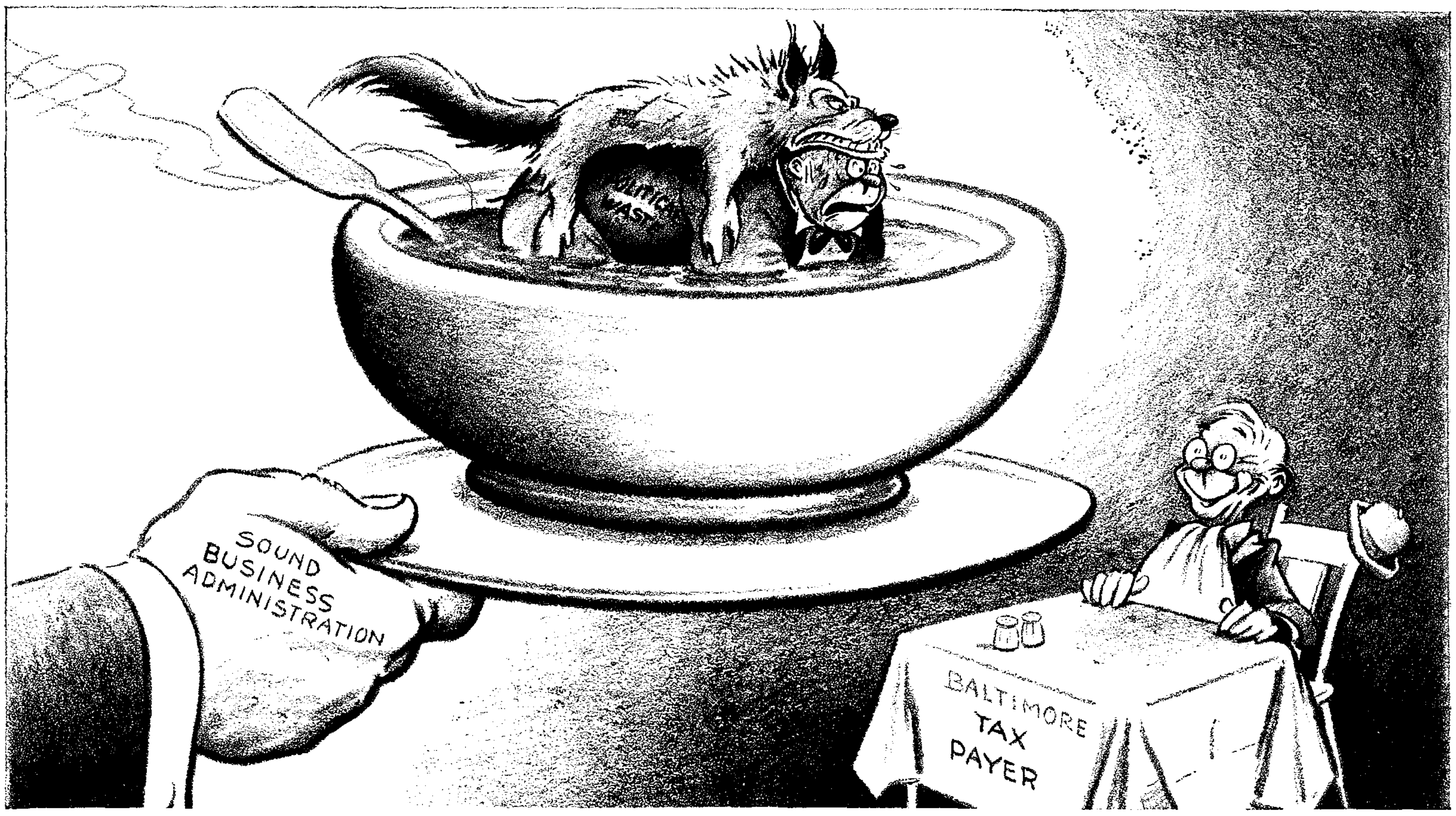
"Better wait till you see whether

(Continued on page 66)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



Kitty sat up straight in bed and cried, "Make her go away. I told them not to let her in"



Municipal economy, served Baltimore style, is a dish greatly favored by taxpayers

Baltimore makes Wolf Soup

By John T. Flynn

Running a city is like running a big business—except that it doesn't seem to matter how far you run it into debt. Politicians make no direct profit from economy, but they frequently do profit by its absence. You, the citizen, foot the bill. But it's not itemized, and so you never know just what you're paying for. The idea of introducing business methods into city government appalls the politician. But it has been done—with conspicuous success. Here's Baltimore, for example

THIS is the story of a city that was visited by the Big Bad Wolf and that took the wolf in and made wolf soup out of him.

The chances are that you too live in a town which has been visited by the wolves. They come disguised as tax collectors and right now they are probably camped on your doorsteps. Perhaps your town can use Baltimore's recipe for wolf soup.

Back there in the grand old wood-alcoholic '20's the biggest sports in the land were the city governments. What big bank rolls they had and how they threw them around! The cities were all presented with marvelous windfalls. While Radio Common, American Can, bank stocks and everything else were soaring in Wall Street, real estate in all our towns was leaping upward in value. And as cities collect their taxes out of real estate, this was just duck soup for the boys down at City Hall. They hoisted assessments to keep pace with the real estate market and the taxes just rolled in.

But that wasn't enough. In those days just about the easiest thing to sell was a city bond. All you had to do was to print them, take them out on the sidewalk and sell them to the passers-by. Talk about printing-press money! The plants that printed city bonds were working in three shifts. And thus more money kept rolling in to the big-hearted, generous lads in City Hall. They paved streets and repaved them. They built new jails, beautiful halls of records, magnificent courthouses, museums, comfort stations and schools. But, most of all, they put new streets, new waterworks and new sewers almost anywhere a group of patriotic real estate subdividers wished.

Thus worthless farms were split up into still more worthless city lots and the town fathers put in the streets and conduits and lights to help the realtors sell their dandelion patches to the city yokels who wanted to live in the suburbs. The taxes were spent running the town and the bonds were used to build the "improvements." The money for these was borrowed from the Future. It was so easy *then.* But *now* the Future is here.

It was so with Baltimore. In 1915 that comfortable old town managed along with a miserable yearly budget of twenty-two millions. By 1932 she managed to run up a deficit with more than twice that much. In the meantime she increased her net debt some 400 per cent. And so as the now historic year of 1933 dawned the burgomaster and certain of the leading burghers put their heads together and did something about it.

The Mysterious Tax Dollar

What they did is edifying. But before we get to that, let me tell you of something else this same burgomaster and the same burghers did some ten years ago. It was the stitch in time which really helped to save Baltimore from the wolf when that ravenous animal showed up. It began in 1923, just as we were greasing up the machinery for the big jag which came to an end six years later.

One day the vice president of a Baltimore trust company found on his desk a large downtown office building which had drifted into the bank for management. The V. P. took it as part of the day's work and, like a true banker, started his job by looking at the books. He found something which always gives a banker a pain in the forehead. The building didn't make any money. The rents were all right. They were about what the neighborhood warranted. The offices were all occupied. The tenants paid their bills. But when the bills were paid there was nothing left for the estate which owned the building.

This banker-manager, therefore, began to examine what he called his "expense dollars." There was the wage dollar, the fuel dollar, the light dollar, the interest dollar, the repair dollar and the tax dollar. The banker tried to analyze all these dollars—to see just what they went for and how they could be reduced. He found out everything about all these dollars—all but one. This one dollar was so mysterious, so impenetrable, that he began talking about it. The banker's name is Casey—William J. Casey, now president of the Maryland Trust Company of Baltimore. And the Caseys will talk. What is more, he had been a newspaper man. He was once financial editor of the Baltimore Sun. So he did his talking where it would do the most good—in the Baltimore Sun. To an interviewer he said:

"Every big corporation employs experts to watch every cent it spends. Many offer prizes to anyone who can suggest a successful method of cutting costs. One big company in Baltimore offers a reward of $100 to any person who can show the company how to save $1,200 a year without lowering efficiency. What is more, that company frequently makes the award. These corporations watch every dollar they put out—all but one. *The tax dollar.* Nobody watches that. No expert spends a minute trying to get bigger and better results out of the city taxes. Some of these big corporations pay out from ten to thirty per cent of their revenues in taxes. They swear at them. But they pay. There are, in fact, 240,000 taxpayers in Baltimore. They will shop around for everything they buy to save a few pennies—everything but taxes. When it comes to taxes they just cuss—and pay."

Intelligent City Planning

Then Mr. Casey said something which was destined to have a profound effect upon the future of that city.

"Suppose," he said, "the mayor of Baltimore were to call together twenty-five of the biggest taxpayers and say: 'Gentlemen, each of you pays out over $20,000 a year in city taxes. Here is a list of all the things the city spends your taxes on. Now we need your help. I want each of you to lend me one of your cost experts for from three to six months. We spend forty-two million dollars a year here. If these experts of yours can show how to save just one per

(Continued on page 28)

Unbroken

By Jacland Marmur

The testing of First Mate Morgan, whose captain hated him—a strange and beautiful episode not recorded in the log

ANDREW MORGAN, the new first officer, stood inside the doorway of the commander's suite on the liner Pentalia in the roadstead of Portsmouth harbor. He was in shore clothes, except for a uniform cap, for he had just come over the side to join the ship. He held a polished wooden case by its brass handle in his large right fist. The senior cadet was stowing his sea chest away in his room. But you didn't trust your sextant to anyone but yourself.

"I'm the new chief mate, Captain Johnson," he said quietly. "Reporting for duty, sir."

Dogface Johnson, dressing for dinner, turned from before his mirror with an alert, swift movement.

"So . . . ? Good evening, Mr. Morgan."

"Good evening, sir."

The exchange was more like the clashing engagement of steel on steel than a conventional greeting of civility. There was a hard coldness in Captain Johnson's biting speech; stolid deliberation in the new chief officer's response. They faced each other in a moment of silence across the thick rug of the commander's sleeping-room. The Pentalia was the flagship of the North Atlantic fleet; Bradley Johnson was commodore skipper of the line; and young Andy Morgan was his son-in-law.

The new chief mate seemed the taller of the two, although they were, in fact, of an even height. Morgan had the lean, weather-scarred fitness of youth, while the master's six feet and his fourteen stone of weight were bowed a little by forty-odd years at sea. His hair was a musty white; his heavy face scarred with deep furrows of severity. His eyes were bright, piercing points under craggy, white brows, and he moved, in spite of his age, with the quick alertness of certainty. He breathed heavily, his deep chest rising and falling between the leather straps of his suspenders. Dogface Johnson, they called him in the line; and he looked it, right enough. But he had dignity and power, the vitality that lasts a century.

ANDY MORGAN was different. A quiet, unruffled temperament was written quite plainly on his ingenuous countenance. A solid young man, a man not easily angered; a man firm on the feet of his own beliefs. Tall and lean, with still blue eyes and the patient face of a farmer. He knew well enough what it was he'd let himself in for, deliberately sailing chief mate under Johnson, who hated him with a deep and bitter hatred. There was nothing for it but to see it through. He waited quietly for orders or dismissal. The master drew on his uniform coat with its heavy gold-braided sleeves and stepped closer.

"I shall be eight hours late clearing Spithead, thanks to you," he shot out maliciously, his eyes boring angrily. "This is a liner, you know, not a cargo ship. I've a schedule to keep. And what's more, I keep it!"

"I'm sorry," Morgan replied firmly. "My ship was in London docks when I got the appointment, sir. I took the Southampton flyer at once, but you'd already sailed. So I came on to Portsmouth, sir."

"And now you're my chief mate. . . . How long do you think you'll last with me?"

"Long enough to clear Ambrose Light and come to dock in New York, sir." Morgan's speech was quiet, patient, almost gentle. He had no guile. His captain asked him a question; he answered simply and with directness: "I thought I'd earned the berth, sir. So when I heard in the London shore office your mate had gone to a hospital with a burst appendix, I asked for the appointment. I even phoned Southampton, sir, to make sure. Nancy is ill," he continued soberly. "I thought I might be a little help, and this was my only chance to get to her quickly. Otherwise, I'd not be sailing under your command."

The name of his only daughter sent a flame of anger into Captain Johnson's heavy-lidded eyes. His jaws paled. Blue cords pulsed at his temples and went throbbing along the line of his thick throat. His voice grew harsh and metallic.

"I told them ashore I didn't want you aboard my ship! Not ever!"

"I expected you would, sir."

"THE fools think it's because I don't want favoritism shown my son-in-law on a ship I command. They don't know what you and Nancy did to me. I hate you for it! The fools think I'd be glad to give Andy Morgan a lift up to command. That's where you go from a mate's job on the Pentalia. A ship of your own. You know that?"

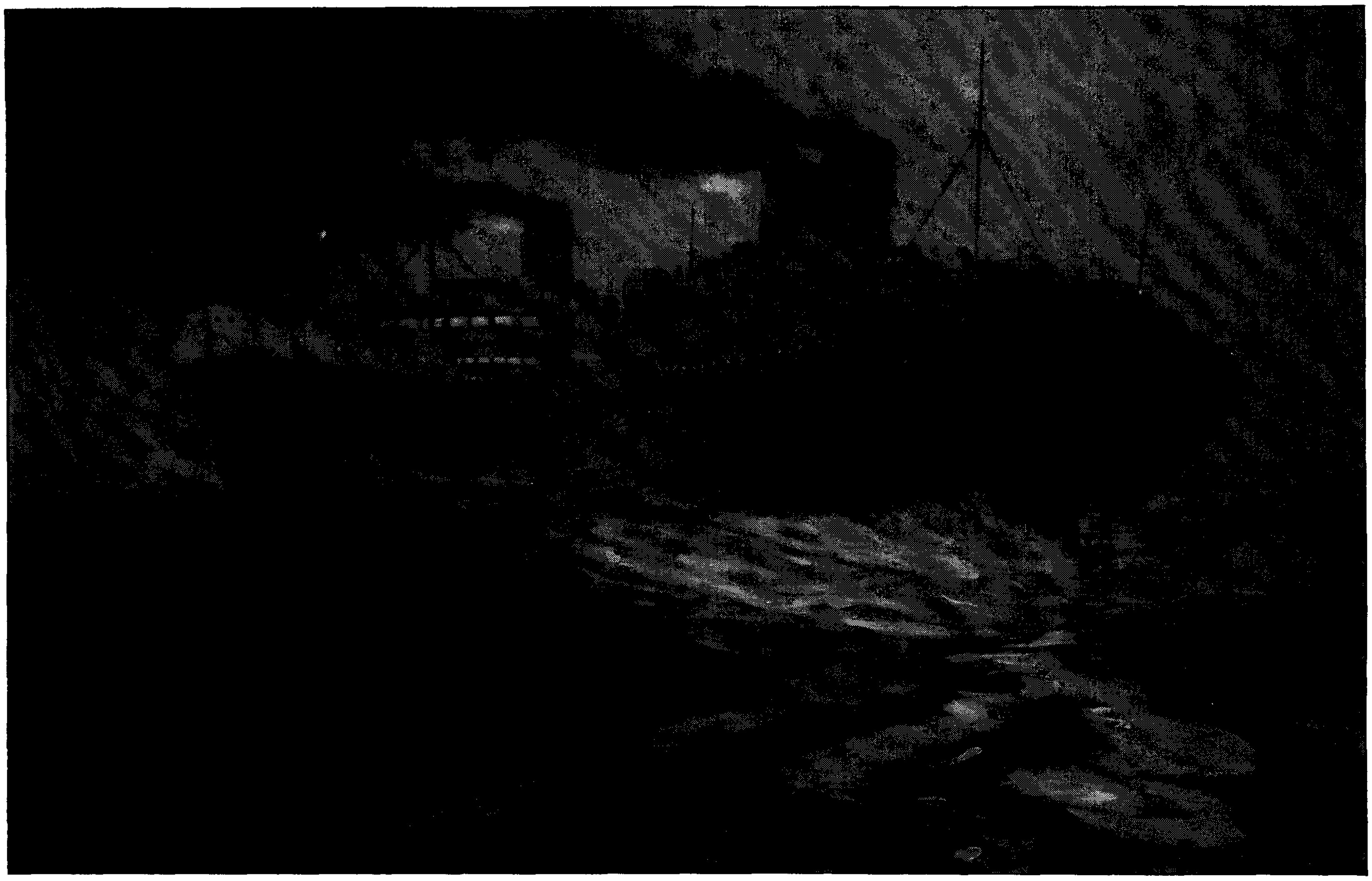
"Ay, sir; I do."

"If I recommend it!" the master spat out.

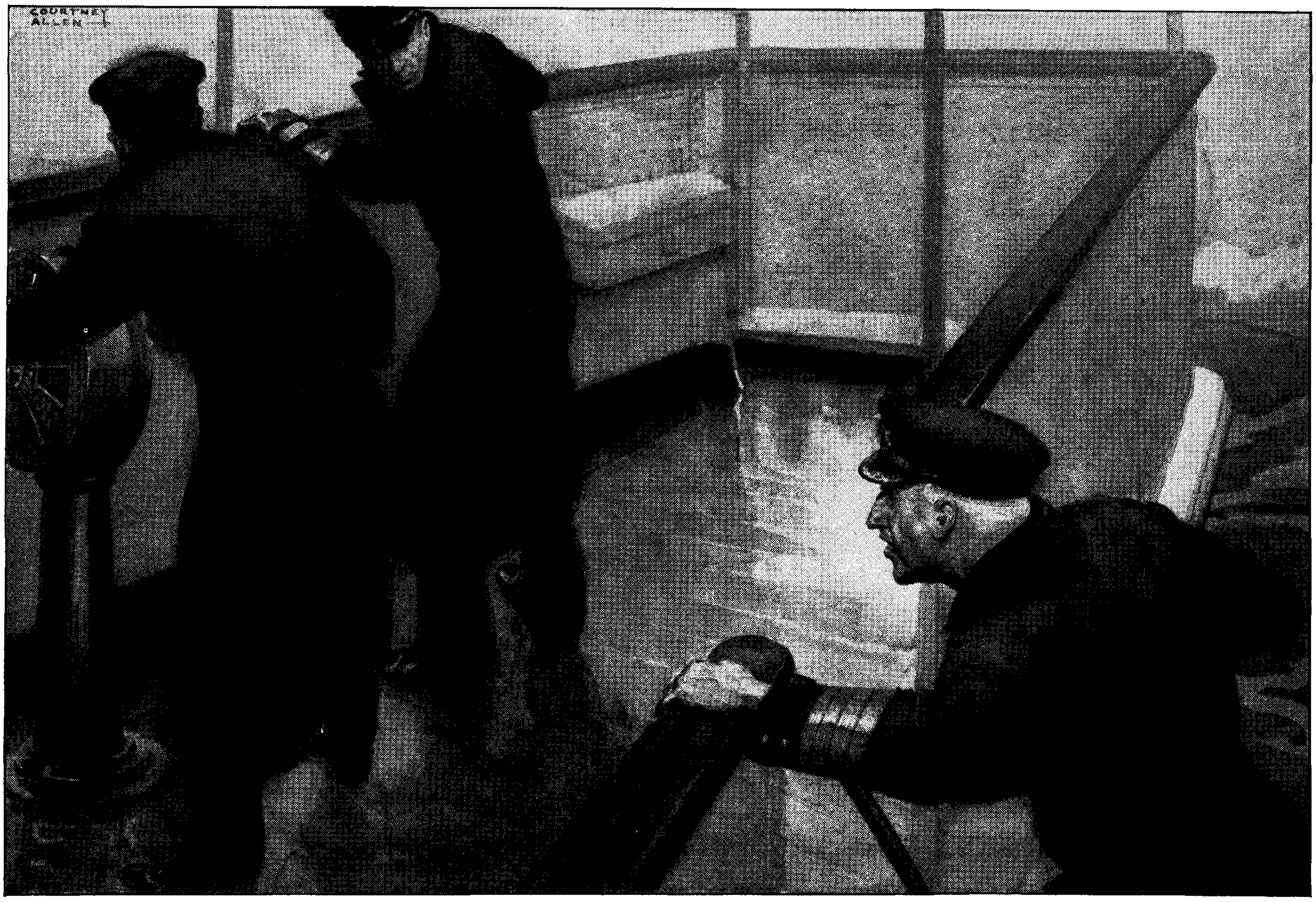
"Ay, sir; I know that too."

"Well, I won't recommend it! Do you hear me? I'll report you grossly incompetent; a farmer without guts enough to cross the deck in a North Atlantic gale! And my report is what counts when it comes to—"

"It wouldn't be true, sir."


Illustrated by Courtney Allen

A vague black smudge loomed gigantic on the liner's bow like a ghostly mass of unsubstantial darkness



Captain Johnson came charging up the ladder like an enraged bull. "What the devil are you doing to my ship?" he roared

"Maybe not, Mr. Morgan, maybe not." Dogface Johnson's lips twisted in a soundless smile. "You're my own kin. By all the rules, I ought to love you dearly. If I report against you, they'll smell something in the wind, all right. They'll think: 'By the Lord! Johnson's fair enough to tell us the truth even against his own!' They'll throw you on the beach, by God! And that's where I want you. You'd come groveling then, you and Nancy."

"You wouldn't do that," Andrew Morgan insisted quietly, "because it wouldn't be true."

"I wouldn't, hey? Then you don't know me. I'll show you whether I would or not! I've dressed down more than one mate in my time. It's good for youngsters. Good enough. That's my reputation. I'll haze you till you break. Till you break, by God!" he repeated in a hoarse voice thick with rage, his face distorted, his hairy hands clenched tightly at his sides.

MR. MORGAN blinked his long eyes once, but he gave no sign of fear or anger. He was a ship's officer. He knew his duties and his responsibilities. He had learned them in the hard, rough school that leads from the hawse-pipe to the bridge. And yet he had come out of those grimy, hungry and ill-smelling forecastles that had known his boyhood, singularly untouched by their corruption, with that far-away look still persisting in his calm, blue farmer's eyes. He shifted his sextant case to his other hand.

"Just the same, sir," he said with a slow dignity, "just the same, if I had it to do over again, I'd do it once again. That I would. In spite of you. Nancy and I were married against your will. That was less than two years ago. I was second mate of an ocean tramp then, but we got along on my pay. We asked nothing of you then; we ask nothing of you now. You can ruin me in my profession maybe; you have the power, now I'm chief officer of your ship. Even that makes no difference to me. You can hate us till you die, sir. It's all the same to me. She's ill. I'll tell you no more. This was my chance to be with her. It's lonely, being a sailor's wife. You ought to know that, sir, if you remember—"

"Ay; I remember! I remember better than you. It's twenty-three years ago she was born in a westerly gale off the Cape. What do you know about that? You were a toddling brat then! I was master of a wool bark. Do you know what a wool bark was, twenty-three years ago collaring the Cape in the dead of winter? That's where Nancy was born. Her mother had her agony in a cabin half flooded with sea water. And there was no one to hear her moaning for the shriek of the wind. I was on deck. Had to be. On deck when my wife died of Nancy!" His voice cracked and broke with bitterness and pain.

"She had to face it alone! All alone, that night when the blackness came. With me and my officers lashed by the mizzen fife-rail against the boarding seas. A life for a life she gave." Memory added agony to Dogface Johnson's rage. His chest caved in; his face was blue and distorted. He seemed old now, old and very tired. "Why the devil do I tell you this?" he cried out of the depths of his grief. "I don't know. But I swore then by all that was dear Nancy'd never marry a seafaring man. Now she—"

"She had courage. Nancy's mother did. I think she had more courage than you."

"You do, hey?" The master's face turned hard as stone. "So have you, then, to come aboard my ship as mate. You must love her a lot," he spat out, "to come under my fist."

"Ay, sir; I do," Mr. Morgan agreed with the greatest simplicity.

"YOU'LL need it, then, before I get through with you. The things I dreamed for her! The things I planned! She's nothing but a damned ungrateful—"

"Steady!" the new chief officer's voice cracked out. For the first time in that strange interview between master and mate, Morgan's patient eyes flamed with anger. He exhaled with a quick hissing of breath. His right fist rose from his side. It was startling in its swiftness and its savagery, that gush of hot resentment that swept over his stolid face. "Steady!" he said again from his throat. "You leave her alone in my hearing or I'll break your back in two."

"You'd have a time, you would!"

"I . . ." The light died quickly from the chief mate's eyes. "I came to report to the master of my ship, sir, not to quarrel with the father of my wife. . . . Have you any orders, sir?"

Captain Johnson looked at him with burning eyes. Spirit! Spirit in him, by God! Something under that quiet farmer face. Under other circumstances he would have been glad and proud to have such a man chief mate with him. He was getting old; a liner like the Pentalia wanted some watching plowing the North Atlantic trade at twenty-three knots the hour. But that old anger, that old rage, that old rebellious grief burned like a cankerous sore in his sturdy old heart. No one knew what it was went on inside of him. No one. The loneliest man on the ship. His love for his daughter had been a thing consuming his whole, robust frame. Turned to hate, it was a fierce and terrible thing. No wonder they called him Dogface Johnson in the fleet!

"Stand by the anchor engines for'ard," he bit off shortly. "Stand by until we sail."

He turned his back on his officer. He wanted no one to see what went on in his eyes. Mr. Morgan went out into the alleyway. The third mate, gnawing an apple core in his doorway, beckoned to him. The chief mate lumbered along with his slow, steady gait.

"Hello, Joe," he grinned. "Shipmates again."

"Ugh!" Mr. Tracy, the third officer, grunted. "You're a blamed fool, Andy, to sail with him. I don't know what it's all about, but he hates you. That's sure. I heard him bellowing already. The old blister knows we won't sail for hours. He'll keep you freezing on the fo'c'sle head. I know his tricks. I'll get my room boy to sneak you up a sandwich and a mug of hot coffee. You'll need it. He's hell on mates, old Dogface is. You're in for it, Andy. That's sure."

"Thanks, Joe," the chief mate said. And he went along to his own room to change his clothes.

Mr. Tracy was right. He was a fool to sail with Dogface Johnson. Could have dodged it, easily enough, if he'd wanted to. But somehow the thought

(Continued on page 50)

The Big Ten in Contract Bridge

By Shepard Barclay

While Expert X is calling Expert Y a ranting charlatan of negligible intelligence and deplorable manners, and Expert Y is replying in kind, Mr. Shepard Barclay calmly subjects the leading players to an examination with precision instruments. Abstaining from competition with other experts, he is in a position to give an unbiased appraisal. Here he names and weighs the leading ten and puts them in their places

"I WISH I knew how to play bridge," said a young kibitzer at a family foursome in the fall of 1923. "You all seem to have such a great time; it must be a fine game."

"Why don't you get a bridge book and learn?" asked his uncle.

"I will," answered the young man. He left the table-side, went to a neighborhood store—in Brookline, suburb of Boston—and bought the only bridge book there. Bringing it home, he read and studied until the morning hours. The late Joseph B. Elwell, whose dramatic death shortly thereafter shocked the entire world of cards, had made the subject so interesting that the youth wanted more. So the following day he went downtown and bought every bridge book he could find in Boston, including those of Work, Whitehead and Foster.

Three weeks later he had become familiar with the theories of all the leading experts of those days, and even had little arguments within himself over the merits of the different contentions. Then he sat down in the family game to try his skill. He was amazed to find that he was the best player in their game. He could point out plenty of things about their bids and plays that they didn't know. Not one thing could they tell him on which he was not better posted, though some of them had played bridge and its predecessor, whist, for more than twenty years.

In so doing, that young man probably performed a feat unequaled in any game of skill, by being the best player in the contest the very first time he ever played. He is today the living answer to the question of whether bridge can be learned from books. That young man was David Burnstine, who, less than eleven years later, has just completed the greatest winning year in the history of championship bridge, and who now possesses a greater number of championship victories since the beginning of contract than any other player.

Mr. Burnstine—pronounced "steen"—will not be thirty-four years old until May 5th arrives. A dapper little man of the student type in appearance, medium

(Continued on page 48)

David Burnstine ranks as the greatest bridge player. He is shown above, left, with the author, Shepard Barclay

The First Ten

1. David Burnstine
2. Howard Schenken
3. Samuel Fry, Jr.
4. Louis H. Watson
5. Richard L. Frey
6. Oswald Jacoby
7. Charles A. Hall
8. Richard M. Wildberg
9. Michael T. Gottlieb
10. Miss Eleanor Murdoch

1933-34 WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

American Whist League

Team-of-Four: Samuel Fry, Jr., Charles S. Lochridge, Walter Malowan and Louis H. Watson, of New York. *Pairs:* Samuel Fry, Jr., and Louis H. Watson, of New York.

American Bridge League

Team-of-Four: Charles A. Hall, Richard M. Wildberg, Albert Steiner and Philip Steiner, of Cincinnati. *Pairs:* Charles A. Hall and Richard M. Wildberg, of Cincinnati.

Team-of-Four Challenge Championship: David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken and Richard L. Frey, of New York.

Masters Individual: David Burnstine, of New York.

Masters Pairs: David Burnstine and Howard Schenken, of New York.

Mixed Team-of-Four: [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Sterzel, Miss Eleanor Murdoch, David Burnstine and [illegible], of New York.

Mixed Pairs: Mrs. Humphrey [illegible], of Atlanta, Georgia, and Fred L. [illegible], of Birmingham, Alabama.

Women's Team-of-Four: Miss Deane Healey, Jr., Mrs. Richard Field, Mrs. J. Friedlander and Mrs. Charlton Wallace, of Cincinnati.

Women's Pairs: Mrs. Robert R. Fuller, of New York, and Mrs. Courtlandt N. [illegible], of Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

United States Bridge Association

Team-of-Four: David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, Michael T. Gottlieb and Richard L. Frey, of New York (an alternate allowed).

Pairs: Michael T. Gottlieb and Howard Schenken, of New York.

Vanderbilt Cup

[illegible], Sydney Rusinow and Benjamin Feuer, of New York.

Runners-up Who Earned Second Places

Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Philip Hal Sims, [illegible], A. Mitchell Barnes, [illegible] Clement, Mrs. Marie Field, Mrs. Philip Hal Sims, Lester Bachner and Lee Langdon, of New York; Mrs. H. J. White, Mrs. [illegible] and A. [illegible] Brock, Mrs. R. Guy [illegible], of Philadelphia; and Dr. A. C. McClelland, of Akron, Ohio.

The A. B. L. Team-of-four Challenge Champions. Seated, left to right, David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Richard L. Frey and Howard Schenken. Standing, Shepard Barclay

Terms to Suit

Mary Marshall was the sort of girl men meet once—and remember. Uncle Siever's nephew met her twice. When Uncle Siever tells the story to his hard-boiled realtor friends, he always asks: "Can you beat it?" They never can

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

DON GAGE was sitting on the summit. Physically, of course, he was simply driving along Collins Avenue, which is only briefly above sea level, but mentally—and that's what counts—he had soared up to a Himalayan altitude and, balanced languorously on a rosy peak, was savoring the chocolate-coated future.

One thing anyway: no one could say he had not earned success. No one could scream that luck had anything to do with it. No, he had won his spurs by grueling adherence to the old and tested admonitions. Anyone who wished might trace his whole career from its beginning, Wednesday, and find out that he'd been punctual and diligent and spry; and if they asked him for the formula for his success, why, he would tell them, simply: "Work and win, that's all. Just work and win."

He'd had his early struggles too, exactly like in books. Take Thursday, when he'd gone without his lunch, except for just a sandwich and a cup or two of coffee, to show a lady from Bayonne a bungalow. Or take today, a Saturday at that. When everybody else had left at one o'clock, he'd stayed tenaciously upon the job. The fact that Uncle Siever had suggested this was immaterial. The fundamental thing was opportunity had found him with his ears laid back and gathered for the spring.

It would be juicy telling Uncle Siever Harrison, for Uncle Siever had been pretty skeptical about this job. There'd even been a little limp and labored levity about the length of time, since graduation, Don had spent in choosing a career. A bare six months!

Well, he would go and tell him now.

HE FOUND his Uncle Siever poking at a palm tree.

"Hello there, Uncle Siever," he said. "Just dropped by to—"

Uncle Siever interrupted. "Donald," Uncle Siever said, "I phoned at three o'clock and got no answer at the office, and I phoned again at four. Where were you? Young man—"

"Well, let's see," Don said. "Where was I now? Oh, yes, it nearly slipped my mind; that must have been about the time I sold the house."

"You what!"

"Why, sold the house. Just see the sunset on the bay, there. Lovely!"

"Dammit," Uncle Siever sputtered. "Sold what house to who for how much, dammit?"

"Well, let's see," Don said slowly. "Oh, yes, I remember now. The Harmon Villa on the beach. For thirty thousand dollars like it's listed. Just exactly suited them when I began to point things out, the way I kind of point things out, you know."

"Good Lord," his uncle said. "You get a check to bind the offer?"

"Do you?" Don asked. "Well, it's immaterial. The deal's all set."

"All set for when?"

"For when their niece arrives."

"Niece?"

"Niece," Don said firmly. "Naturally these people wanted their own niece to see it, didn't they?"

"Of course," said Uncle Siever. "Certainly. I didn't understand. That's right, Don; never close a deal until the people have consulted with their nieces. Maybe they're afflicted with some nephews too. Or maybe they have got a great-aunt in Des Moines who wouldn't care for southern exposure in the butler's pantry."

"You're just kidding, Uncle Siever," Don said, soothingly, "because you think the deal won't go through. You'll find out! If there is one thing I can do it is to size up people, and the Peltons aren't the kind of people—"

"Who?"

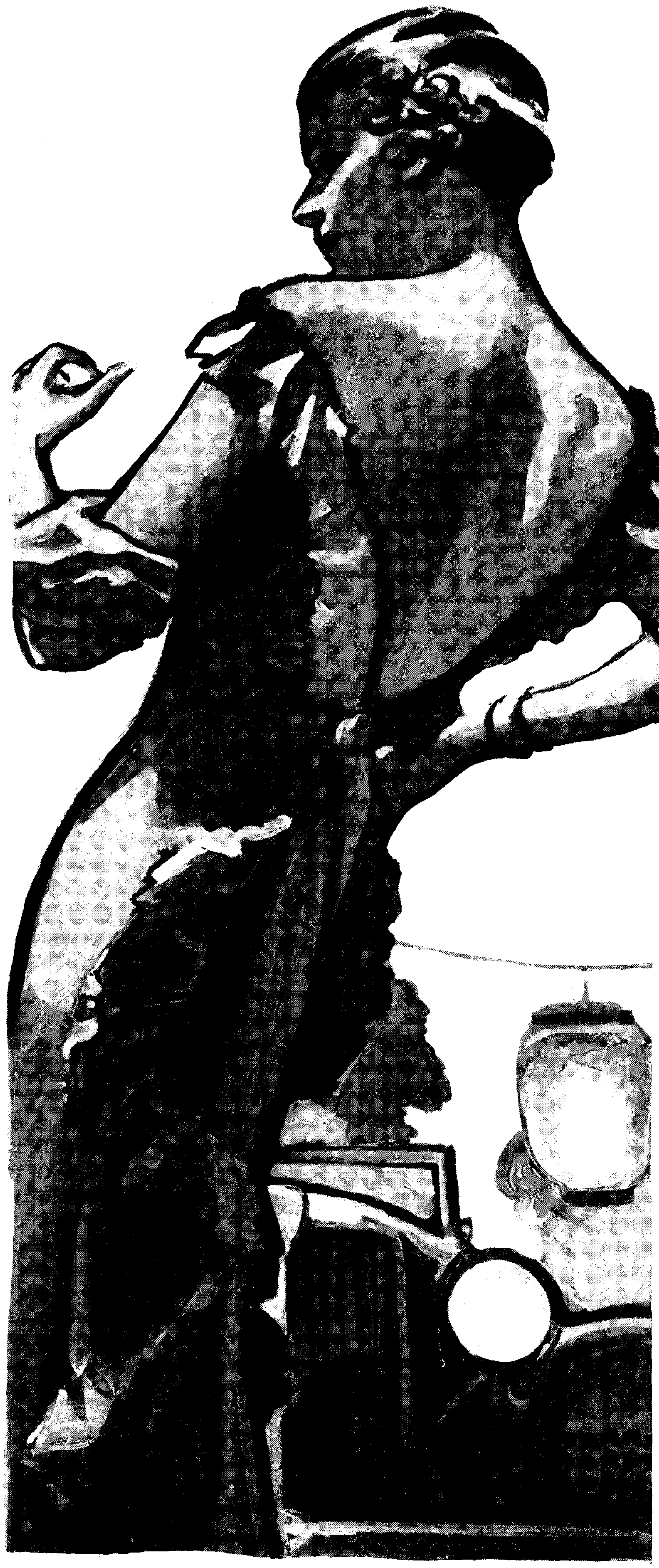
"The Peltons. From Poughkeepsie. You'll find out—"

There burst upon the evening hush a strange, wild sound. It seemed to come from Uncle Siever. Why, the man was acting like he'd suddenly come all unraveled! He was beating on his knee and turning purple and, as Don observed him, horrified, he hurled his head far back and whooped, "The very first prospects he gets turn out to be the Peltons!" Uncle Siever whooped, "The Peltons! It's a gift! He thinks he's selling them a ha-ha-whoop! a ha-ha-ha-ha-house!"

DON'S knees got flimsy and he sagged inside, while Uncle Siever told him, cackling, about the Peltons. Why, they didn't have a dime! They'd come to Uncle Siever last year and he might have wasted days with them, but Uncle Siever had been smart; he had investigated and found out they didn't have a dime except a little income Mr. Pelton had retired on, enough to come down every winter to Miami, stopping at some small hotel. The Peltons were the type who got a thrill from peering in and out of houses and estates, pretending they could buy. There were a lot of people like that, and they'd keep on looking just as long as you would show them, and they'd fool you too, unless you had a gift like Don's for—cackle, cackle—sizing people up!

"But, Uncle Siever," Don said, "they—seemed so certain, and they only wanted to delay the deal until—"

"Sure," Uncle Siever said. "Well, I'll make you junior partner when the Peltons own that house. But they'll stall you. I know. Why, I had one dumb bunny of a salesman once who was so certain that he had a deal cinched that he let the people move right in. A place like Harmon Villa, all equipped either to sell or rent. They stalled him off about the check and this poor nit-wit was afraid he'd lose them and he let them move right in. I was away and when I came back two weeks later, there they were. Still stalling; saving hotel bills.



Then, somehow, they were down on the sidewalk. "Here's his car, right here, Miss Marshall," Don said. "Hop right in"

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

I looked them up and found they didn't have a dime. Infuriates me still."

"So what—what happened, Uncle Siever?"

"Happened? Why, I threw them out, of course."

"I mean to—to the salesman?" Don said, in a thin, small voice.

"Gr-r-r!" said Uncle Siever. Only gr-r-r.

Well, Don thought, driving home, perhaps it had been just as well that he had let the subject drop right there. His uncle wasn't looking any too well lately and it might do him an injury to get upset. If he began to "Gr-r-r" in earnest, at his age, it might quite likely lead him to the fringe of apoplexy. Don was glad that he had thought about his uncle's health in time, and hadn't told him. And he'd never need to know because, the first thing in the morning, he would go to see the Peltons. He would tell them simply: "I have found out you are paupers. And you can't move in!"

THEY told Don at the hotel, the next morning, that the Peltons had already checked out. "Moved to Biscayne Road," the clerk said. "Wait, I think they left a message for you." But Don didn't wait. So they had moved in, had they? Rush act. Gone out there and got the key from next door and moved in. Speed, huh? Well, they would find that would be nothing to the speed with which they'd get moved out!

Don whirled into the drive at Harmon Villa, yanked his car back on its haunches and got out. The door was opened for him. Mrs. Pelton stood there smiling. Smiling, huh? And right at home!

"Right at home, eh?" Don said. "Well—"

And then he walked right in and found that he was standing face to face with Mary Marshall! With the girl he had been looking forward to; the girl he'd spent six months in failing to forget!

Mrs. Pelton saw that Don was staring. She said: "Yes, that's Mary Marshall. That's our lovely niece."

Don gulped. "Why I—I know her!"

"Yes. And isn't she adorable?"

The Peltons' niece! Good Lord, the Peltons' niece!

Don stood there trying to untie his tongue. He looked at Mary, gulping. Mary sat here on the table looking back at Don, a calm, unwavering observance. Don didn't speak because he couldn't. Mary didn't say a word because she was handicapped, slightly, by being a photograph in a silver frame.

"WE WIRED her last night about our moving into Harmon Villa," Mrs. Pelton told him brightly. "We mentioned your name and how nice you'd been, inviting us to move in here till—till we had decided. And we urged her to come right on down; we knew she'd love it. We got her message just a little while ago. She left last night. Now isn't that a nice surprise? And—" Mrs. Pelton looked at Don archly—"she said to tell you it was wonderful; and you were too. There!"

"Arf," Don said.

There was a rattle in the driveway.

"Oh, our trunks," said Mrs. Pelton. "You'll excuse me while I tell them where they go?"

Don sat there looking at the picture; looking at this picture of the Peltons' niece; and thought about the day he first heard of Mary Marshall.

IT WAS June, a week before the senior dance, and Don was sitting in his bedroom at the Zeta house and Bill Wright came in beaming and Don thought, "Old oily Bill; that slippery expression means he's selling something."

"Why, good heavens, but you're looking well, old man," Bill beamed. "A darned becoming tie you've got on. Blue; my favorite color. Yes, I always say, you take a big, athletic-looking, intellectual-appearing type and put him in a blue tie and—"

"I'm sorry," Don said, "but the lady of the house is not at home."

Bill Wright ignored the insult. He regarded Don intently, nodding to himself. "Stand up a minute, will you, old man?" Bill requested. "But I know you're tall enough. Light hair, blue eyes, those shoulders. Yes, I thought of you at once, you lucky, lucky fellow. Just the type she'll fall for. What a couple you will make. And what a girl! Why, listen, Don—"

"I'm sorry you must rush away like this," Don said. "Nice to have seen you for a moment, though."

"And what a girl!" Bill said. "Don, did you ever hear about the time she went to Dartmouth for the Winter Carnival? Six hundred men went mad and tipped a dormitory over. . . . *Say*, the way you look I almost wish I hadn't fixed it up for you."

"Fixed what up?" said Don.

"Why, fixed it up with Mary Marshall. She's a knockout! I've fixed it up for you to take her to the senior dance!"

SO THAT was it. A blind date, huh? Don finally squeezed the truth out, drop by drop. Well, then, she *was* a kind of cousin, Bill admitted finally, although he couldn't see— Well, no, he hadn't actually seen her lately, personally, but his mother wrote that she— Well, yes, the family had suggested that he have her down to senior dance; all right, insisted then, but—

"I knew that you weren't taking anyone," Bill said, "and so I thought: 'By George! A great chance for the boy!' I knew you'd jump at it and so I wrote to Mother it was all fixed up for you to take her. I wrote to Mary too, and told her all about you: Big Man of the Campus; President of Student Council; Captain of the Track Team. Why, she's trembling already! So you'll take her, Don?"

"Of course not," Don said. "Good try, though, old man."

The nerve of oily Bill! His cousin-kind-of, huh? The kind of dreary little droop that families always tried to foist off on you. Poor Bill; well, he'd find someone to fall for it, no doubt. And as for Don, he wasn't taking anyone, thank heavens. No more women. He was through with that phase, all right! Women were a scheme, that's all. The whole darn' sex was just a scheme to keep a man upset. A girl named Pete, some months before, had led to that discovery, for she had brought her blond, elaborate exterior into his life and then, abruptly, snatched it out again in favor

(Continued on page 34)

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE making a new picture—Wings Over Hell, directed by the talented Ferd Gottschalk—Carol Castaine, noted film star, falls in love with a stunt flyer: Jim Breed. True, he is engaged to another girl: Anne Carson, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper. But what of it! Carol, conscious of her beauty, her power over men, confidently bides her time. Sooner or later she will win, she is sure.

Jim Breed loves Anne Carson. But, misinterpreting certain episodes, Anne suspects that he is planning to marry Carol. According to Barry Trent, the Castaine's leading man, he is. She listens to Trent; and, quite unsuspectingly, accompanies him to his chalet-style cabin, back of Hollywood. There, to her horror, Trent makes violent love to her. She fights him off. And Trent reluctantly drives her to her apartment. Not, however, until two men, obviously blackmailers, have taken a flashlight picture of them, emerging from the cabin, together.

Thoroughly alarmed, Anne goes to Jim Breed. Madly in love with him, she now feels sure he has turned to Carol Castaine. She describes her experience with Trent; *then*— “We've *made a mess of things.* You told me that there could be no happiness for us. You were right. Goodby, Jim.”

Dazed by the unexpected announcement, Breed makes no reply. Anne goes out. Breed *must* protect her. But how? Bill Gaynor, city editor of Anne's paper, gives him the answer. And presently, an automatic in his pocket and accompanied by Sunshine Smith, another flyer, he is interviewing two notorious blackmailing “detectives,” in their office. The men admit that they took the flashlight. Breed and Smith find the negative, and, following a fight, destroy it, together with two prints.

That matter settled, Breed turns to his own problems. Anne has dropped him. The future, in Hollywood, holds nothing for him. When Wings Over Hell is completed, he may not even be able to find another job. Wretched, he decides to go to South America with Sunshine Smith where they may find adventure as government pilots.

That evening Carol Castaine gives a party. Breed is there with scores of Hollywood celebrities. Carol, greeting her guests, is all smiles. But her mouth suddenly tightens, her eyes grow hard. A woman she hates has arrived. Anne Carson has decided to come to Castaine's party.

VI

ANNE CARSON, thus appearing before the crowd, stood still a moment, one hand holding the edges of her silver cape jacket. Bill Gaynor, her escort, came up from the door and then Anne surrendered the wrap to him and waited, serene and quietly proud before all those eyes. Castaine hated Anne for that self-possession, while at the same time her mercilessly accurate judgment admitted the perfection of that picture framed in the doorway. It was a luminous, blond beauty; it was womanly dignity. That faint touch of aloofness, Castaine knew, was a dangerous mood for a woman, yet Anne Carson contrived to make it exciting. Beyond the softness and the supple robustness of her shoulders was the mere hint of something as ancient as Eve, as eternal. Castaine, recognizing it, wished to destroy illusion instantly. Her head rose and she walked forward.

“Hello, Anne,” she said casually. “Have I ever met your man?”

“This is Jim Gaynor, Carol.”

Carol Castaine's eyes briefly summed up Gaynor and passed back to Anne. “Have a good time, both of you,” she said, and moved on. Sunshine Smith came over and stopped in front of Anne, soberly admiring her.

Anne spoke: “You told Bill to be sure I came. Why?”

“You had to be here.”

“Why?” she insisted.

“It won't do to run from dogs. Turn your face to them—and they don't bite.”

“I trust you, Sunshine, or I wouldn't have come.”

He looked down, affected oddly. “Don't trust anybody. But hold your head up and don't be the first to leave.” He walked away, stopping at the liquor table. He bumped into Wyn Andrews and apologized; but she had her eyes on another corner of the room and seemed not to hear him. Over there a man and a woman drifted away from Barry Trent, leaving him temporarily alone. Wyn took up two glasses and pressed her way to where he stood.

“A drink,” she said.

TRENT spoke in a short, subdued voice: “Let's not be too much together here tonight, Wyn.”

“Conscience, Barry?” she asked, a little contemptuous.

“No use getting gossip started.”

“Just careful, then,” she said. Her eyes scanned him over the rim of her lifted glass. “I can stand it, if you can.”

He took that up, sharply. “I don't want it.”

“I'm supposed to be just a dumb little redhead, Barry. So say what you got to say in plainer words.”

“I thought I had explained it last night,” he told her, wearily patient.

She put her glass down, hitched up one of her slipping dress straps. Her mouth made a hard, crimson line across her pert face. There was no softness in her then. “You did, but it didn't take with me. You said, in effect, ‘It's been nice seein' you, little girl, but goodby.’ Now, you see here—”

“People are looking at us,” he broke in.

“What the devil do I care?” she answered. “Did you bring me the money?”

“I didn't have time to get to the bank today.”

“A stall,” she said, and watched his face turn wooden. “You're not dealing with another flattered extra girl. I might have been that once, but I'm not now. I'm as hard as any man in this room. You get that money for me, Barry.”

“I will,” he cut in quickly.

Wyn's red lips turned at the corners. “You're thinking that you won't. I know your way of ducking out. But you'll do as I say or I'll have the finest little scandal in Hollywood afoot. What do you think Mr. Hays would do? I'll see you tomorrow.”

She turned to the liquor table, swaying against people as she went, pushing them aside. Anne Carson had come up and Wyn's sulky little face softened; she put her arm against the taller girl as if needing support. Anne looked at Wyn's refilled glass.

“I'm just the canteen girl that weeps in one corner of the picture. But nobody's foolin' me, Anne. I'll never be anything else in pictures. Well, I'll get along. I can take care of myself.”

Anne watched Wyn steadily. She said: “Come and see me tonight. I've got to get some fool notions out of your head.” She accepted a cocktail from Bill Gaynor, and then, as she lifted the glass in salute to him, her eyes met those of Jim Breed, who stood now just across the table. She brought her glance away and sipped at the cocktail and spoke some word to Bill Gaynor. Gaynor, not getting it, bent nearer and said, “What was that, Anne?” Anne, cheeks colored, turned resolutely back to Breed. He was still watching, massive and dogged against the surrounding crowd. A stray end of his stubborn hair fell down across his forehead; his face was darkly, recklessly alive. It was a mood she remembered best—and feared.

“How are you, Jim?”

“Still above the table.”

Ted Ricks, who was Castaine's publicity man, tapped Bill Gaynor on the shoulder, and Gaynor drew away, leaving Anne Carson alone. Breed turned about the table and came near her. She felt at that moment helpless, for Breed's personality reached out and got hold of her, as it always did. The strong, manlike admiration in his glance went like warmth through her. “I could tell you how you look,” he said. “But I've told you before.”

SHE put down her glass, troubled and stirred and uncertain. “I want to see you a moment,” she told him, and moved through the crowd to the more isolated entry. Breed followed and when she turned back and saw his changed expression her heart pulsed faster. She wanted to put out her arms.

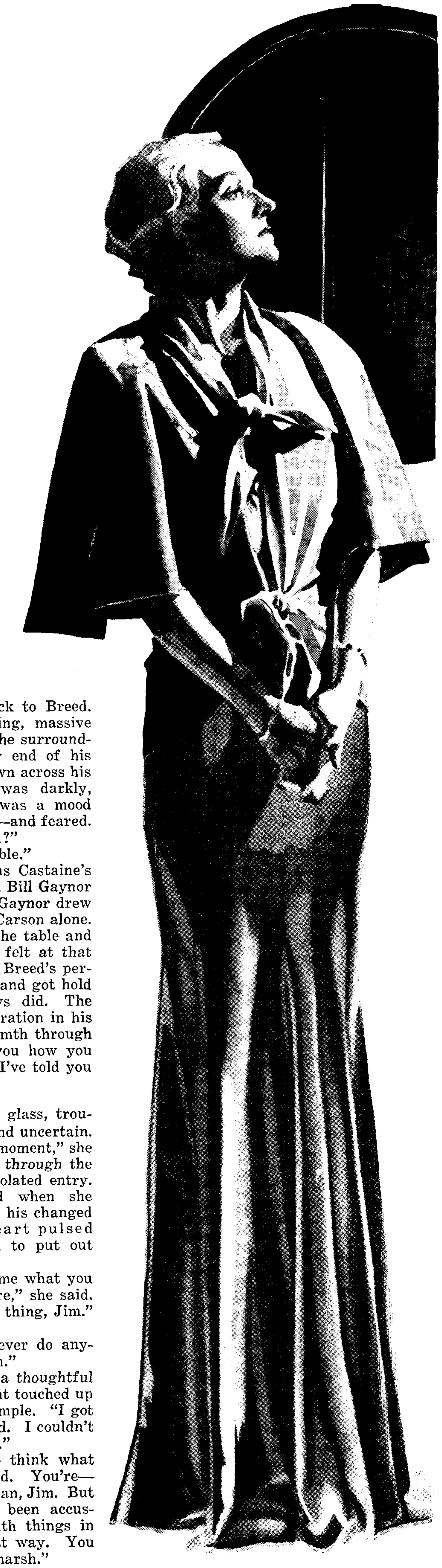
“Bill Gaynor told me what you did about that picture,” she said. “It was a dangerous thing, Jim.”

“Had to be done.”

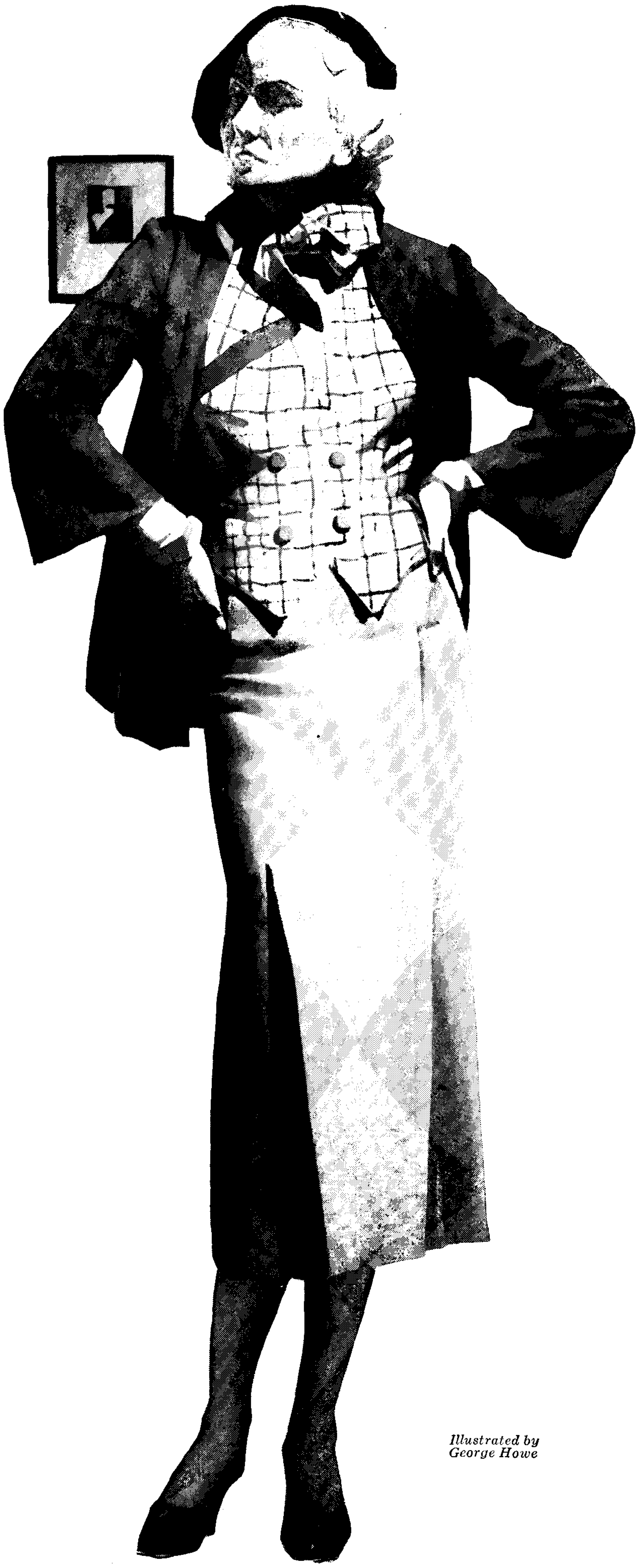
She said: “Don't ever do anything like that again.”

He bent his head, a thoughtful scowl appearing; light touched up the scar above his temple. “I got you into the mess, kid. I couldn't let it stand like that.”

“It scared me—to think what might have happened. You're—you're a wonderful man, Jim. But all your life you've been accustomed to dealing with things in the simplest, quickest way. You can be desperately harsh.”



"You had that flashlight taken?" Anne forgot to be outraged. She said, in a wondering voice, "Why on earth did you want it?"



Illustrated by George Howe

"I know," he answered quietly. He looked at her again with a still hope in his eyes. It had the power to pull her on, regardless of what lay between them, regardless of whatever sorrow and misunderstanding was to come. She knew she had only to smile at him as he wanted her to smile. Trembling on that thin edge of indecision, she let her glance fall and thought how bitterly clear her appraisal of their chance for happiness had been the night before, when she had sent him from her apartment. It was still the same. Not looking at him then, she said:

"I can take care of myself, Jim."

Not hearing him speak, she raised her head. The hope had gone out of him, and when she understood what it meant a silent cry ran dismally through her. For at that moment she was torn by contradictions—knowing nothing could ever be right with them and yet knowing he had only to reach forward to take her and sweep every doubt aside. He had the power to do it; he always had. But he didn't do it. In that long interval of silence the weight of his mind had tipped the other way and his manner was changed and he looked down at her with a queer, disinterested pleasantry. She felt shut away from Jim Breed—from what Jim Breed actually was.

"So the account's all squared up," he mused. "We hit a vein of pay dirt, and then it ran out. That's Hollywood, kid."

She said, tonelessly: "You mean that, don't you, Jim?"

"Sure." He reached into his pocket and tapped a cigarette from its package; when he lighted it the match glow ran saturninely along the unbreakable solidity of his cheeks. He turned, but Anne said, "Wait a moment," and went back to her cloak and purse lying on the entry table. When she faced Breed again she said, "You'll want this," and held their engagement ring on her palm.

Breed took it. "The end of something," he said, more to himself than to Anne; and he walked over to the liquor table. Gaynor and Gottschalk came up to Anne, closing out her view of Breed; but a moment later she saw him again. He was grinning down at Lydia Lane with that familiar streak of deviltry along his mouth. Gaynor spoke to her. Trying hard to put some show of interest on her face, she pulled her glance reluctantly from Breed.

LYDIA LANE affectionately tipped glasses with Breed and strolled on; and then the solemn serving man offered Breed another glass. Breed's attention fell shrewdly on the fellow. "You're taking care of me tonight," he observed. Sunshine came along.

"How you comin', guy?"

"Sunshine, it's a nutty world."

"So I hear tell. Castaine's in yonder corner chewing a ten-dollar manicure job to pieces. Ever consider passing the time of day with your hostess? Even the best people do it."

Breed pushed his way through the growing ranks of the great and near great. It wasn't a formal party any more; it was a bunch of well-fed and pleasantly wined people negligently moving back and forth as the mood suited them; let down from the work of the day and thoroughly at ease, yet all of them temperamental enough to produce throughout Castaine's wide room a faintly electric tension. Breed grinned and thumped a hand on the piano keys. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said.

He had their attention. The talk trailed off; men wheeled about, the eyes of the women turned toward him with a still interest. Smoke thickened and gave body to the light and all the bare, beautiful shoulders stirred slowly as though immersed in a blue-tinted water and being shifted by it.

"My fine people," he drawled gently, "let one amongst you who does not belong with you give, as final farewell and parting, this benevolent advice: Never look behind, or you'll cry over what had better be forgotten. Never look ahead, because there is nothing ahead but a fall and a fade-out. You have shown me a good time in your own fashion; I have tried to pay back the compliment, in mine. So we are even, and we are quits and this is the end of something. There has always got to be an end. Nothing lasts. Good luck, and goodby, and love and kisses."

HE WAS still smiling and he still had that high gleam of recklessness in his eyes as he turned away. Gottschalk, surly and attentive near by, said: "I think maybe I understand, and you will remember I said that here you do not belong."

"Where do I belong, Ferd?"

"If you were German I should tell you. But you are American and so have contradictions. You are like—" Gottschalk waved his hands to form an image in the air—"you are like Anne Carson. American—childlike, but very strong. You see nothing to believe, and so you think you are disillusioned. But despair is not in you people. So you keep looking for something to believe in."

"Not like Anne," said Jim, less smiling than before. "I couldn't be."

"The world troubles you," said Gottschalk shrewdly. "But maybe you will find a way out. Americans hate tragedy."

"Gottschalk," muttered Breed, "you're a damned clever man—"

Carol Castaine came up, tired of being patient. She put her hands on Gottschalk and Breed. "Tell him he's a fool, Ferd, for being blind. That's what he should know. Jim, I want to see you—now."

"Why not?" Breed said, and watched Carol turn into a side room.

"It is maybe very sad," grunted Gottschalk. "Why do you Americans believe in happy endings when you know better?"

Jim Breed only shrugged his shoulders and followed Castaine into the yonder room, closing the door behind him. He had no more than done this when Anne Carson, watching him from afar, abruptly deserted the circle of men attending her and went over to Sunshine at the liquor table. "Sunshine—stop him. Please."

"From what?"

"He's up to something. It's written all over his face. When he looks that way, he'll do anything wild."

Sunshine didn't meet her glance. He stirred the cocktail bowl idly with the silver dipper. "You're through with him, Anne."

"Am I?"

He pulled up his head, showing a harsh unhappiness. "You've got to be through with him. How much punishment do you want to take? Write it off now. Good God, Anne—I love you as much as I love him. Don't you suppose this raises merry hell with me?" He stopped, and afterwards added, bluntly: "You're through with him."

"Give me a drink, Sunshine," she said in a small, cold voice.

INSIDE Castaine's small office room, Breed watched Carol turn and come to him. She halted, arm's reach away, the haunting, mobile face oddly excited; and there was that intensity in her eyes he had noted before.

"What did you mean—love and kisses, and goodby? Where are you going?"

"Out of the picture—where all washed-out flyers go."

"What about me?"

He watched her shoulders fall and

(Continued on page 56)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

ACCUSED of the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames is brought to trial. Carlton Forman, a noted attorney whom she had jilted to marry Ames, defends her. She is acquitted. Knowing that Forman still loves her, expecting to become his wife soon, she receives a terrible shock. Carlton Forman informs her that he believes her guilty.

One other man, at least, differs with the jury: Sam Kernochan, a newspaper reporter. Cleverest of all New York's crime investigators, Kernochan does not accept Mrs. Ames' story—that, while seated in her bedroom, she had heard a shot, rushed to her husband's bedroom, and found Ames there, a revolver beside him, dead. All exits had, it appears, been locked *on the inside;* only Mrs. Ames had been present; *and there had been no finger-prints on the revolver.* Certain that Rose Ames is guilty, Kernochan writes his story against his convictions and goes on a protracted drunk, whereupon he loses his job.

The biggest surprise of his life follows. Coghlan Buell, Rose Ames' uncle, calls on him, tells him that his niece wants him to investigate the case further. Kernochan, introduced to Mrs. Ames, a gloriously beautiful woman, informs her coldly that he believes her guilty. Mrs. Ames merely smiles. "Take the case," she says. "Find the murderer—even if it's me—and I'll pay you fifty thousand dollars."

Kernochan accepts the offer—and with a cash advance of a thousand dollars in his bill-fold, at once proceeds to sober up. Himself once more, he finds a "lead," quickly. From Laurette Marks, a Broadway butterfly, he learns that John Ames had, unknown to his wife, been quite a playboy. His last affair had been with the gorgeous Emily Trephon of The Jollities. Losing no time, Kernochan persuades Tommy Turner, a theatrical agent whom he has known for years, to introduce him to the beauty at a small dinner-party. After which, he calls on Rose Ames. Together they review the case. Then— "You testified," Kernochan shoots out, "that you didn't handle that gun. You *did* handle it." Mrs. Ames stares at him. "Yes," she says slowly, "I did."

III

KERNOCHAN sat down upon the edge of the bed, whose head was placed against one wall. He half rose instantly, glancing apologetically at Mrs. Ames. She smiled an acceptance of his unuttered regret and Kernochan found himself quite unaccountably blushing. Since when had he become embarrassed at having committed so slight a breach of etiquette as sitting down while a lady stood? In this hard-boiled age, when women battled with men for places at bars, the little niceties were forgotten. The favorite motion picture hero of millions of Americans was an actor who punched a woman on the jaw at least three times in every picture. Women had achieved equality by losing superiority. Kernochan treated a woman as he treated a man—with a brusque fair play and nothing more. He took a cigarette case from his pocket and grinned rather sheepishly at her.

"I might as well go the whole way," he said. "May I be permitted a cigarette, Mrs. Ames?"

Her gray eyes twinkled.

"It's hard to play a part all the time, Mr. Kernochan, isn't it?" she asked. "I think one has to be born tough; otherwise, no matter how hard one tries, softness creeps through."

"Plenty smart as well as plenty game," he commented. "You know the answers before the questions are asked. So you don't think I was born tough, eh? Just because I sometimes remember my manners— When did you acquire your toughness, Mrs. Ames?"

"You think I have acquired it?"

"No sissy could travel the grade you've climbed the past half year," he told her. He lighted a cigarette and through a cloud of smoke surveyed the room.

IT WAS definitely a masculine chamber. The man who had inhabited it had not disdained comfort but had cared little for luxury. The bed was hard; the prints on the wall were outdoor scenes; the rugs on the floor were plain. The toilet accessories on a dresser were simple. It was not the kind of room in which a man fated to commit suicide would have lived. At least, Kernochan didn't think so. Not that hard, virile men didn't sometimes kill themselves. But when such a man was guilty of self-destruction it was because he was facing a crisis so great that he could not endure it. Ames, so far as Kernochan knew, had been facing no such crisis. The evidence at the trial had certainly indicated nothing of the sort.

Kernochan studied the face of the woman who had now seated herself in a chair six feet away.

"Suppose you tell me why you handled the gun," he said.

"Some things are hard to explain," she replied. "As I've told you, I heard the shot and came in here. John was lying on the floor. I bent over him. I picked up the gun and stared at it. I can't tell you what was in my mind."

"You hadn't intended to use it on yourself after you bumped him off, and then lost your nerve?" asked Kernochan brutally.

"I never had any such intention, any more than I shot John," she replied calmly. "I can only tell you that I had a queer feeling of wonderment that so small a thing could have caused death. I know that's silly. Don't remind me that I've done a lot of shooting and am perfectly well aware that a bit of lead will kill a two-hundred-pound man. We all know certain things but may be surprised when we are confronted with proof of our knowledge. I was bewildered, horrified. Picking up the gun was an instinctive act."

"Wiping your finger-prints from it wasn't instinctive," said Kernochan.

"I realize that. That was deliberate."

"Why?" he asked. "Was it because you thought you might be accused of murder?"

"I suddenly realized that it would be hard to explain my finger-prints on the revolver."

"You mean that in the midst of shock and horror you could think of a thing like that, Mrs. Ames?"

"I thought of it," she answered evenly.

"But that doesn't seem quite natural. Innocent people aren't usually so quick to assume that other people will think them guilty."

"I don't know about other people; I'm merely telling you about myself. And I am telling you the absolute truth."

"And then, having carefully wiped the revolver, you had presence of mind enough to remember that, if no prints were found upon the gun, there must be some reason for such absence, and you replaced his gloves upon his hands. Is that right?"

"That's right," she admitted.

"All this in the space of how many minutes after you heard the shot?"

"I don't know."

"AT THE trial you testified that immediately upon discovering the body of your husband you screamed, ran into the sitting-room, opened the door and screamed again. That was not exactly true?"

"It was not the exact truth. I did not open the sitting-room door and call until I had wiped the gun and put his gloves on."

"For a woman overcome by surprise and horror you were pretty cool, weren't you? Are you always as cool as this, Mrs. Ames?"

"Not always," she said.

"But in a great crisis you can master any tendency to hysteria, eh?" His very words were a sneer.

"I conquered any tendency then," she said.

"Almost as though you had anticipated the event and rehearsed it, wasn't it?"

"It seems to me that I had anticipated it, that mentally I had rehearsed it," she replied.

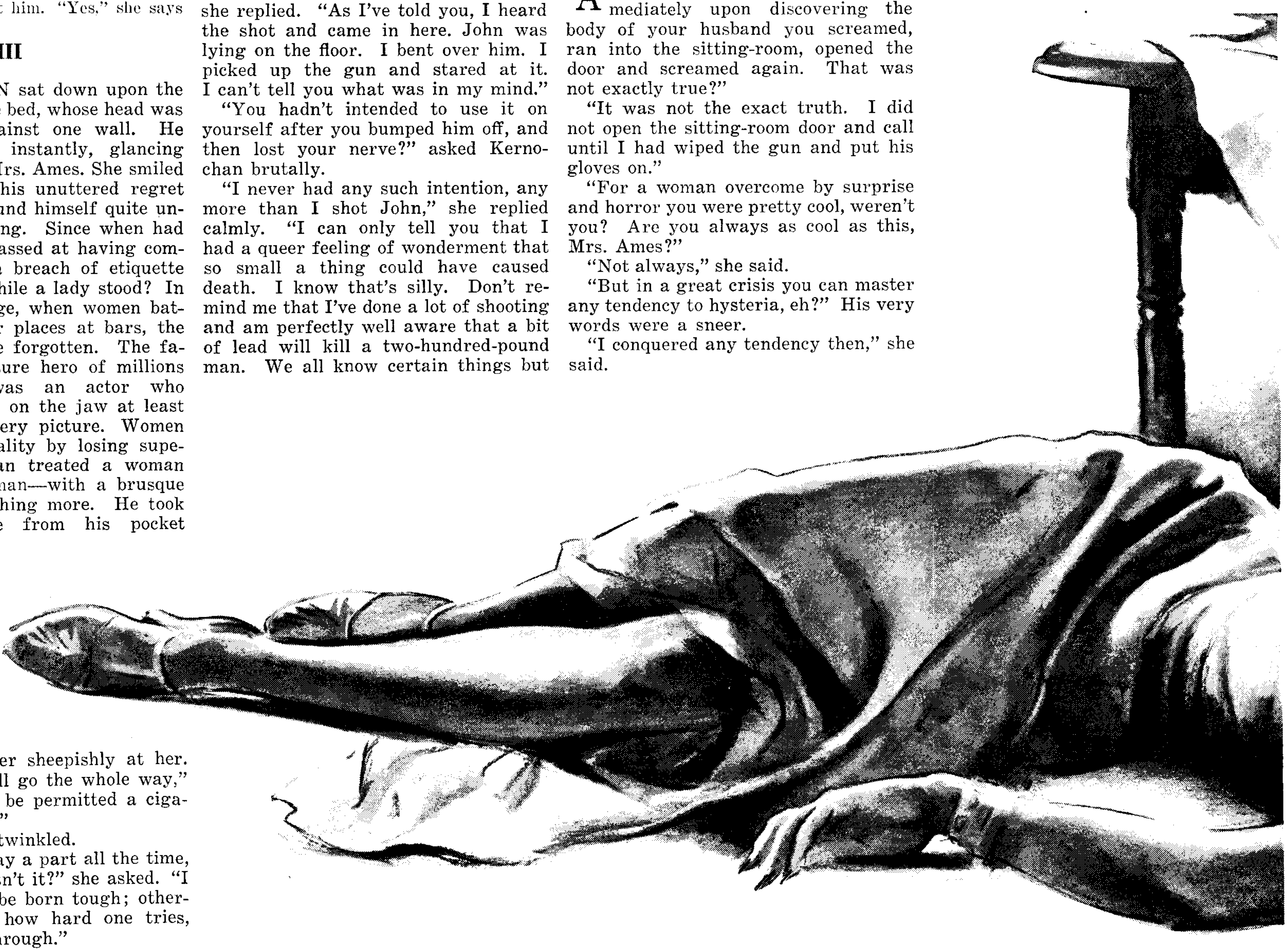
"That's a surprising admission, Mrs. Ames. Had your husband ever said or done anything to indicate that he might kill himelf?"

She shook her head slowly.

"Nothing. And yet, before I had risen from the floor with the gun in my hand, it seemed to me that somewhere he was looking at me, chuckling—" She put her hands over her eyes and held them there a moment while she spoke. "This is dreadful—to speak of someone dead—my own husband—but you want the truth and I'm giving it to you, Mr. Kernochan. John hated me. We—he had not been my husband for three years. I had married him impulsively. I hated the thought of divorce. Divorce means permitting the world to intrude upon your privacy. Divorce means letting utter strangers know of your mistake.

"I DON'T know why, having made a mistake, I should have been ashamed to admit it. But I was. I don't think that I'd have continued much longer living in the same house with him, keeping up the pretense of marriage. But I hadn't yet worked my courage up to the point of divorce. Pride made a coward of me."

"May I ask why you and your hus-



band had become alienated?" He lighted another cigarette. "You see, I must know everything if I'm to do anything."

"Of course," she said simply. "I'm telling you everything. John was cruel. Time and again he struck me."

"You didn't say that at the trial," he reminded her.

"I've never told it to a living soul until this moment. Do you think I could go upon that witness stand and say that I had been struck, beaten, by the man whom I had loved enough to marry?"

"If you had, you could have admitted that you shot him and got a vote of thanks from the jury," said Kernochan. "There was an out, if you needed one."

"But I didn't shoot him, and I knew that no jury would believe me guilty. I didn't believe that anyone could think me guilty."

"And so you didn't mention a matter that would have made your acquittal a cinch. And your husband no longer loved you. Why did he beat you, Mrs. Ames? Was he jealous?"

"He had no reason to be. He was simply cruel, Mr. Kernochan. You've known people like that, haven't you?"

He ignored the question.

"And you had a feeling that he had planned the suicide to put you on the spot? Is that what you meant when you said you had a feeling that he was looking on, laughing?"

"No. Even John couldn't have been cruel enough for that. He wouldn't have *planned* it. But now that it had happened I could see him gloating—Oh, that isn't fair. But how can I be fair?"

"What did you do with the handkerchief?" he asked.

"I put it in the laundry bag in my bathroom."

"IT WOULD have been tough for you if I'd been the detective in charge of the case, Mrs. Ames. I'd have been looking for the cloth that wiped the revolver. Guns are frequently greasy and if I'd found a handkerchief with traces of oil on it, you wouldn't be here today telling me things that you kept from the jury. You even kept them from your lawyer, didn't you?"

Her eyes widened.

"How did you know that?"

"He was supposed to be in love with you. A man that loved you would believe the story you've just told me. Therefore, he wouldn't believe you guilty."

"But he doesn't believe me guilty," she protested.

Kernochan grinned; there was merriment in his black eyes.

"We've got along swell with the truth so far," he laughed. "Let's stick to it. I told you last night you weren't engaging me to satisfy yourself. You were doing it to satisfy someone else. You and Forman are supposed to have been engaged once. Everyone at the trial figured you two were in love with each other. Yet this morning's paper says that he's sailing on the Bremen tonight. A man in love with a woman that's just been through a tough time doesn't leave her at a moment like this. You can't have acquired any other heart interest in the last six months. And only because of a heart interest would you go through with what you're doing with me. It adds up, doesn't it?"

"How do you know he's not going on business? For that matter, how do you know I'm not going with him?"

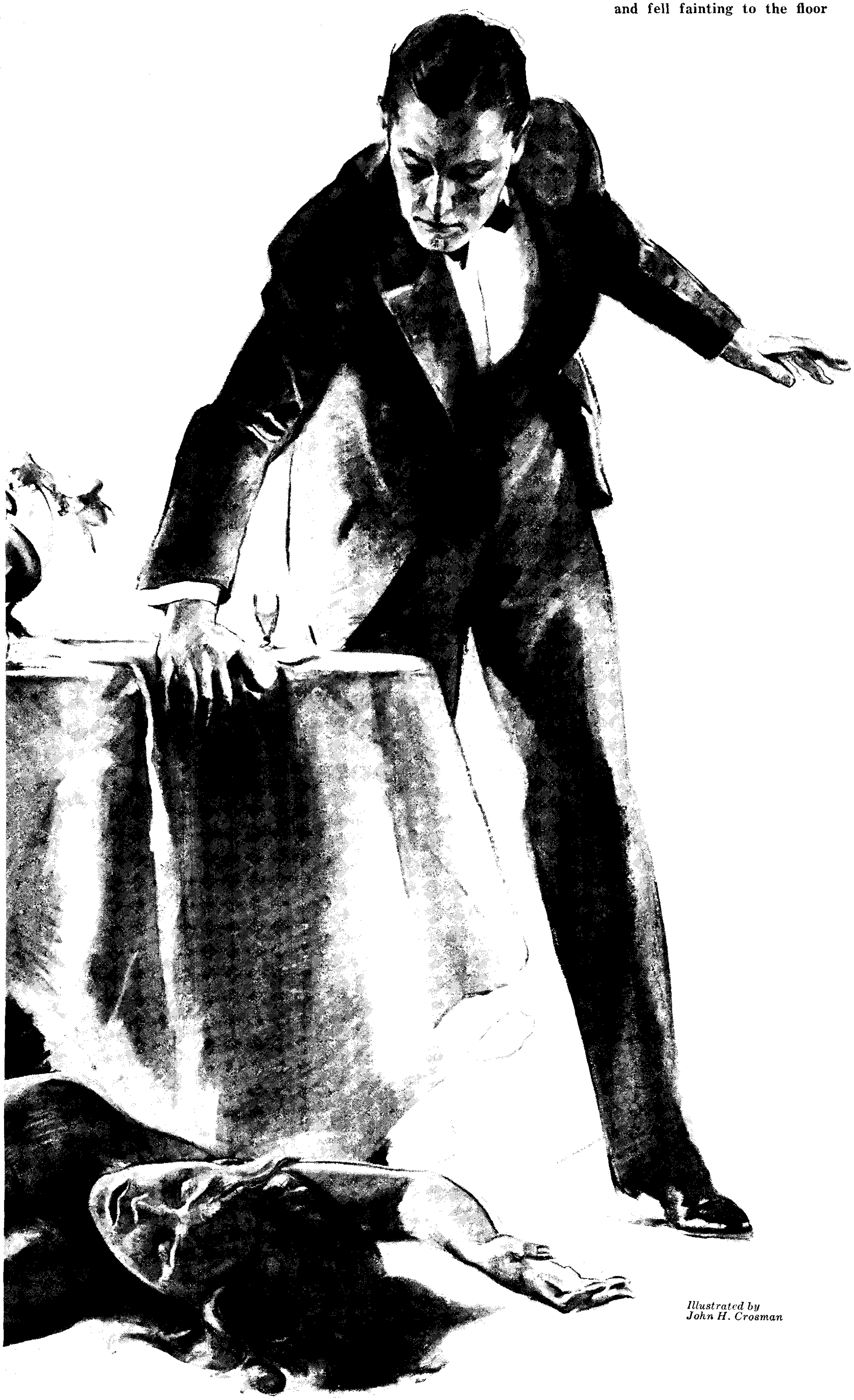
"I don't know. I'm just guessing. Do I hit the mark?"

"I'm telling you the truth—in everything. Carl thinks I'm guilty."

Kernochan whistled softly.

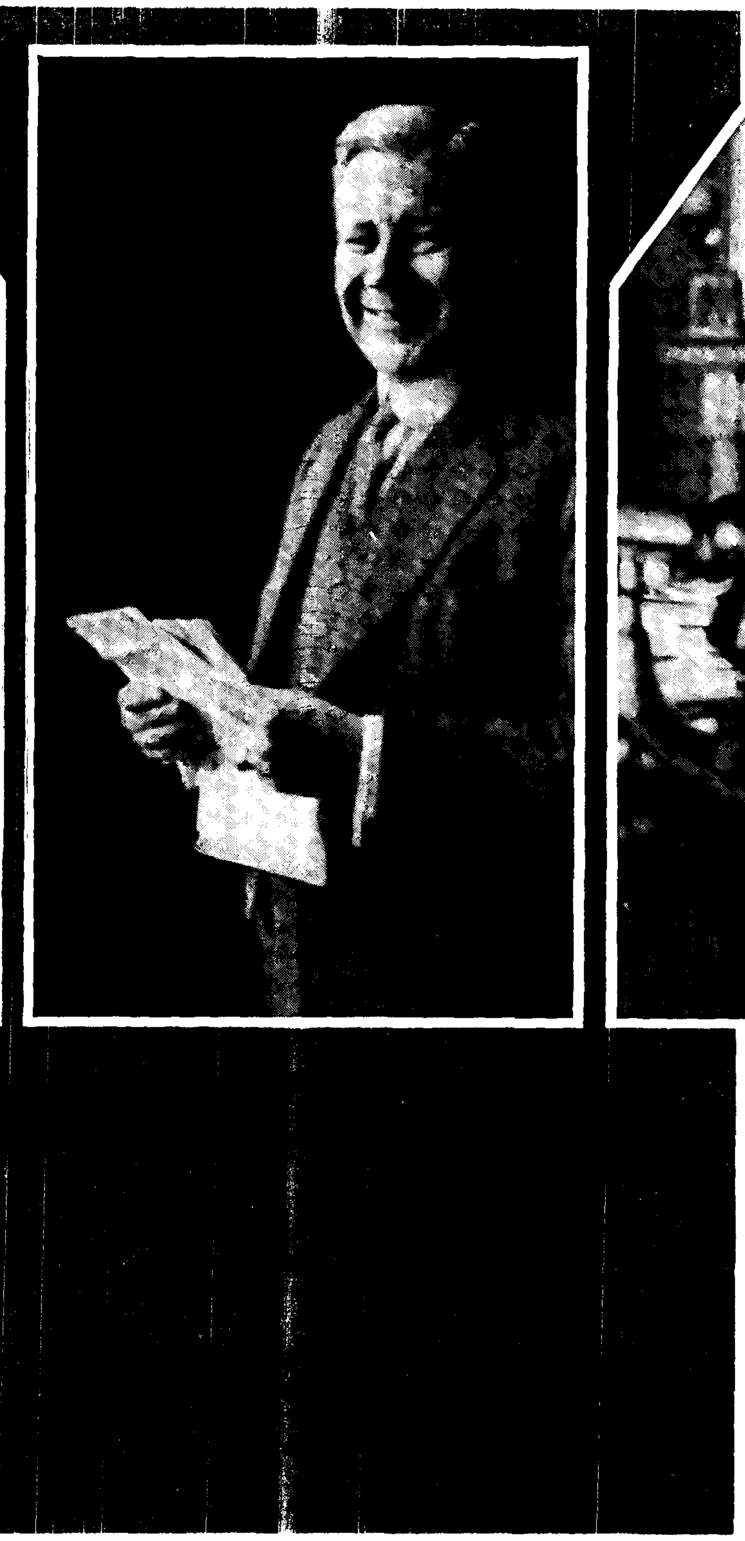
"He's a swell actor. I never guessed that, and I watched him closely. Did he feel that way all through the trial?"

(Continued on page 40)



Her words died away. Before he could catch her, she pitched forward, glanced off the table, and fell fainting to the floor

Illustrated by John H. Crosman



"Young Bob" La Follette (left) and Bronson Cutting (center), though Republicans, supported the President in his 1932 campaign and in New Deal legislation

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Senator Hiram Johnson, vitriolic critic of many of his own party's Presidents, has become an ardent convert to the Roosevelt brand of Progressivism

THE eyes of two distinguished Progressives on Capitol Hill shine with tears whenever they speak of Franklin D. Roosevelt. These constant critics of Presidents of their own party have turned into hero-worshippers.

"He is making almost all my dreams come true," says George Norris, who did as much as anybody to annoy four Republican Chief Executives.

"What I like about him," says grim Hiram Johnson, "is that he does everything with a smile."

Their enthusiasm for "another Roosevelt" is understandable on personal as well as political grounds. Mr. Roosevelt has let it be known through Oracle Farley that he counts on California Democrats to support Senator Johnson for reëlection next fall. Were it not for this White House reinforcement, the man who would have been President if he had agreed to run with Harding, the man whom Teddy Roosevelt admired above all other Progressives, might face the loss of office.

Hoover Republicans ache to get his tough scalp because of his championship of Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, and under California's free-and-easy election laws they might have been able to deprive him of renomination. Now, by running in Republican, Democratic and Progressive primaries, the senator will undoubtedly edge into the election finals, and be reëlected through a bipartisan alliance of Roosevelt Democrats and Johnson Republicans.

Senator Norris does not come up for reëlection until 1936, but Mr. Farley has already warned Nebraska Democrats that it would be low politics not to get behind "Uncle George." On many matters the senator is consulted by the President. The man who denounces patronage and partisanship as the twin evils of public life is often asked for advice about certain appointments in Nebraska and elsewhere. Like Mr. Johnson, he has been completely captivated by the President's personality, and Progressives who still entertain reservations about the New Deal shake their heads wonderingly.

Bill Borah, who follows no man blindly, not even himself, still views with alarm certain parts of the administration program. Young Gerald Nye, who wants to sow his Progressive oats in an individualistic way, trails after Mr. Borah, as do some other insurgents on both sides of the aisle. Messrs. Borah and Nye don't have to ask for votes for a few years; they can afford to sit on the fence for a while. Although this division in the ranks of the Progressives pains Mr. Norris and Mr. Johnson, they long ago set Mr. Borah down as a habitual rebel, unable to coöperate with reactionaries or liberals for long, and Mr. Roosevelt's splitting of the Senate Progressives does not worry them—much.

But they are not completely happy. Despite satisfaction at the solution of their personal problems, and their eagerness to accept a reprieve from the Democrats, they have long cherished more important plans than their own individual fates. For years they have fought, and they are still fighting, to raze all party lines, and to amalgamate Progressives within one fold, Conservatives within another.

As governor, twenty years ago Mr. Johnson tried without avail to enact laws that would eliminate party emblems and barriers. Mr. Norris is now pressing a measure designed to abolish the electoral college, and thereby make it easier for independent candidates and parties to upset national alignments. They would like to leave a partisanless United States as their legacy, if only in retaliation against the bosses and hacks who have torn their other dreams to bits. Hiram is a determined hater, and Mr. Norris boils with a sort of general antagonism against professional politicians.

The times admittedly seem propitious for a major realignment which will toss Progressives into one corner, Conservatives into another, and let the people act as umpire between opposing philosophies. President Roosevelt, in his 1932 campaign and in his policies, has pleaded for such a reorganization. He has framed a coalition Cabinet. Again and again he expresses the hope that a party truly and permanently liberal will flow from his reforms.

Noting upsets in municipal, state and congressional elections, some political experts argue that the day of orthodox parties has passed. They point out that Carter Glass seems to have more in common with his old enemy, Ogden L. Mills, than with President Roosevelt, and that while Messrs. Norris and Johnson weep joyously at the name of Roosevelt, they froth at the mouth when Herbert Hoover is mentioned. In the Administration's decision to back these two Progressives, many think that they discern a climax to the gradual crumbling of party institutions.

The people, and not the politicians, have taken the matter into their hands. Ask Ernest Gibson, Republican senator from Vermont, one of the two states to stand by Taft in 1912. In a recent special election Mr. Gibson declared for the President, resisting demands of state politicians that he "act like a Republican." One night he and an old-fashioned G. O. P. orator clashed on the radio, Mr. Gibson praising the President, the politician attacking him. For the rest of the night the presidential critic stood with his arm uplifted to a rural telephone, while he tried in vain to appease sore Vermont Republicans. The most expressive call came from an old lady who said: "I have been a good Vermont Republican for fifty years, but I wish I were at your meeting so I could slap your face for criticizing our great President."

These things, however, don't deceive the two old Progressives, or anybody who knows much about practical politics. They agree that the current lack of party feeling can be charged almost entirely to the President's popularity and policies. They point out that the Democratic party has only one Franklin D. Roosevelt, and that it is almost

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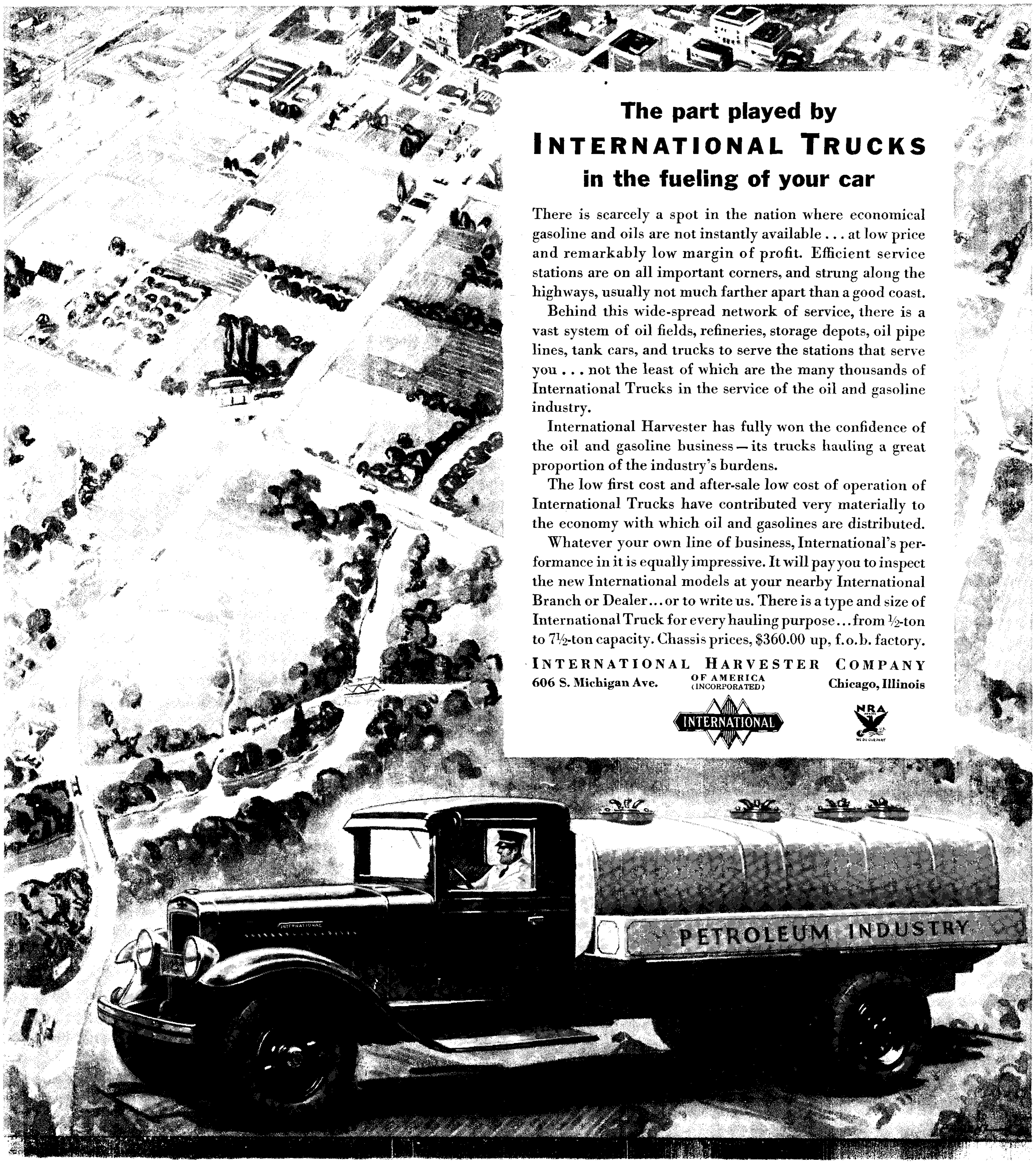
THE SERVICE BEHIND ONE OF THE GREATEST SERVICES EVER ORGANIZED



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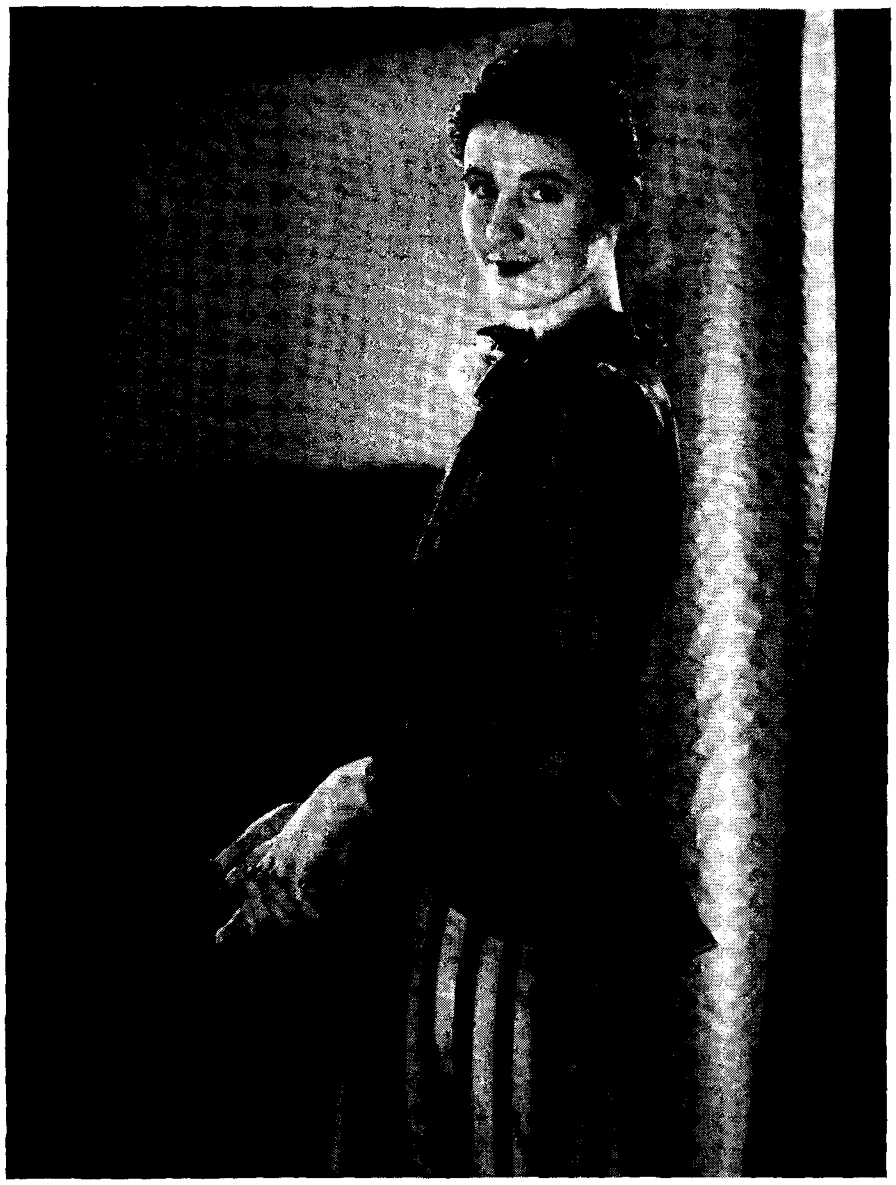
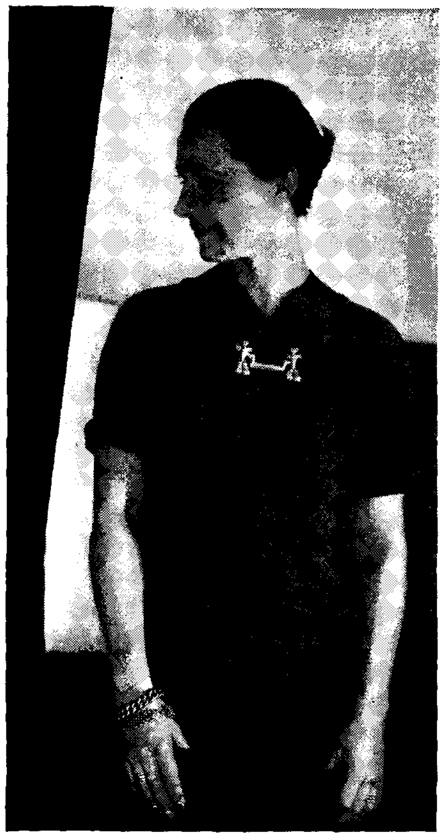


Gladys Parker (above), cartoonist of Flapper Fanny fame, designs clothes for modish young America. Muriel King (right), who never makes the same gown twice, is inspired by beautiful fabrics—witness the satin-striped chiffon she is wearing

Wynn Richards

Clare Potter (below), a sportswoman herself, is known for her workable, wearable sports clothes that are smart, simple and just a little different—and that have kept her company steadily in the black



Wynn Richards

They have your Number

By Selma Robinson

They know what the American woman wants, these girls who are pursuing the latest American profession—dress designing. And they can make her smart clothes out of anything, from the richest fabrics to whatever comes handy

HAVE you a new dishrag handy? Have you a length of laundry rope? A damask tablecloth too handsome to use? A polo belt your brother bought but never used? The flat disk of a straw hat body your uncle brought from Panama? A fireman's red undershirt? A coil of wire spring, or a length of mattress ticking?

These may sound like the stuff of which screams are made, or sleight of hand. And in the hands of some designers of women's clothes, they have an almost magical application.

Sometimes the sheer incongruity of a material like mattress ticking fascinates the dressmakers. Clare Potter will use *dust-cover cambric* for cruise coats and trousers. Josette will take blue and white horse blanketing for swagger top coats and suits. Joan Lanham will take yards and yards of ball fringe such as you buy for your curtains and make a furry little jacket for a negligee. And then, unpredictably, they will turn their backs on such materials and make lavish gowns and robes of silks that cost ten dollars a yard wholesale, brocades that are twenty dollars a yard and embroidered velvets that are twenty-five dollars a yard. They use furs with an extravagant hand. But mostly they use rich fabrics so manipulated that the very weave and sheen become their own adornment.

And then, as if to prove that fashion and lavishness are not synonymous, they will employ materials whose cost is virtually nothing, and make smartness out of them. For instance, take that wire spring, as Constance Ripley does, stretch it out, attach a fine black elastic to the ends, and you have a lovely tiara of coiled copper to wear on your head. You may use the dish-toweling as Fifi did, several years ago, for a red and white sports dress. Use the mattress ticking as Gladys Parker did for a sports jacket, pert as a thumbed nose. And the fireman's undershirt, you ask? Take eight inches off the bottom, give it a smart belt and a black skirt, and you will have a striking Russian costume.

These things may sound fantastic, or they may not any more. For perhaps you have been wearing such dresses and perhaps you have been pointing them out to your friends: "See the way this belt fastens? It's just an ordinary screen-door hook." "See the armholes on this beach dress? They are plain, old-fashioned embroidery hoops."

The American designer, unhampered by tradition, can dissociate materials from their customary functions. A dishcloth, when you forget greasy water and egg-caked china, is an interestingly woven, soft-textured material. Sometimes the designer will use the simple, silly, unadorned thing because it is more effective than a cheap imitation of an expensive original. Whatever it is that motivates her, it shows that the American designer is a bright, resourceful, daring and unprejudiced young woman.

Practical-Minded Designers

Usually she is under thirty, or very little above it, and usually she is pretty, well-educated, poised, sophisticated, intelligent, chic. You would not be able to distinguish her from any other well-dressed young woman five or six years out of college. Her stride is just as free, her throat as slender, her hips as narrow and her shoulders as broad. She knows what the American woman wants for a day in the country or a lunch in town or an unexpected theater date. When she makes a dress for golf, it will have concealed freedom at the shoulder blades to allow her to swing. When she makes a coat for motoring, it will be roomy across the back. When she makes a dress for summer sports, it will be comfortable and easy to launder. Rarely if ever will she make things without a practical purpose, no matter how fantastic the fabric and the trimming may be. She knows exactly what the American woman will wear because, you see, she is the American woman.

At the last count, there must have been over a dozen successful American designers, some known, some unknown to the public. By the time you finish reading this, there may be another dozen. And among them may be your *sister, your daughter, your friend, yourself.* It is a profession that is new, unlimited and rich. Dorothy Cox, a fashion artist, has stopped sketching other people's clothes to create her own for a manufacturer. Muriel King, a tall, slim girl with a mop of short black curls, used to draw pen and ink sketches for the fashion sections of newspapers. Mary Robinson, with a beautiful face and a figure to match, was a dress model. So was Marie Leeds. Gladys Parker, who is tiny enough to sit in the palm of your hand, was and still is a newspaper columnist. Elizabeth Hawes as "Parisite" was a fashion correspondent. Lisbeth Von Kraus, one of the best patronized of wholesale designers, was a painter. Some of the girls took classes in dressmaking; most *did* not. By designing, first of all, their own clothes when they could not afford

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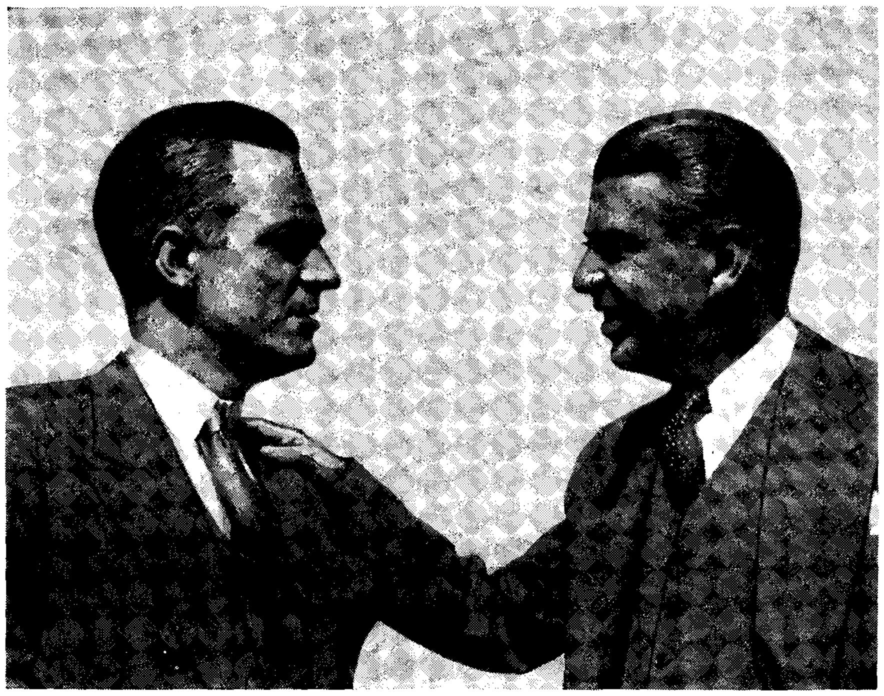
"You Don't Have to be Rich to RETIRE AT 55 ON $200 A MONTH"



THE CORNER STONE
OF MAN'S
FINANCIAL
STRUCTURE
LIFE INSURANCE

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

"How can you do it on *your* salary?" asked his friend.

"Easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I'm 55, and it's guaranteed for life. No depression can stop it.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—my installments will be paid for me, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine," said the other. "Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What Does it Cost?

"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll send you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works."

An Investment That Pays, Depression or no Depression

Here's *your* chance to find out how little it costs to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $200, $300 or more. And the same low cost protects you against death or disability.

Write the necessary information in the coupon at the right and send it now. You will be mailed a 24-page book that tells all about this new plan. It tells how you can provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money to send your son to college, money for special needs. It tells how this plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 83-year-old company, with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today. The coupon is for your convenience.

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE 15 YEARS FROM TODAY

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset by the depression. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were in 1929.

Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

A Guaranteed Income for Life

Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $200 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $20,000 has been paid, and it may even reach $25,000, $30,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if desired, additions can be made to your plan by which—

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any other cause before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a Monthly Income for you.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

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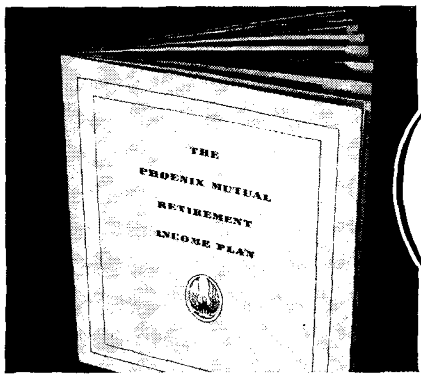
Write your date of birth in the coupon below, and mail today. You will receive without cost or obligation a copy of an illustrated booklet that tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.



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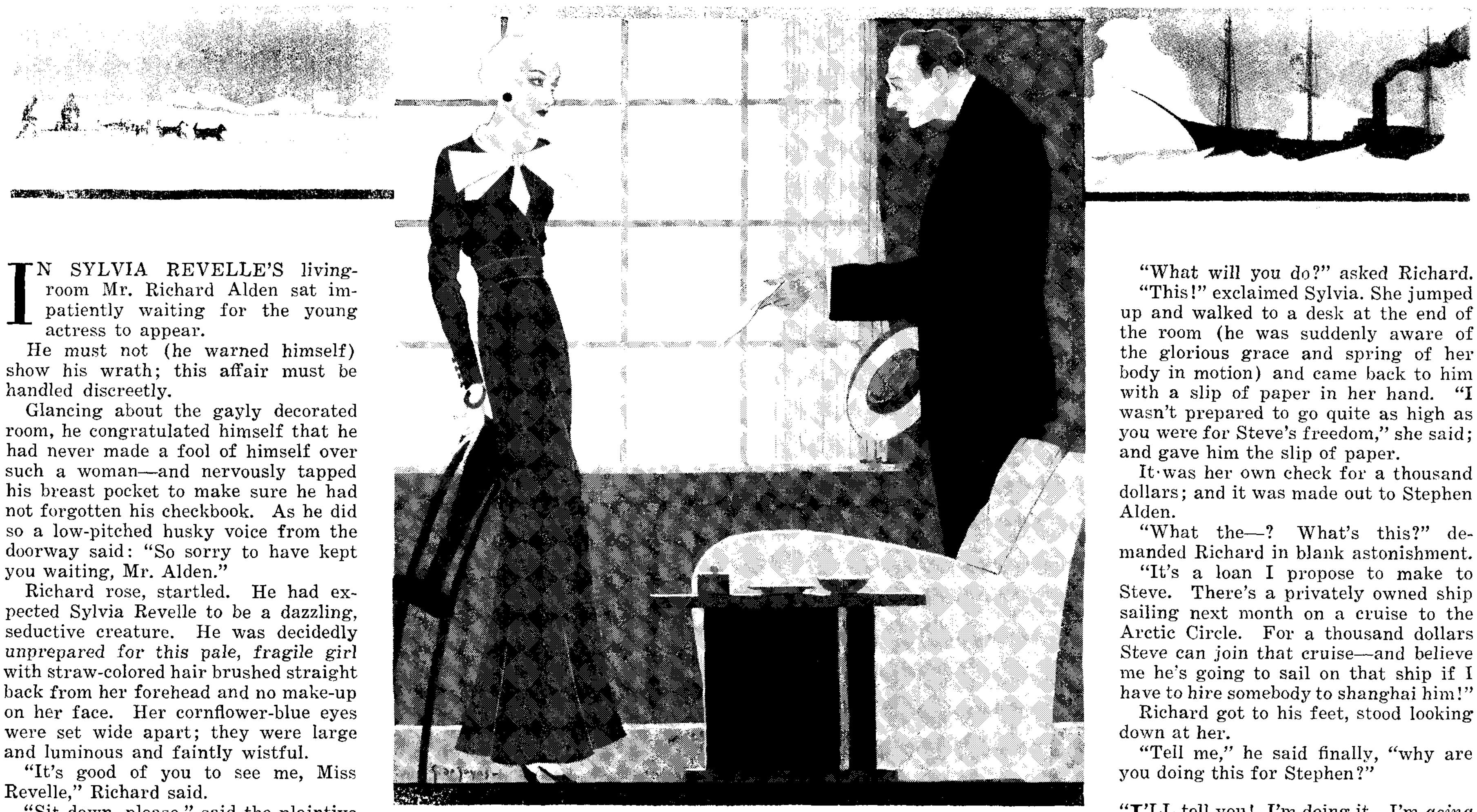


"Tell me," he said finally, "why are you doing this for Stephen?"

Old Story

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by George de Zayas

IN SYLVIA REVELLE'S living-room Mr. Richard Alden sat impatiently waiting for the young actress to appear.

He must not (he warned himself) show his wrath; this affair must be handled discreetly.

Glancing about the gayly decorated room, he congratulated himself that he had never made a fool of himself over such a woman—and nervously tapped his breast pocket to make sure he had not forgotten his checkbook. As he did so a low-pitched husky voice from the doorway said: "So sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Alden."

Richard rose, startled. He had expected Sylvia Revelle to be a dazzling, seductive creature. He was decidedly unprepared for this pale, fragile girl with straw-colored hair brushed straight back from her forehead and no make-up on her face. Her cornflower-blue eyes were set wide apart; they were large and luminous and faintly wistful.

"It's good of you to see me, Miss Revelle," Richard said.

"Sit down, please," said the plaintive contralto voice. She seated herself on a long couch. Richard handed her a newspaper clipping he had taken from his pocket. It read:

"That blond youth who waits at the stage door every night for Sylvia Revelle, the hit of the musical smash, Mischievous Mamma, is Stephen Alden, social registerite and twenty-three-year-old Broadway playboy. Young Alden will inherit ten millions on his twenty-fifth birthday. The local forecast is for an early wedding. . . ."

SYLVIA merely glanced at the clipping.

"I know. Someone at the theater showed it to me. It's from one of those horrid Broadway gossip columns."

"My secretary brought it to my attention this morning," Richard said. "I called my nephew at once, but Stephen was not at his apartment. His servant said he'd not come home at all last night. Then I called you, Miss Revelle. I am, as Stephen may have told you, not only his uncle, but—"

"You seem so young to be his uncle," murmured Sylvia, unsmiling.

"I—! My brother was much older than I. But the point is, I'm also Stephen's guardian. As such, I'm prepared to do whatever is necessary to save him from—"

"From me?"

Richard sat down on the couch beside her. He was a big man, hard-fleshed, and handsome, with a straight nose, a square jaw, disillusioned eyes and an illogically sensitive mouth.

"Has Stephen asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you—? Have you accepted him?"

"Yes."

Her face in the sunlight was a cameo, delicately carved, exquisite, appealing. Richard fixed his gaze on a flower vase behind her. "I won't beat about the bush," he said. "Stephen is still an undisciplined boy. In two years he'll come into his money. I have only those two years in which to help him make a man of himself. But if he marries now, I'm licked. And so is Stephen, Miss Revelle."

"He might go to hell in two years," said Sylvia simply.

"He will, unless I can keep some control over him. It's my duty to do that. You see, it was my brother's dying wish that Stephen should one day take his place as head of the Alden Bank."

"But maybe it's wrong for Steve to be a banker."

RICHARD made a gesture. "We won't discuss that. Let's get down to business, Miss Revelle. Forgive me if I seem crude, but, frankly, how much will you take to give Steve up?"

A faint smile touched her lips and was gone.

"How much are you offering?"

He produced the checkbook from his breast pocket. Sylvia took from him a check already filled out and signed. It was for five thousand dollars.

"Cheap at the price," she said. Then, almost idly, she tore the check in two and handed the torn pieces back to him. Mechanically his fingers closed on hers, and for a moment—an incredible instant—the importance of his visit, the very purpose of it, vanished in a sense of intimacy that was bewilderingly keen. He fought it off as one fights off a surge of intoxication. "You refuse to consider a settlement?" he asked, as calmly as possible. "You refuse to—?"

"Wait," said Sylvia. Her husky voice had taken on a deeper note. "You've done all the talking so far. Now you listen to me. I met Steve Alden at a party last winter. Since then he has hounded me day and night, till I'm almost crazy. But I felt so sorry for him—"

"Sorry for him!"

"Yes, sorry!" Her blue eyes were blazing, now, in the pale oval of her face. "You say he's spoiled. He is. But *you're* the one who spoiled him. You never bothered to ask Steve what *he* wanted to do or be. And he was too sensitive, too foolishly proud to tell you. He preferred to dissipate, to throw himself away. You don't know, do you, Mr. Alden, that Steve's secret ambition is to be an explorer?"

"An explorer!" Richard laughed, rather uncertainly. "Oh, I remember he had a lot of kid dreams—"

"Those kid dreams are still burning in him. He needs help, understanding—"

"And you," interrupted Richard sharply, "are going to help him by marrying him?"

She leaned toward him, her slender body tense, one small fist pushed deep into the cushions of the couch. "I'm not going to marry him," she cried.

"But you said you'd accepted him!"

"Listen . . . Steve came here last night after my performance. He was tight. He threatened to jump out the window—if I didn't promise to marry him. What could I do? I said 'Yes'—and then sent him off to a Turkish bath to sober up. I suppose he'll be back later today, and I—"

"What will you do?" asked Richard.

"This!" exclaimed Sylvia. She jumped up and walked to a desk at the end of the room (he was suddenly aware of the glorious grace and spring of her body in motion) and came back to him with a slip of paper in her hand. "I wasn't prepared to go quite as high as you were for Steve's freedom," she said; and gave him the slip of paper.

It was her own check for a thousand dollars; and it was made out to Stephen Alden.

"What the—? What's this?" demanded Richard in blank astonishment.

"It's a loan I propose to make to Steve. There's a privately owned ship sailing next month on a cruise to the Arctic Circle. For a thousand dollars Steve can join that cruise—and believe me he's going to sail on that ship if I have to hire somebody to shanghai him!"

Richard got to his feet, stood looking down at her.

"Tell me," he said finally, "why are you doing this for Stephen?"

"I'LL tell you! I'm doing it—I'm *going* to do it partly because I like Steve. But chiefly it's because I've been through the same kind of hell that he has. My father and mother were theatrical people. They forced me to go on the stage. I hated the stage. And now that I'm a success I hate it more than ever!" Amazingly, without losing anything of their hot defiance, her eyes had filled with tears. "I don't want to be a success! I want to be—"

"What do you want to be?"

"I won't tell you!" she blazed at him. "Go away! And don't you dare interfere with my plans for your nephew!"

"I won't," promised Richard with sudden humility. He was looking at the check in his hand—her check. "Miss Revelle, I've done you a great injustice. I apologize."

"You needn't apologize. Please go. Please leave me alone."

Richard laughed.

"Leave you? Just as I've discovered that you're the rarest woman I've ever met? I should say not!"

"Oh!"

"You go put on a hat, and I'll take you to lunch, and we'll talk about sending Stephen to the Arctic. At any rate, you're going to lunch with me."

She smiled at him. She was unexpectedly, charmingly demure.

"*That's* what I've always wanted!" she breathed.

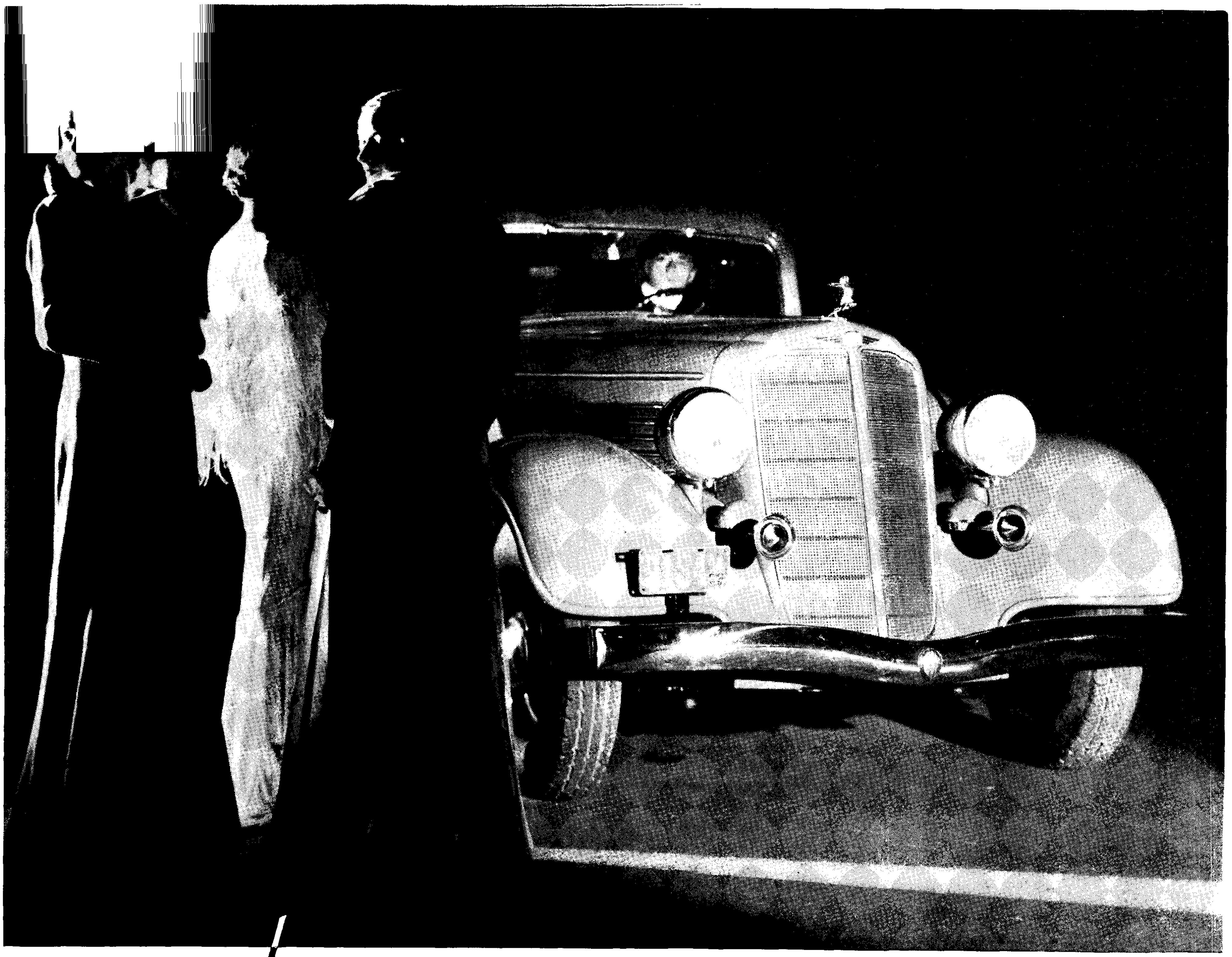
"What?" asked Richard.

"To be taken to lunch against my will," said Sylvia; and sighed gently, and went to put on her hat.

Richard Alden stood gazing in rapt admiration at the door out of which she had gone. "And I thought," he muttered to himself, "that this was the old story."

A MONTH later young Stephen Alden sailed from New York in a ship bound for the Arctic Circle. That same day his uncle, Mr. Richard Alden, sailed with a very lovely lady for Paris or Paradise or some such place. But he married her first, which seemed to him a most original thing to do.

It wasn't really. He had been right in the first place. It was just the old, old story.



. . . Body by Fisher

Beauty Enriches a Famous Value . . .

In a time of new ideas, new desires and new needs, there is a glorious new motor car to meet them—the Buick of 1934.

For in these new Buicks, artists and designers have created new beauty—modern, yet in excellent taste; with captivating lines which flow and merge in perfect windstream harmony.

Engineers have labored long to invent a new kind of ride—the ride that surpasses and dwarfs even the finest you may have known—the luxurious gliding ride as only Buick gives it.

In every way, the new Buicks are in perfect tune with the vital times in which we live. Present in them is all that engineering has found good, plus advancements which, by comparison with yesterday, take on the character and importance of the revolutionary.

Appraise the new Buick in your own way . . . as you do the same with other cars. You will find yourself measuring them all by this one. And, finally, after you have seen and tested them all—if you wish to be regarded as modern and as a shrewd judge of today's fine values—the new Buick will be your choice.

Buick

FOR 1934

WHEN · BETTER · AUTOMOBILES · ARE · BUILT · BUICK · WILL · BUILD · THEM

Outwardly they both seem protected

but there's a difference in their resistance!

What accounts for this difference? . . . To all appearances, they seem equally prepared for exposure. They have taken the same *outward* precautions, such as bundling up, wearing rubbers, and carrying an umbrella.

The important difference is in their physical condition—in the amount of *resistance* they have! One takes precautions in advance to keep her resistance built up. The other waits until she begins to feel the weather before thinking of her physical condition.

Which description fits you? If you're bothered by exposure, why not try to come through this season more comfortably? Start now with something which aids in building resistance—*Squibb Adex!*

Squibb Adex tablets are a concentrate of the protective vitamins in halibut- and cod-liver oil and Viosterol. They are the *only* product which combines the vitamin values from these *three* important sources.

Each tablet provides 1500 units of resistance-building Vitamin A and 2450 units of sunshine Vitamin D.

Begin to take Squibb Adex tablets now and keep on taking them *every day*. They will help you build the important *inner* defense you need against exposure.

Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D are now available at any good drug store. They are prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

SQUIBB
ADEX
Tablets
10 D
E. R. Squibb & Sons
New York
The vitamins of halibut and cod-liver oil with viosterol.
In tablet form
NRA
WE DO OUR PART

Baltimore makes Wolf Soup

Continued from page 28

joiner; a fraternal banquet habitué who could, as someone said, get up to make a speech, start his voice and then go away and leave it talking. Jackson's reorganizations and economies were forgotten. Baltimore did what every city in the country was doing. They were borrowing themselves into financial paralysis.

American cities owe eighteen billions in bond issues. They issued ten billions of new bonds from 1920 to 1932. Only a billion of these bonds are in default. But paying the interest on these huge debts is crippling every city in the land. For instance, the municipalities of New Jersey owe $1,200,000,000. For a long period these towns insisted on spending each year 72 million dollars more than they levied in taxes. Now forty-five cents out of every dollar of taxes levied in New Jersey is employed in paying interest. Of the remaining fifty-five cents, thirty-five cents is not collected. This leaves only *twenty cents out of every dollar* levied for paying the running expenses of government.

Baltimore was a heavy spender on "improvements." She was therefore a heavy borrower. Jackson had corrected the city's bad habits in the matter of managing her business. But she contributed her share to the prosperity of the printers who produce bonds.

Here are a few facts about her record:

Among the spendthrift cities she stood sixth—exceeded only by New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

She had the largest debt of any city with less than a million population.

She owed $169.31 for every man, woman and child in town. In this she was surpassed by only two cities—those two notorious wasters, New York and Chicago.

Since 1920 she increased her bonded debt by $100,000,000.

Back on the Job

But in Baltimore, as elsewhere, the inevitable happened. When you borrow money you have to pay it back and a lot more besides. Baltimore calculates that on a loan of twenty-two million dollars she must pay back forty million dollars in principal and interest. The city's taxes began to fall off. People couldn't pay their taxes. Worse still, real estate values dropped. The property out of which the town had to get its taxes got to be worth nearly 400 million dollars less. So when 1931 arrived a sober mood fell on the city. Jackson was called back to office. When he took office for his second term four things collaborated to aid him.

First, we were a chastened people.

Second, Baltimore had lost its political bosses. Old Sunny Mahon and John S. Frank Kelley had died within a few months of each other. They were timid, even futile bosses to begin with. They were old. Their machines had disintegrated in their failing hands and when they died there were no strong men to grasp the reins. Thus the city was freed from the enervating and destructive control of a strong machine master. Here is a lesson for cities. If your bosses refuse to die, they can be retired. New York City did it. Why not you?

Third, the old Casey Commission was reformed as the Commission on Governmental Efficiency and Economy and went to work on the budget and the debt problem as it did on the city's management machinery in the '20's. This is always a good thing for the city. The mayor or city official who wants to do his duty is enormously strengthened when city officials and politicians know there is a vigorous, virile, vigilant group of citizens to jump on every delinquency. It is sometimes irritating. It has doubtless irritated Jackson at times. But the presence of these merciless critics in the front row all the time helps to keep the boys on their good behavior.

The problem of the city was simple—so simple in fact that it was almost silly. It had to cut its operating expenses and it had to stop borrowing money.

Here's the way Baltimore's tax dollar stood; compare it with your own:

37 cents went for debts.

20 cents couldn't be collected.

43 cents was all that was left to run the town.

There was no way to get rid of that 37-cent item. The damage had been done. The debts were due. But the city could quit adding to the debt burden. But that wasn't so easy. The citizens had already voted approval of $30,000,000 more bonds. And the legislature had authorized the approval of $22,000,000 more which were not yet approved by the citizens. This would have added another $52,000,000 to Baltimore's huge net debt of $161,000,000. Jackson finally withdrew this $22,000,000 bond issue from the ballot and these immense borrowings were checked. This was not easy. It required courage for a mayor to do that. There were powerful interests clamoring for these levies. Organized labor wanted the bond issues to make work. Merchants and business men in sections to be benefited by the borrowing demanded them. But Jackson stopped them. What is more, he announced as a policy that Baltimore would stop borrowing. Baltimore would pay her way as she went.

Next he set about balancing the budget. He had so much to spend. He kept city expenses inside that figure. Purchases were rigorously restrained. Salaries were cut by a system of contributions. Thus salaries of $1,200 and less were forced to make the minimum contribution and the cut was widened as the salaries rose. Wherever you go in Baltimore you can see the evidences of these economies. Thus, as you walk the streets, you see in places every other electric lightpost decapitated. The light is gone. There were lights burning away on downtown streets which were ablaze with the lights of stores, windows and theaters. These lights are gone now and the city is saving money.

This is a common point of extravagance in cities. New York City's electric light bill runs to ten million dollars a year and much of it for countless lights in streets which are already brilliant with the illumination of movie theaters and advertising signs.

A Lesson for Other Cities

The final result of all this may be stated as follows:

Baltimore has not only stopped borrowing but has begun to reduce her debt.

She has paid off the deficit with which she began 1933.

At the end of the year she had three million dollars cash in the bank.

She had actually spent a million dollars less than her budget called for.

She has now been able to increase by half a million dollars her appropriations for charitable purposes and has set aside another half million dollars for "improvements" this year to be paid for *in cash*.

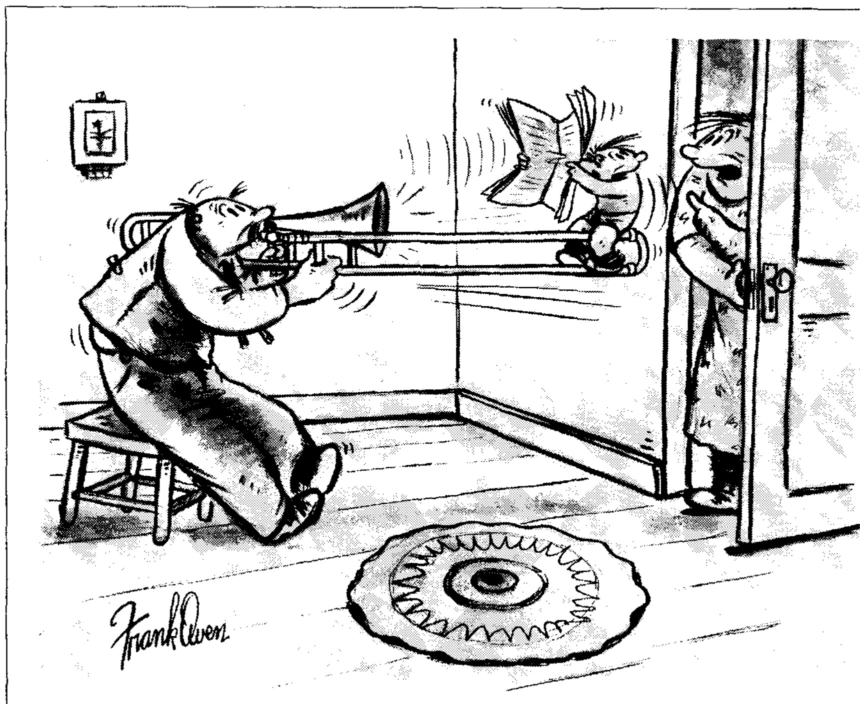
And while she has been doing all this she has:

1. Reduced her assessments by about $30,000,000.

2. Reduced her tax rate by twenty cents—from $2.65 per hundred to $2.45.

And this year she will restore to her employees in the $1,200 class their old salaries.

While cities struggle with the fruits of their old sins, while politicians make reforms difficult, as in New York City *where they continue to balk Mayor LaGuardia*, while even business interests still urge politicians to borrow and borrow more, Baltimore's example is one which every citizen of every city who fondles a tax bill at this season will do well to ponder. These things can be done by courageous mayors and aldermen only when the citizens back them up.



"Hold the music still for Papa or he won't let you ride while he plays!"

Frank Owen

À VOTRE SANTÉ
PROSIT
HERE'S HOW
CHEERIO
SALUTE
勝

AGAIN IN DEMAND . . . THE WORLD OVER

In the last eight months, more and more requests for BUDWEISER have been received from every civilized country in the world. . . . In the fourteen years that American beers were off the market, these foreign countries still had their own good beer. Yet, after fourteen years, they again single out BUDWEISER among American brews, because it has an unforgettable personality—identified with the fine art of living the world over. . . . The biggest-selling bottled beer in history and the demand for BUDWEISER quality have built the world's largest brewery. . . Order by the case for your home.

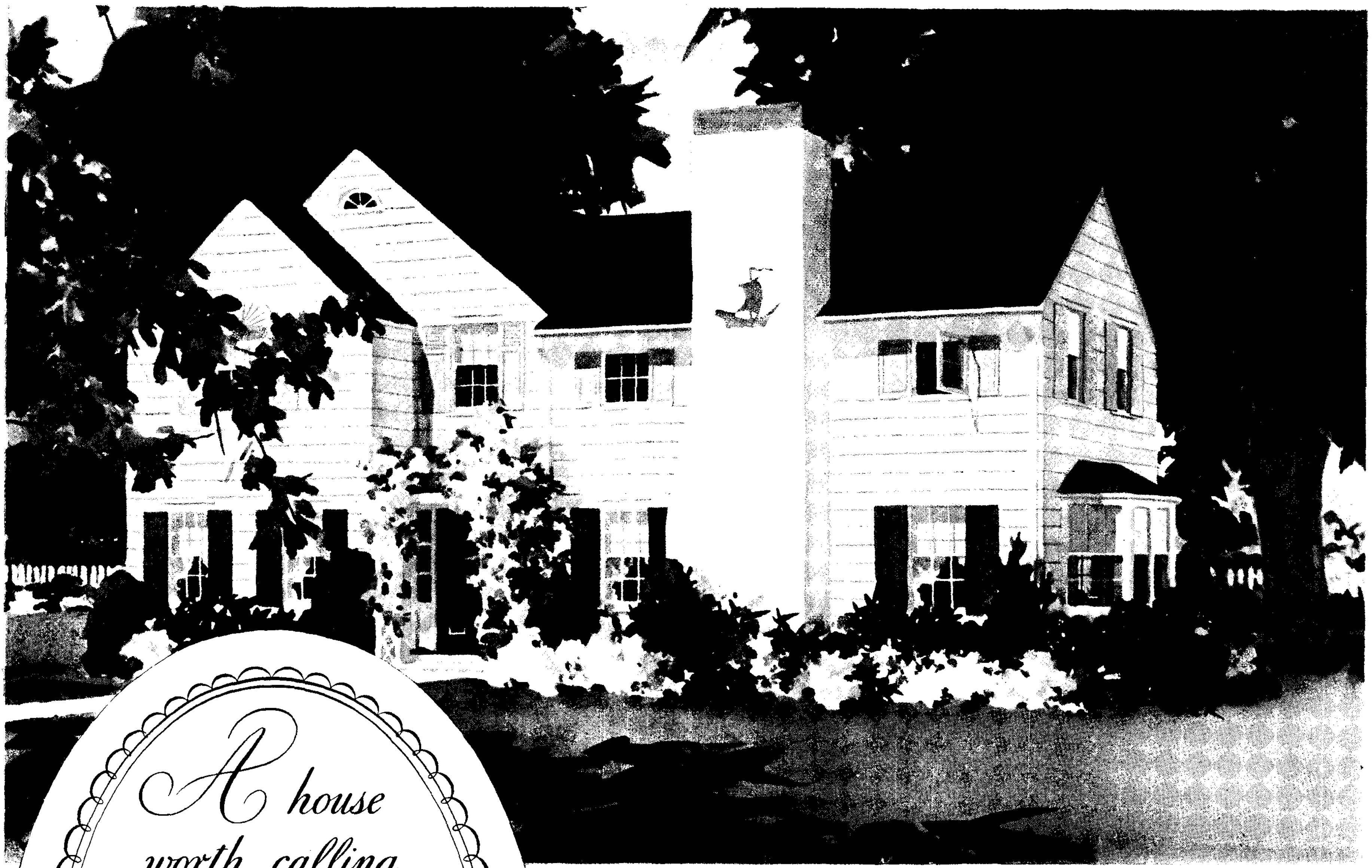
For those who make living a fine art...

Budweiser

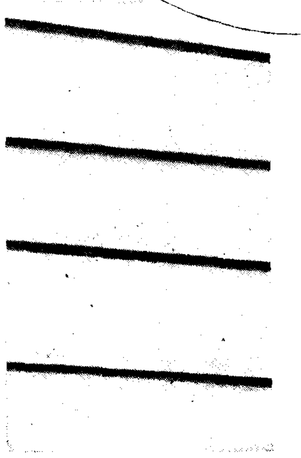
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Budweiser
Anheuser-Busch

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

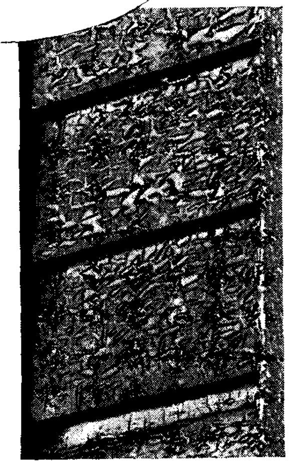


A house worth calling "HOME" *is worth protecting with Dutch Boy*



DUTCH BOY

After 3 years. Locality, same as "cheap" paint job. Cost $172, or $57 per year. Paint still good. Won't need burning off at repaint time.



"CHEAP" PAINT

After 1½ years. First cost $160. Burning $75. Total $235, or $156 per year. New priming coat will be needed; still more cost.

Home is "where your heart is", whether it be a cottage hidden in the woods or a substantial dwelling in a pleasant suburb.

And the well-loved home deserves the best you can give it, even in paint. "Cheap" paint, false in promise and poor in performance, just isn't appropriate for a house worth calling "Home".

Dutch Boy White-Lead, unlike "cheap" paint, *makes no promise* that it can't deliver.

The Truth About Paint

See the examples at the left: two similar houses in the same Ohio city. The initial cost of the "cheap" paint job was $160. It has stood a year and a half. *Now it will cost $75 to burn off.* That makes a total of $235—or $156 per year. And when it's repainted, a new priming coat will be needed. That will add still more to the cost.

The Dutch Boy job cost $172 when it was painted. It has stood three years—a cost of $57 per year. And, because the paint still has a lot of wear in it, this yearly cost will be even less. Furthermore, at repaint time, the owner will need to pay for no burning and scraping. Nor for a new priming coat, either.

Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. Instead, it resists the weather and wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, perfect surface for new paint.

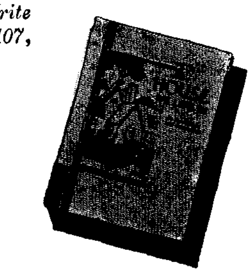
If your home needs painting, entrust the job to a Dutch Boy painter. He studies your house, mixes Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Get Free Booklet. *Send for* "The House We Live In". *It tells how to judge paint values. What to expect when you order a painting job. How to make sure you'll get what you want. Write for this book. Address Dept. 107, nearest branch.*



DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

NRA

They have your Number

Continued from page 24

and didn't like store-bought things, they learned how to make clothes for others. Even now, some of them do best the sort of thing they can best wear themselves.

Their attitude toward fashion is interesting because it is so unorthodox. They take their work seriously—so seriously that everything they hear and see is translated into clothes. But being young and fearless, they will defy the accepted, the standard, and be guided by their own sure instincts. (Sometimes they make mistakes—but then, so do the French who dominated fashion for centuries.) That is why they can distinguish the commonplace from its accustomed surroundings and use it in a new, surprising way.

Now, no one denies the chic, the universal beauty of French clothes. In fact, the American designers themselves are the first to cry that no one is greater than Vionnet, that the French fabrics are gorgeous, that Patou, Mainbocher, Lanvin and the other French couturiers are fine artists. But there are nuances of American life that only an American can comprehend.

Only an American Understands

How, for instance, can you expect anyone but an American to understand the kind of evening cloak you will need for driving in a rumble seat to a country club dance? (Clare Potter understands perfectly and she meets the situation with a snug, stunning wrap that has a hood.) Only an American can understand how a business woman can require a dress that will be suitable for a busy morning at the office, a hasty lunch at the drug store, an unexpected tea date and an informal dinner-theater engagement. Moreover, it must look exactly right for each occasion. Only an American can appreciate the American sub-deb, a type that is unknown abroad, where a girl in her teens is a child, unheard and usually unseen. Our sub-deb demands a greater sophistication and formality than her own mother. She is just beginning to be conscious of her figure, her flat diaphragm, her firm, rounded breast, her smooth, sun-burned back, and you will have a hard time convincing her that she must be a young girl with Peter Pan collars, rosebuds and sashes. Hardly! She wants dramatic clothes like those her dream girl wears—Joan Crawford in her Letty Lynton gown designed by Adrian, the swagger coats of Garbo, the evening gowns of Constance Bennett, and the day clothes of Katharine Hepburn.

On the other hand, the sub-deb's mother, still young, slender as her own daughter and sophisticated, knows the value of such inconsistencies as a Buster Brown collar in silver fox, or the amusing contradiction of a casual, childish fabric like printed handkerchief linen in an exceedingly formal evening gown.

The American woman is one personality in the daytime—brisk, efficient, hurried; and another quite different personality in the evening. She is one thing in the summer, another in the winter. Of course these are things that can be explained to Paris, just as the American cocktail was introduced there. But it takes time to do that and the chances of misunderstanding are many. The American designer, being on the scene and of it, can evolve a new fashion and have it on the market in less than two weeks, long before an inkling of the change in the social life even reaches Paris.

The way the American designers work, their conceptions of fashion and their advice to women who want to be well-dressed, are all strangely similar, which would lead one to believe that fashion itself is a trend which the sensitive artist can anticipate long before anyone else and that good taste and imagination are the immediate necessities for a designer of women's clothes. Their fashion ideas may start with the fabric itself, like the stiff upholstery satin which many of our girls are using, or with an unusual dot or stripe. Or they may start with an individual client if she happens to be a woman with as much personality as Katharine Hepburn, for example. They might start with a currently popular play of the Edwardian Era or the Civil War, with its quaint costumes that could be adapted for modern use. Sometimes, if the designer is as highly stylized as Elizabeth Hawes, she will stick to her own favorite silhouette for a long time in defiance of current trends; or, if she is as versatile as Muriel King, who has never made the same dress twice, she will create fashions that suggest the mode but do not slavishly follow it.

Their Ten Commandments

They lay down the same ten commandments. First, they say, know your own life and its necessities. If you are an outdoor woman and seldom dress for the evening, buy yourself only one evening dress but as many smart suits and sweater sets as you can afford. If you entertain a great deal and play a rather inconspicuous rôle in the daytime, get yourself a practical suit of simple, tailored lines with two or three good blouses and spend the rest of your money on lots of evening dresses.

The second rule is to avoid buying things which you don't absolutely need. Vast amounts of money are wasted in that way, they say.

Third, pick a color scheme for yourself, especially if your wardrobe is limited, in order that the same shoes, purses, hats and gloves may be worn with a variety of costumes.

Fourth, avoid the fashion that is too popular and, if you have a phobia about exclusiveness, let the dressmaker make your clothes.

Fifth, stick to simple, classic lines in the very best fabrics and the most beautiful colors you can afford. As for color, if you are unsure of your taste, the combination of black and white is hard to beat.

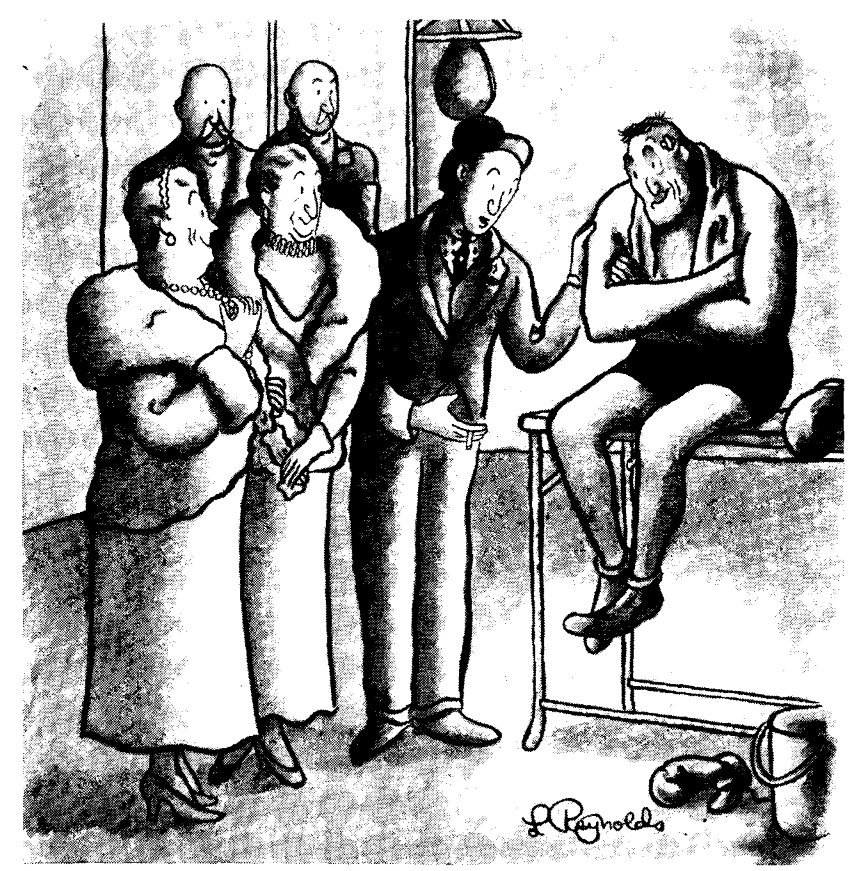
Sixth, if you haven't much money to spend, it is better to get yourself one good basic dress, in a dark color for fall, a paler color for spring, and be extravagant in the matter of accessories like really beautiful belts, exquisite collar and cuff sets and a good necklace, which can be interchanged to give the effect of an extensive wardrobe.

Seventh, let your clothes emphasize your best qualities without being too obvious about it. For example, if you are definitely of the exotic type, with almond eyes, dark hair, and all the rest, don't dress in an oriental style so that you look as if you were going to a costume ball, but rather choose some less outstanding and less obvious quality to express so that by contrast your own personality will dominate.

Eighth, get clothes that are easy to keep clean and that will withstand frequent trips to the laundry or the dry cleaner, clothes with an absence of fancy pleating and ruffles and such, clothes with washable trimmings that may be easily removed, cleaned and returned to the dress.

Ninth, if possible select clothes that are not too much of the moment so that you will be able to wear them for more than one season without feeling dated.

And lastly, dress so that when you enter the room people will not say, "There goes that lovely Vionnet gown again," but "What a beautifully dressed, lovely woman that is!"



"Go ahead, Ozab, they're both married ladies, let them feel your muscles"

Laurence Reynolds

HANDSOME HAIR—

KEPT FIT with VITALIS!

Use the 60-Second VITALIS Workout!

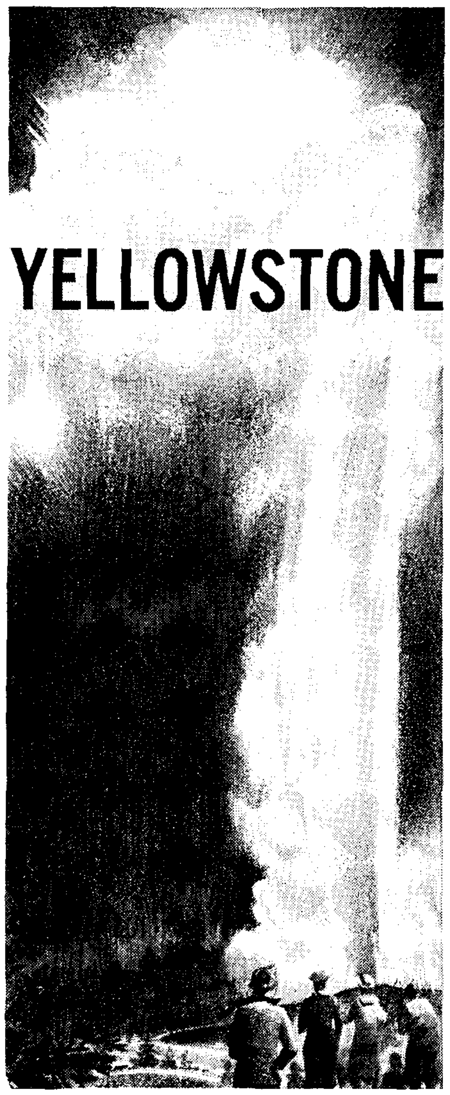
50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE. Rub Vitalis right into your scalp. Tight dryness goes. Your scalp tingles with new life! Hair has a chance.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH. Your hair has a rich look, a natural lustre. It stays in place, handsomely-groomed. No "patent-leather" look.

THE new Vitalis workout is revolutionary because it goes directly after tight dryness of the scalp, forerunner of dandruff and falling hair. After a 60-second Vitalis workout, your scalp tingles with fresh life. Necessary oils are restored to scalp and hair. Loose dandruff disappears. Instead of limp hair or balky hair, you have healthy, well-groomed hair that stays in place, yet reminds nobody of "patent-leather." Ask your barber about Vitalis. Get Vitalis from your druggist—and see what this Vitalis method will do for *your* hair!

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome



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Terms to Suit

Continued from page 17

of a fiddle-footed fullback. It had curdled him a little at the time, of course, but now he had decided that he really owed the girl a debt of gratitude. If she had not so piercingly awakened him, he might have just gone credulously on from girl to girl; believing in them; losing weight; and shattering his nervous system. Yes, it had been a great day's work when he had given women up.

The Zetas gave a tea, as usual, on the afternoon of Prom day. Don, detached and cynical, observed the callow hubhub of the fraters making ready; jostling around the mirrors, snarling over neckties; wielding razors to the blood. A few short months ago, he thought, he *had himself gone* through the same antics. Now, upstairs, he could lounge luxuriously, while the brothers stewed. Later, he might saunter down and, if he found the contents adequate, draw up a chair and sit a while beside the punch bowl, musing.

DON went downstairs a free, emancipated youth, heart-whole and whistling. It was his intention to pause briskly on the landing and survey the crowd that milled about the hall and the reception rooms, and catch a whiff or two of conversation. And it was a good idea all right, except that it didn't work. He could have viewed, from where he stood, *a half a hundred men and fifty girls*, except he wasn't able to because, with stunning suddenness the whole darn' scene resolved itself into a single pair of eyes; of large, dark, laughing eyes that glowed at him a moment from across the room and then were veiled by lashes of incredible dimensions.

Don stumbled into Bill Wright coming up, and gripped his arm.

"Bill, who is that?" Don said, tensely. "Over there," Don pointed. "Look; in blue. Do you know her, Bill?"

"Why, yes, I sort of know her," Bill said, with a smile of satisfaction. "Slightly, kind of. Just a sort of nodding, cousinly acquaintanceship. She's little Mary Marshall. The girl you were too smart to take. See you later, old man."

"Listen, Bill— I've got to meet her!"

"Just drop in any time," Bill said.

Don finally got him pinned against a corner of the upstairs hall.

"No use, my good man," Bill said. "Too late now. She's going to the dance with Harold Spence."

"That bivalve!"

"And in fact," Bill said, "I think it might be better if you didn't even try to meet her."

"Why, for Pete's sake?"

"Well," Bill said, "you see I'd written her that you would take her. You remember; but you were too smart. And so I had to write and give her some excuse. I thought and thought. And finally I thought that I'd just say I'd found out that you were a type I couldn't trust her with."

"Oh, good Lord, Bill!"

"In fact," Bill said, "it seems, now I recall the incident, I wrote and told her I'd found out you were a skunk."

"A skunk!"

"A skunk," Bill said. "Well, dandy to have had this little chat with you."

Don went back miserably to his room. He shut the door, but that didn't suffice to still the sounds of revelry. It penetrated, achingly, to where he *crouched alone in bitterness*. Downstairs there, eyes were looking into eyes and lips were saying things in shell-like ears, and hands were brushing hands and strong men weakening, like Mother Nature meant. Downstairs, there was a gorgeous girl, who obviously was intended for him from the first. And he couldn't meet her. . . .

Don took his tie off, put it on again, and went downstairs.

He'd go just to the bottom of the stairs and take one look and come right up again.

But, once down, Don found that he couldn't see her from the fringes of the party. Men had grown up all around her, like a thicket. He edged up closer. He could see an ear; a knot of blue-black hair, a shoulder. All that stood between them now was Harold Spence's silly-looking back. And Don reached out and placed a hand upon the fellow's shoulder. *He had not intended to*; and words came from him that he hadn't figured on at all.

"Well, well, how are you, Harold?" Don said. "Haven't seen you all day. Having a good time? You're wanted on the telephone."

"Go on away," urged Harold.

Don sensed her eyes upon him but, by straining all his biceps, managed to avoid their fatal lure.

"It sounded rather urgent, old man," Don said. "Sounded like the dean or someone or a death, perhaps."

"Leggo my arm!"

"They're on the phone upstairs," Don said. "I'll show you, Harold. Right *this* way."

A little later Don came back downstairs alone. He'd changed his tie. He seemed to move as in a dream; a robot, managed by remote control. He pried his way between some men and stood before her. She looked up at him. It added to his sense of unreality.

"Miss Marshall?" Don asked.

"Yes," she said.

He'd known she'd have that very voice; like low and muffled silver bells worth fourteen thousand dollars.

"I'm the bearer of a message for you," someone said. Don looked around and found that it was he. "It's—it's from Mr. Spence."

"Oh?"

"Yes," Don said. "The fact is, Mr. Spence presents his compliments and—and he's had a seizure."

"Seizure?"

"Just a small one," Don said. "He—he has them, on and off. He froths a little, but it isn't anything organic."

She looked up at him and Don looked at the floor and plunged on rapidly.

"Poor fellow," Don said. "What was I to do? I took his hand and said: 'Relax, poor fellow; I will take her to the dance.' You should have seen his eyes light up! His last words were: 'Don't leave her side a minute, Don.' "

"Don?"

"He just calls me that," Don said. "I promised I would take you right away. Poor chap, he didn't want you down here if he screamed. Come on, Miss Marshall. This way, please."

"I never heard of anything so weird," said Mary. "And *I* think I ought to talk to Cousin Bill and—you stop dragging me along!"

THEN, somehow, they were down the steps and on the sidewalk.

"Here's his car, right here, Miss Marshall," Don said. "Hop right in."

Don helped her in and he was climbing in himself when Teddy Hayes rushed to the door.

"Hey, wait a minute," Teddy yelled.

Don got behind the wheel.

"Hey, listen," Teddy yelled, "there's someone locked up in your closet, beating on the door and yelling. Where's the key?"

"I'm starting out to find it now," Don called, and threw the car in gear.

Don didn't dare to look at her.

"Odd, someone being locked up in your closet," Mary said.

"I guess those things just happen," muttered Don.

"And who do you suppose it was?"

"Oh, just one of the boys, I guess," Don said. "Just hiding, probably."

"It's strange they couldn't find the key," she said, "and it was nice of you to come and look for it. You thought perhaps we'd see it as we drove along?"

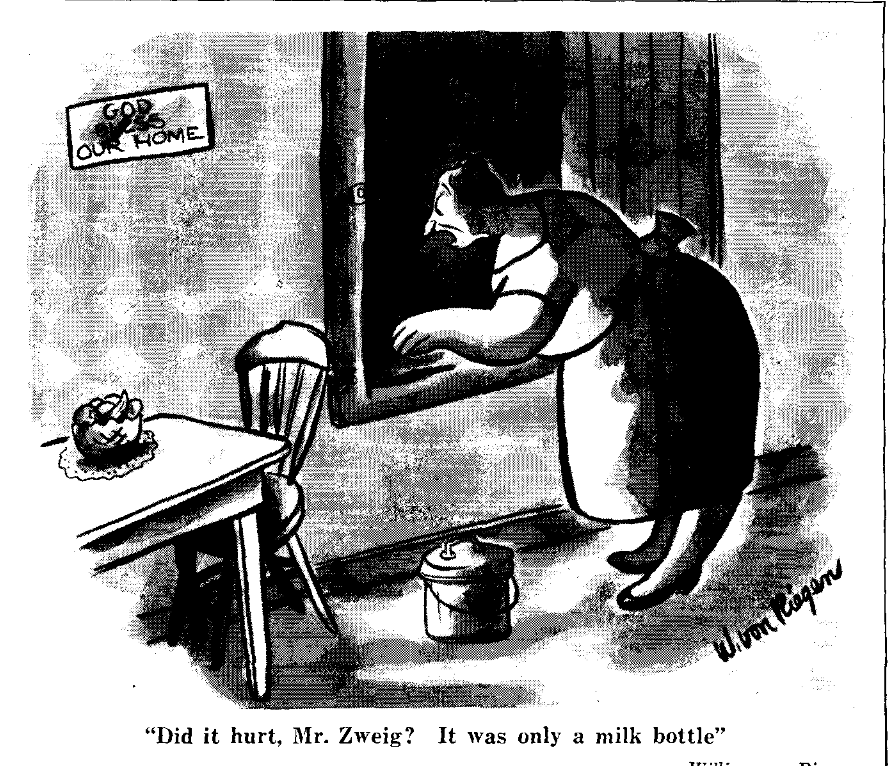
"Look," Don said, "over there is where the dean lives. He's a tall, dark, married man."

And suddenly she laughed. She laughed and laughed. She said: "I knew it all the time, of course."

"Knew what?"

"I knew you were that awful creature

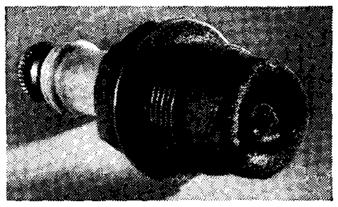
(Continued on page 38)



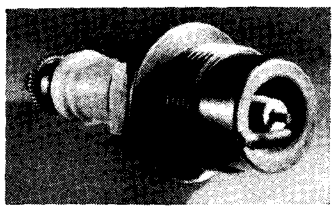
"Did it hurt, Mr. Zweig? It was only a milk bottle"

William von Riegen

Have your PLUGS CLEANED *by the* NEW AC METHOD



Before Cleaning — After a few thousand miles, oxide film, soot or carbon coats spark plug insulators, wasting gas, impairing performance by causing the engine to miss. This plug is worn, its spark gap too wide. This is an unretouched photograph.



After Cleaning—New AC cleaning method removes all oxide coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new, spark gap correctly adjusted, saving gas, renewing performance. This is an unretouched photograph.

CLEANED PLUGS SAVE GAS . . . .

Car Owner—I'm buying too much gas lately.

Attendant—Probably your spark plugs are dirty, sir. I can clean them in a few minutes by the new AC method and you save one gallon in ten.

CLEANED PLUGS START EASILY . .

Smiling Friend—I used to have trouble in starting, too, Bill. But not any more. My whole trouble disappeared as soon as I had my spark plugs cleaned by the AC method. Better get your plugs cleaned. Costs you next to nothing.

CLEANED PLUGS GIVE MORE POWER

Friend—What a getaway!

Driver—That's simple. I had my spark plugs cleaned by the new AC method. Every cylinder hits with full power now. Performance is OK again.

Dirty or worn PLUGS waste 1 GALLON of GASOLINE in 10

REMOVE THE OXIDE COATING FROM YOUR PLUGS AND STOP THIS WASTE

Think of wasting ten per cent of your gasoline, and losing your good performance, because your spark plugs are worn or dirty—coated with oxide film. Then think of saving all that gasoline simply by having your plugs *cleaned* by the new AC method. The cleaning takes but a few minutes and costs you very little—only 5 cents each.

No spark plug is immune to oxide coating. You do not know it is at work until you realize that you are buying gasoline oftener than you used to. Or until the lag in pick-up and speed becomes so bad that you notice it.

It is entirely unnecessary to let this waste and loss go on, when spark plug cleaning by the new AC method is so quick and thorough; when it is so easy to have the electrodes set to fire efficiently, if they are not too badly worn.

NEW AC CLEANING METHOD GETS RID OF ALL OXIDE COATING

All oxide coating, soot and carbon are completely removed by the AC cleaner—without damage to the spark plug or insulator. Almost all garages and service stations are now equipped with the AC cleaner, ready to give your spark plugs an expert cleaning, adjust the spark gap, and advise you when a plug is so badly worn that it should be replaced. Go now and have your plugs cleaned. Save gas, regain performance, for 5 cents per plug. Then make it a point to have your plugs cleaned at regular intervals and keep on saving the gas which dirty plugs waste.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

FREE NEW CAR GIVEN AWAY EACH WEEK

Raymond Knight and his funny Cuckoos are on the air in the new AC Spark Plug Derby. Hear by radio about the free Plymouth, Ford or Chevrolet given away each week. NBC Network. See your newspaper for local station and time. Then have your spark plugs cleaned and get the official AC entry blank to win a new car. Anyone can win.

AC
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

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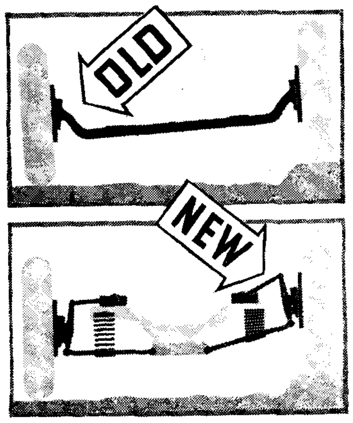
OVERNIGHT A NATION

DODGE
"FLOATING-CUSHION"
WHEELS...SMOOTH
OUT ROUGH ROADS

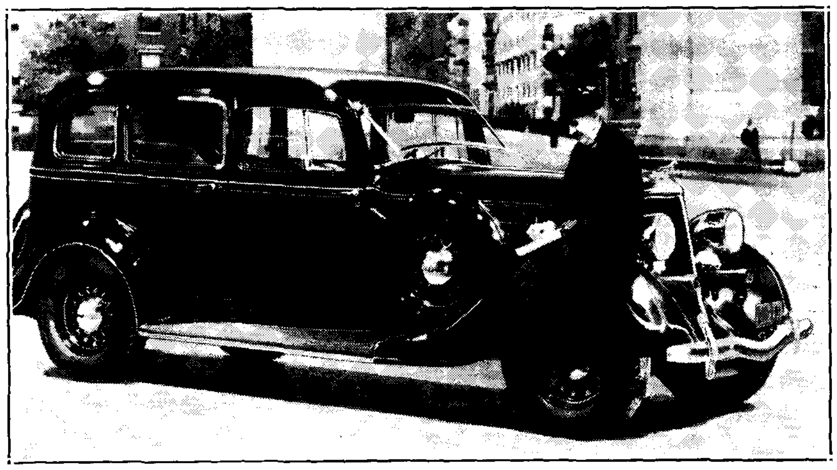
"FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS, FLOATING POWER AND CROSS-STEERING—THE ONLY COMBINATION GIVING ABSOLUTELY SMOOTH, VIBRATIONLESS RIDING



"FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS—They make the roughest roads smooth. Actually "step over" bumps and ruts. Driving is made much easier—smoother—with "Floating-Cushion" Wheels.

At last you can ride in a car that isn't "rocky"—a car that doesn't "jolt" and "jitter" and tumble you around; a car that rests you instead of exhausts you; a car that actually glides over the road . . . gives rear-seat passengers for the first time a comfortable, levelized ride too!

That's the kind of ride you enjoy in the new, bigger Dodge—a ride that is made possible only by the combination of three amazing new features—1. "Floating-Cushion" Wheels that literally step over bumps and ruts in the road. 2. Floating Power engine mountings that smother and absorb the engine vibrations which jar the body of an ordinary car. 3. Cross-Steering which prevents road shocks from reaching the steering wheel. Other cars may offer you one of these features. But one isn't enough. It takes the combination of all three to give you this modern comfort. And you get all three in the new Dodge!



FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS—absolutely nullify engine vibrations. Ida M. Tarbell, noted biographer, is writing with ease seated on the fender of a new, bigger Dodge while the engine is running. The Dodge is smooth and even at every speed. You can ride all day without the least fatigue.

STILL JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN

WIDE SENSATION!

New, Bigger Dodge for 1934—Outstanding Sensation at the Recent Auto Shows—Attracts Admiring Thousands to Dealers' Showrooms!

IT started in New York—when the Auto Show gave clamoring crowds their first view of the new, bigger Dodge! The news spread like wildfire! Now they're talking about Dodge—raving about it from one end of the country to the other.

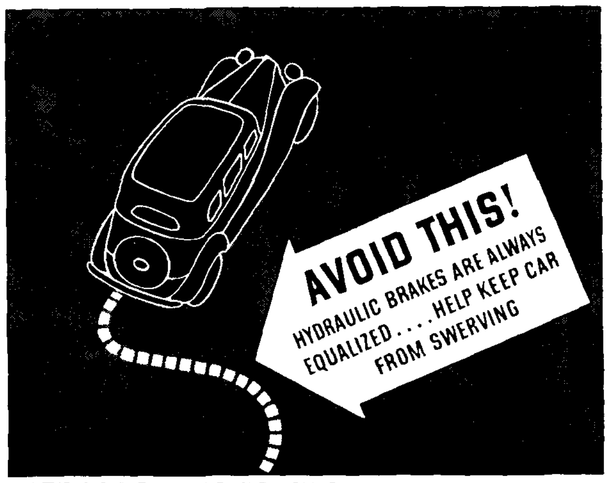
Dozens of sparkling new features. Long 117-inch wheelbase. More powerful, sturdier engine. And all the famous Dodge features which made last year's great car such a phenomenal nation-wide success.

Naturally, there's room on these pages to show only a very few of the surprising new advantages built into this bigger Dodge for 1934. Go to your Dodge dealer now. See and drive the new Dodge. Check it against other cars. It is hard to believe your dollar can buy so much value as this new, bigger Dodge offers you—for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

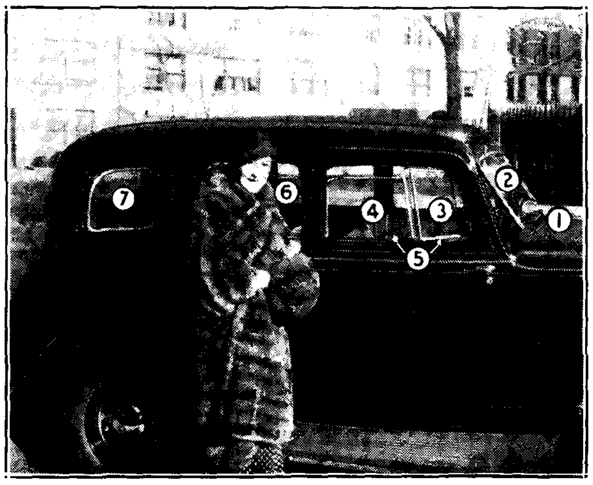
DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Advertisement endorsed by Dept. of Engineering, Chrysler Corporation

YOU HAVE TO SEE AND COMPARE THIS Dodge 5-passenger, two-door Sedan with other cars before you can fully appreciate what an amazing value it is. For instance—you can buy this Dodge for only a few dollars more than you'd pay for many of the very lowest-priced cars, which lack many of the famous Dodge features. Only Dodge in its price field gives you a combination of all-steel body, hydraulic brakes, Floating Power engine mountings, perfected ventilation, "Floating-Cushion" wheels and "Oilite" squeakproof inserts on rear springs. This two-door Sedan costs only $695, F. O. B. Factory, Detroit.

AUTOMATIC CLUTCH†—start, stop, shift, reverse—and never touch the clutch pedal! You never need to use your left foot . . . and the Dodge has Free Wheeling too! Only Dodge in its field offers this combination.


AVOID THIS!
HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE ALWAYS EQUALIZED. . . . HELP KEEP CAR FROM SWERVING

SAFE HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Dependable in all kinds of weather. Stop instantly. Always equalized. Check swerving. The safest brakes known! Also, cast-iron braking surfaces cut brake relining. Another Dodge economy feature!



NEW DODGE "7-POINT VENTILATION"—Blanche Bates—celebrated actress, whose performance in the current hit, "The Lake," wins praise from press and public, is seen examining the new Dodge perfected "7-Point Ventilation." (1) Cowl ventilator. (2) Windshield opens and closes by means of a crank on the instrument board. (3) Front half of forward window may be swung open in "butterfly" fashion. (4) Rear half may be raised or lowered independently of forward half. (5) Simple device locks both halves into a single unit which can be raised or lowered as an ordinary window. (6) Rear door window raises and lowers. (7) Rear window has "butterfly" draft control.

THE SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODY PROTECTS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

ALL-STEEL BODY! Wood has had to give way to steel in this age of progress! You don't see anyone building wooden bridges like the one above today. Steel bridges. Steel buildings. Steel ships. Because steel is stronger, steel is safer and will last longer. Look at the car rolling down hill in the test at the left. Engineers tumbled it over the edge of a steep cliff . . . Sideways . . . end over end . . . bumping, somersaulting . . . leaping into the air it crashed its way to the bottom. Only a car with a strong, resilient steel body could stand a test like this—and then drive off under its own power. And that is exactly what the big Dodge did! Tests like this show why Dodge is so much safer . . . why it is the car for your family's protection, too . . . on all highways, under all sorts of driving conditions. Dodge gives you the utmost in safety! And remember! Steel doesn't rot or decay!

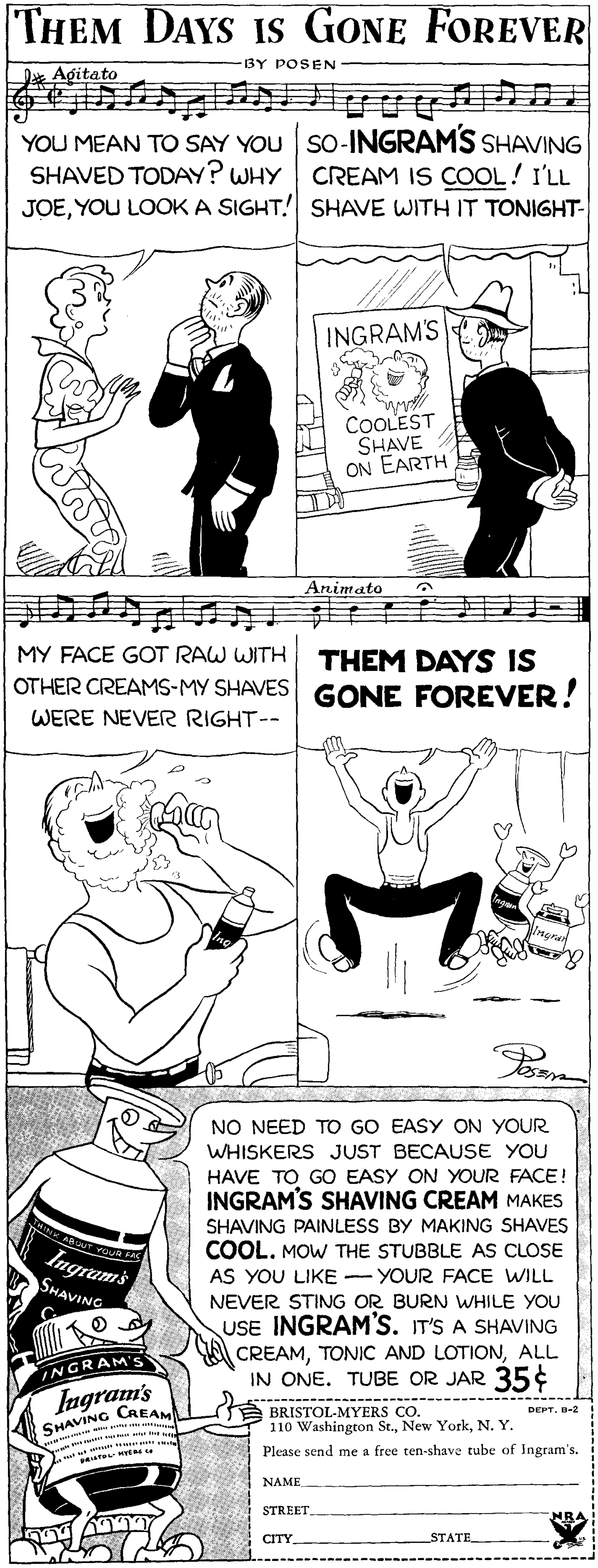
NEW EASY WAY TO COMPARE MOTOR CARS

Any Dodge dealer will be glad to tell you about the 1934 "Show-Down" Plan that lets you compare the new motor-cars for yourself—in your own way. It's simple . . . easy . . . fascinating to use. Saves "shopping around." In just a few minutes you can see which cars offer the most for the money!

NEW BIGGER DODGE $645*

*The new, bigger Dodge on 117-inch wheelbase: Coupe $645; Coupe with rumble seat $695; Two-door Sedan $695; Four-door Sedan $745. Convertible Coupe $745. On the 121-inch wheelbase: Brougham $835; Convertible Sedan $875. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit.*
† Special equipment at slight additional cost.

THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS


THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER
BY POSEN
Agitato
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU SHAVED TODAY? WHY JOE, YOU LOOK A SIGHT!
SO-INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM IS COOL! I'LL SHAVE WITH IT TONIGHT-
INGRAM'S COOLEST SHAVE ON EARTH
Animato
MY FACE GOT RAW WITH OTHER CREAMS-MY SHAVES WERE NEVER RIGHT--
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
Posen
THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING
INGRAM'S
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BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

NO NEED TO GO EASY ON YOUR WHISKERS JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO GO EASY ON YOUR FACE! **INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM** MAKES SHAVING PAINLESS BY MAKING SHAVES **COOL.** MOW THE STUBBLE AS CLOSE AS YOU LIKE — YOUR FACE WILL NEVER STING OR BURN WHILE YOU USE **INGRAM'S.** IT'S A SHAVING CREAM, TONIC AND LOTION, ALL IN ONE. TUBE OR JAR 35¢

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Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

NAME____________________

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Terms to Suit

Continued from page 34

Donald Gage. The one who can't be trusted. Can't you?"

"Not a doggone minute," Don said, firmly.

The prom, to Don, was all a shimmering kaleidoscope of shifting colors, music, star dust. And, sharp-etched against this rosy blur, the things she said, and how she looked; the crinkly way her eyes got when she laughed. At dawn they drove to Terry Tavern with Helene and Bill for ham and eggs, and later they drove back together, singing in the sunrise. It was pretty swell, all right, and it was just how Don had known it would be, sometime. Best of all, and at the last, she told him she was coming to Miami in the winter. Coming to Miami—

DON sat there in the living-room at Harmon Villa thinking: "Coming to Miami. Mary. Coming in the morning. Coming bright and early to find out I've thrown her aunt and uncle into the street." She wouldn't understand; she wouldn't know that they were stallers. All she'd hear would be some wild, distorted version of a horrible affair. And she would never speak to him again.

Well, he would have to cast himself on Uncle Siever's mercy. He would have to tell him all.

If he talked calmly and affectionately, Uncle Siever would be bound to help him out. All he wanted was to let the Peltons stay in Harmon Villa just a few days, possibly a week. For, at the end of that time, he could go to them and diplomatically inform them that the office had another offer on the house and ask them to decide. They wouldn't have the nerve to try to stall him after that. They'd have to move out, gracefully, and everything would be O. K.

Don went at once to see his uncle, but found that he'd gone on a fishing trip; but that was all right, he could see him in the morning. Don was bright and early at the office, but his uncle didn't come down, and at half past ten he had to leave to get the Peltons and to meet the train. But he could see his uncle afterward and no harm done. Right now the vital thing to think about was Mary!

Thinking of her scared him, now that she was almost here. You met a girl like that and something happened to you and you went away and thought about her. You looked forward to her coming down and thought about the fun you'd have, the things you'd do together. You were full of hope. But, now that she was almost here, it scared you. Why, you'd only met her once; and she might never have bestowed a second thought on you. You wrote her and she answered, but it might have just been kindness. Down here, where you'd planned to have her to yourself, she might know fifteen other fellows and they might all be there at the train; large, handsome lads with curly hair and yachts—

A whistle and a roar, and there was Mary!

Don managed to maneuver her into the driver's seat. And there she was, beside him, in Miami. And, for quite a long while there was nothing he could do about it but look at her. Yes, it had happened to him, all right. Hard.

They drove across the Causeway, with the white yachts parked beside it, and the little islands playing in the bright blue bay on either side; and over to the beach and down the boulevard and past the palms and palaces and great hotels. And there she was!

"Every year before, I've been in school when Aunt and Uncle came South," Mary told him. "Oh, I know I'll love it. Where did January go? It started with me yesterday."

"We only have it in the newsreels," Don said. "Wait until tonight. We're going dancing in the Gardens. Palms; flamingos; and a rhumba. And I spoke to them about a moon."

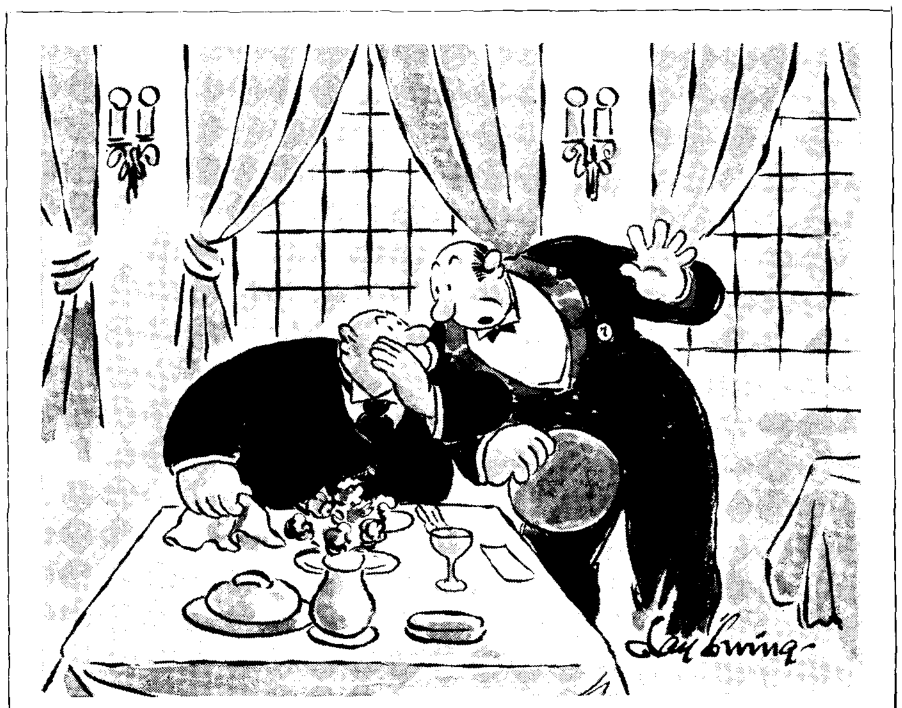
"Fun," Mary said. She looked at him and Don looked back at her and grazed a girl in shorts, and everything was swell.

She giggled suddenly and said: "And what became of Mr. Spence? I asked you in my letter. Did they ever find the key?"

"It turned up finally," Don told her. "But by that time he had got attached to it in there. At first he'd come out for a little while each day, for exercise, but as the years went on—"

She laughed and leaned a little toward him. Don took one hand off the wheel and looked at it and, by a superhuman effort, put it back again.

She said: "You practically kidnapped



"Those scallions, Louis—hahhhhhhh—are they very noticeable?"

Jay Irving

me! And in my beau's car, too. That was the awful, final touch."

"Deft," Don agreed. "I guess those things just come to me."

"I should have screamed," she said.

"I would have screamed too," Don told her. "Louder. I'd have blown the siren too, and everybody would have rushed out to the curbs and waved and cheered. I wish you'd thought of it."

"I'll bet you would have screamed," said Mary.

"Ah, I was mad that night!" Don said. "You, June and seven dollars in my pocket. Mad!"

She snickered and her eyes went crinkly, the way they did, and they drove on in seven million dollars' worth of sunshine.

Don told Mary he would come to take her swimming in the afternoon, and left them all at Harmon Villa and drove off to see his Uncle Siever. He was whistling. He stopped to order fanciful amounts of flowers, and his step was springy as he started out the door without his change. He drew up to the office, practically skipped across the sidewalk; even—unsuspecting lad!—grinned happily as Miss Maloney beckoned him within.

"Oh, Mr. Gage!" she called. "Your uncle's on the phone! Yes, hold on, Mr. Harrison; he's just come in."

Don said: "Hello, there, Uncle Siever!"

But it couldn't have been Uncle Siever at the other end, for Uncle Siever was a moral man. The words that poured in Don's ear would have caused a bucko second mate to squirm with envy.

"But, Uncle Siever!" Don said. "If it's Uncle Siever—"

"So you let those paupers move in there to Harmon Villa, huh?" his maddened uncle howled. "I just came out to get the key from Brown, to take some prospects through, and now he tells me they've moved in!"

"But listen, Uncle Siever!"

"You are fired!" Uncle Siever yelled. "You hear? F-i-r—*canned!* And I'm going over there right now and chase those paupers down the street!"

"Oh, my Lord, Uncle Siever, listen!"

But the other end had been abandoned with a burst of dots and damns and dashes and a final roar.

SO THIS was how life did you, Don thought, miserably. This was what you got! You worked hard; you were moral and attentive. You were kind to little children within reason; nice to dogs. You wore a smile and made a neat appearance; led an upright life. So what? And so you lost your job. And so your girl would never speak to you again.

Don shuddered as he thought of what was happening at Harmon Villa. The maddened realtor was capable of anything; of throwing trunks through windows, chasing poor old little Mr. Pelton round and round the lawn. The uproar would be audible for blocks. And when his uncle got through, Don knew, he might just as well inter his dream of love and plant a lily on it. By the time he got there it would all be long, long over. Mary and her aunt and uncle would be gone beyond recall. There wasn't any reason why he should even go out there now, except to see the dead cold embers where his love had burned so brightly just a little while ago.

Don got into his car and slowly drove toward Harmon Villa; but, a block away, he mournfully decided that he couldn't bear the sight. He parked his car and walked down to the beach. The place for him, he felt, was by the sad sea waves, alone. He didn't realize until she spoke to him that it was Mary he had nearly stumbled over.

"Why, hello," she said. "You found me!"

Don just stood and looked at her. The girl was smiling! "Oh, good Lord," Don thought, "she wasn't there when Uncle Siever came. She doesn't know."

She said: "Your uncle dropped in; Mr. Harrison. He's funny, isn't he?"

"F-funny?"

"Just his way, I guess," said Mary. "So—so gruff and loud at first. And then so cute."

"Cute? Cute?"

Don knew, at last! The girl had lost her mind. The brutal business had unbalanced her. Shocked to the core, her aunt and uncle scattered to the winds, she'd wandered off alone here, in a daze. Poor girl. He must be very gentle with her now.

"I gave it to him right away. And then I thought that it was awfully cute of him to have me tear it up and make it out again the new way," Mary said.

Poor, incoherent girl. "There, there, dear," Don said. "Just try not to think about it."

"But I like to think about it," Mary said. "I thought that it was awfully cute of him to celebrate your junior partnership that way; by having me make out the check to Harrison and Gage."

DON spun around and sat down and his mouth came open and he tried to find his chin and close it, but his hands were numb.

"Check?" Don gulped, finally.

"Of course," said Mary. "For the house. Why, Aunt and Uncle are like kids about it. I had always meant to buy them one, you know, when I was twenty-one. I hoped to last year, but it took just months and months to settle the estate. I've never been so happy over anything."

Don sat there with his Adam's apple going up and down in silence. Mary—Mary sitting right there next to him—had bought the house! The Peltons were not stallers after all. They'd said: "Until our niece comes down." And they'd meant Mary. And it meant—oh, dismal second thought—it meant she was an heiress. Probably she had a million. Maybe more. And—and it put her just as far beyond his reach as if—

"I think it's marvelous that you have earned a partnership so soon," she said.

You simply couldn't ask some girl who probably was worth a million dollars to—

"I think you must have made a wonderful success," she said.

No, it would never work. Not even if—

"In fact," she told him simply, "I just think you're grand."

Success? Grand? Don looked at her, dazedly. Success? Well, darn it all, it was results that counted, wasn't it? Success? Well, here he was a junior partner, wasn't he? He'd only been in business since last Wednesday and he was a junior partner, and he'd sold a house. A house a week! Not bad, at that. Of course, he would do better as he went along, but say he simply sold a house a week, and say they averaged thirty thousand dollars. Why, his income— What did he care how much money she'd been left, when he was making—

Then the brilliant idea burst upon him.

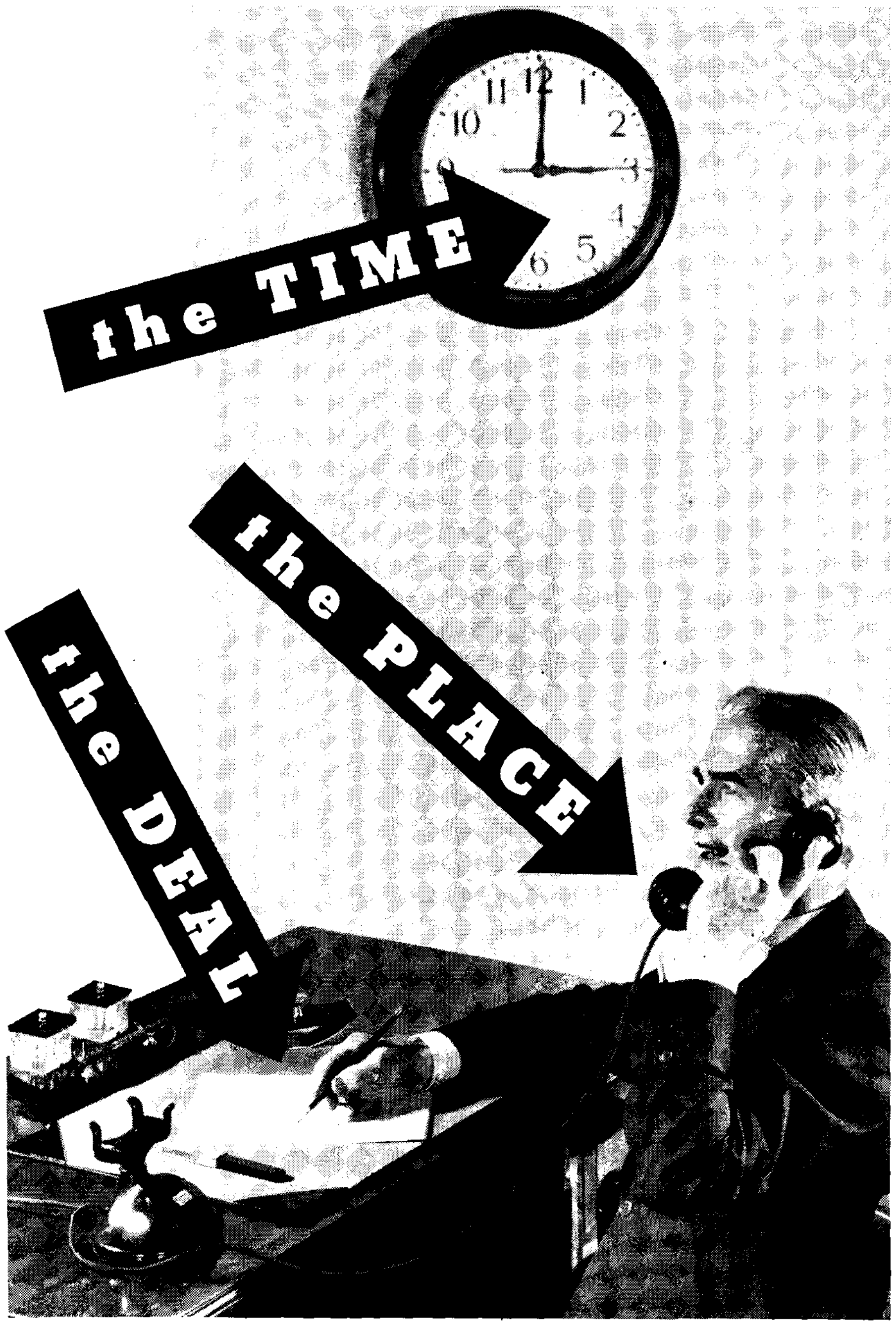
"Why!" he said, and clutched her, suddenly. "Look here! The thing to do is let's get married! What do I care? Will you, Mary? Say yes!"

"But I c-c-can't," gasped Mary.

"Can't?"

"I c-c-can't say anything. Till y-y-you unsmother me!"

But, some time later, from the look of things, Don hadn't got around to it yet; or else he'd got around to it again. Or, maybe words weren't necessary.



HALF the job of running a business today is to be in the right place at the right time.

The telephone puts you there. Often, it enables you to close the deal. At other times, it assures you of a definite personal interview; your out-of-town trip will not be wasted in case the man you want to see isn't available.

Every day, men like yourself find that "telephone first" is a time-saving and profit-making rule. Perhaps there is some deal that *you* might handle in this modern way . . . right now! Your telephone directory gives you Long Distance rates.

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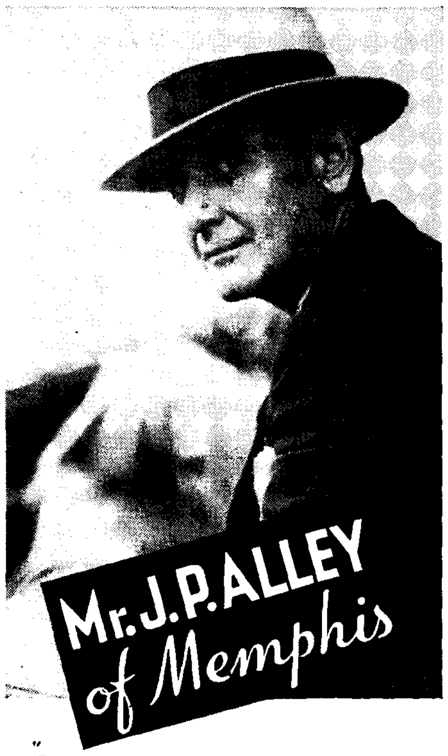
Some of your business can be handled at a substantial saving by telephoning "after hours." On many station-to-station calls, the rates after 7 P.M. are about 15% less than during the daytime. After 8:30 P.M. they are about 40% less. Thus, you can call about 200 miles for $1.05 during the daytime; 90 cents after 7 P.M.; 60 cents after 8:30 P.M.



"Boss say de onlies' time he feets hurts dese days is wen dey's jes' achin' to git dem shoes on uv a mawnin'!"

● Thank you Mr. Alley, for what you told Hambone! Mr. Alley, well-known political cartoonist and creator of "Hambone's Meditations," is one of the thousands of men who bought Fortune Shoes last year. Every day, men are finding in these smart shoes that style, comfort and fine quality so necessary to real shoe satisfaction. That's because all materials in Fortune Shoes are *quality tested* in the Fortune Laboratories.

See the latest styles at your nearest Fortune dealer's. His name and address sent on request. Richland Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee.

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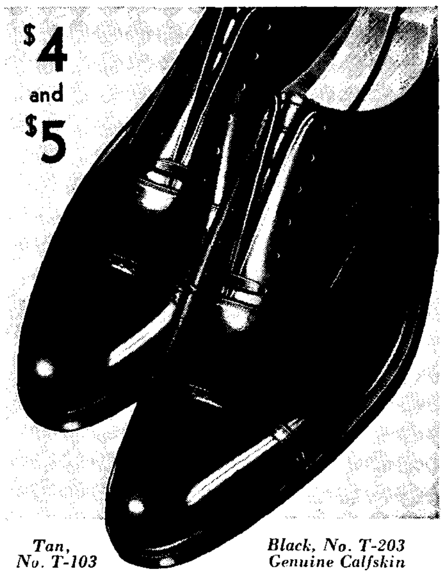


FORTUNE SHOES

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 21

Tears glistened in the corners of her gray eyes.

"I never dreamed he felt that way until after the acquittal. I don't know when he began to think I wasn't innocent."

"At about the time I did, I guess. When Morton Cranning and Caley Dexter testified that on several occasions your husband had told them that you'd threatened to kill him. I said a while ago that the only dubious thing was the absence of finger-prints. That was the doubtful thing to me, but the dumb D. A. never thought of that. I did and wondered about you. And when two business associates of your husband said he was afraid of you—well, that would make a man wonder, no matter how much he loved you. I mean a smart man, and Forman is that. I don't mean the people that read the papers or make up juries or even the newspaper gang. But I mean a really smart man like Forman or like myself."

"You're not modest," she said.

He shook his head.

"It doesn't impede my progress," he laughed. "Now about what Cranning and Dexter said. How true was that?"

"They may have told the truth, but John didn't," she answered.

"Even when he hit you? You didn't scream threats at him?"

"Never," she replied.

"You wouldn't," he told her. "Your kind doesn't promise—it does."

"You're hard to convince, Mr. Kernochan."

"Why shouldn't I be? What have you told me that's convincing? You've told me a story that would have convicted you if the jury had heard it."

"Does it convict me with you?" she asked.

He stared at her.

"You haven't told me anything I didn't know except the fact that your husband beat you," he replied.

HE ROSE from the bed and looked about the room. There were two doors. One led to the sitting-room from which they had come and the other obviously to the bath. Kernochan opened this latter door and stepped into the room. Diagrams of the house which had been presented to the jury and published in the papers made him familiar with his surroundings. He eyed with approval the appurtenances of the bathroom. He liked glass-enclosed showers. He looked at the door at the far end of the bath, then turned back to his client.

"That door leads out to a hall, doesn't it? And it was locked on the inside on the day of the tragedy?"

She nodded assent.

"The key was in the lock," she said.

"It isn't there now," he commented.

"I suppose the police took it. They took all sorts of things. They'll all be returned, I imagine. Does it make any difference?"

"Not if you yourself know the key was in the lock on this side of the door. Do you know that?"

"The key was on this side. Just before John came in I came into this room and then went into his bath to see that everything was in order. I remember that the key was in the lock and I tried the door. It was fastened."

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"Try the door? I don't know. I always try doors. Most people do, don't they? I mean, if a door ought to be locked, one instinctively tries it."

"I don't know. I'll think about that. But I mean, why did you look over his room and bath?"

"I'm the housekeeper of this establishment," she reminded him.

"You saw that your husband was comfortable even though romance was dead, eh? Incidentally, was this his house or yours?"

"It was my parents'. They died before my marriage. I didn't want to move. This used to be my parents' apartment. It's my house."

"You're rich, aren't you? I mean, Ames' money will make no difference to you?"

"I didn't kill him for his money," she said quietly.

"I never thought you did," he told her. "May I see your room?"

SHE looked at him in surprise, then, without answer, led the way through the sitting-room into her own bedroom. It was as dainty as Kernochan's first glimpse had told him. Its cream-and-ivory motif pleased him. It bordered on the theatrical without being in bad taste. If, Kernochan thought, Laurette Marks lived in this room, the room would be stagey. Inhabited by Rose Ames, the room became exquisite.

He turned back into the sitting-room.

"You were sitting before the mirror. You spoke to your husband as he came through this room?"

"I wasn't here when he came in. I was in my own room and heard him pass through this room. Then I came out and sat before the mirror, fixing my hair."

"According to the testimony at the trial, you wore a negligee. A pretty thin thing, wasn't it?"

"Rather. Why?"

"Wasn't that rather—well, intimate? You and Ames were no longer lovers."

"We were not. But, after all, one doesn't erect absolute barriers. I mean, I had a cold three weeks before. I was in bed several days. John frequently came in to see me."

"You heard a shot." Kernochan dropped the subject and took up something else. "Was his door closed?"

"It was," she answered.

"You say you went directly into his room. How did you know the shot came from there?"

"I didn't—at first. I thought it might have been a back-fire from the street but I looked into his room."

"None of the servants heard the shot?"

"They testified that they didn't and I don't imagine that they did."

"You're sure you didn't go into your own room?"

She looked at him, puzzled.

"No, I'm sure I didn't."

"And that's all you have to tell me?" he asked.

"I'll answer any questions you put to me, but I can't think of anything else."

"Did you mind your husband's love affairs?"

Her lips parted and her eyes opened wide. If ever candor was in a pair of eyes it was present in hers.

"Love affairs? I didn't know he had any."

"Oh, come now," protested Kernochan. "You mean to tell me you didn't know he kept women?"

"I never heard of such a thing until this minute," she said.

"Sorry to be the one to tell you," said Kernochan.

"I don't mind. I'm glad he did. I hope he had some happiness with them."

"You wouldn't have been jealous if you'd known?"

She shook her head.

"Jealousy dies with love, doesn't it? Is there anything else, Mr. Kernochan?"

"ONE little thing. Why would your husband lie to Cranning and Dexter about your threatening him? You say he wouldn't plan a suicide, hoping to incriminate you. Then why would he tell such a lie to those men?"

"I can't imagine. Unless he was afraid that people would hear of his brutality to me. He might want to pretend that I attacked him and that he was protecting himself."

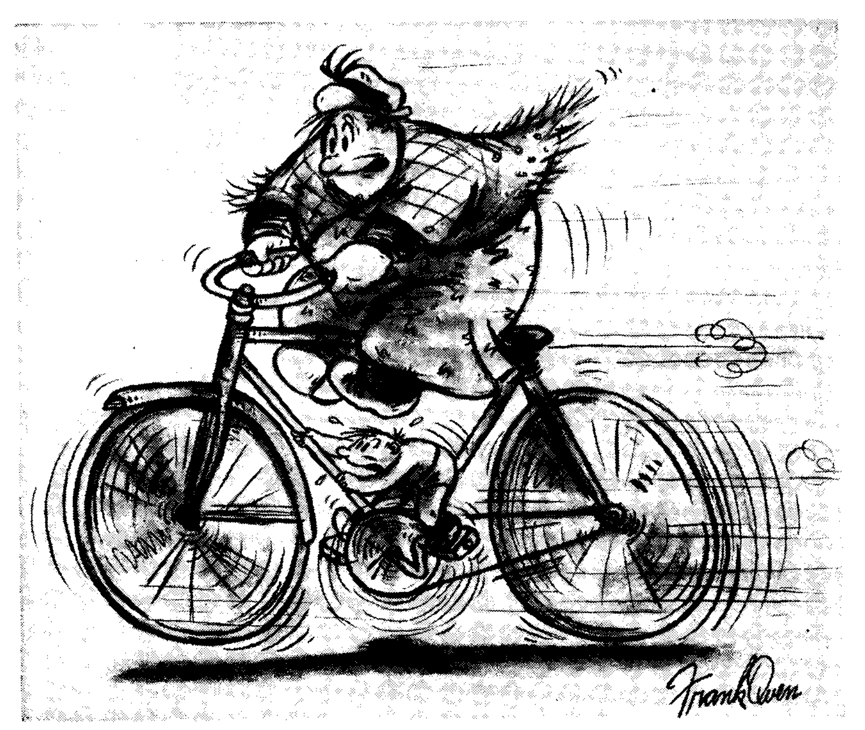
"From one hundred and sixteen pounds of girl? When he weighed one-ninety? Well, maybe. We never know what's going on in the other fellow's brain. And you think that's all?"

"I think it is," she replied.

"Then I'll have to look around elsewhere," he said.

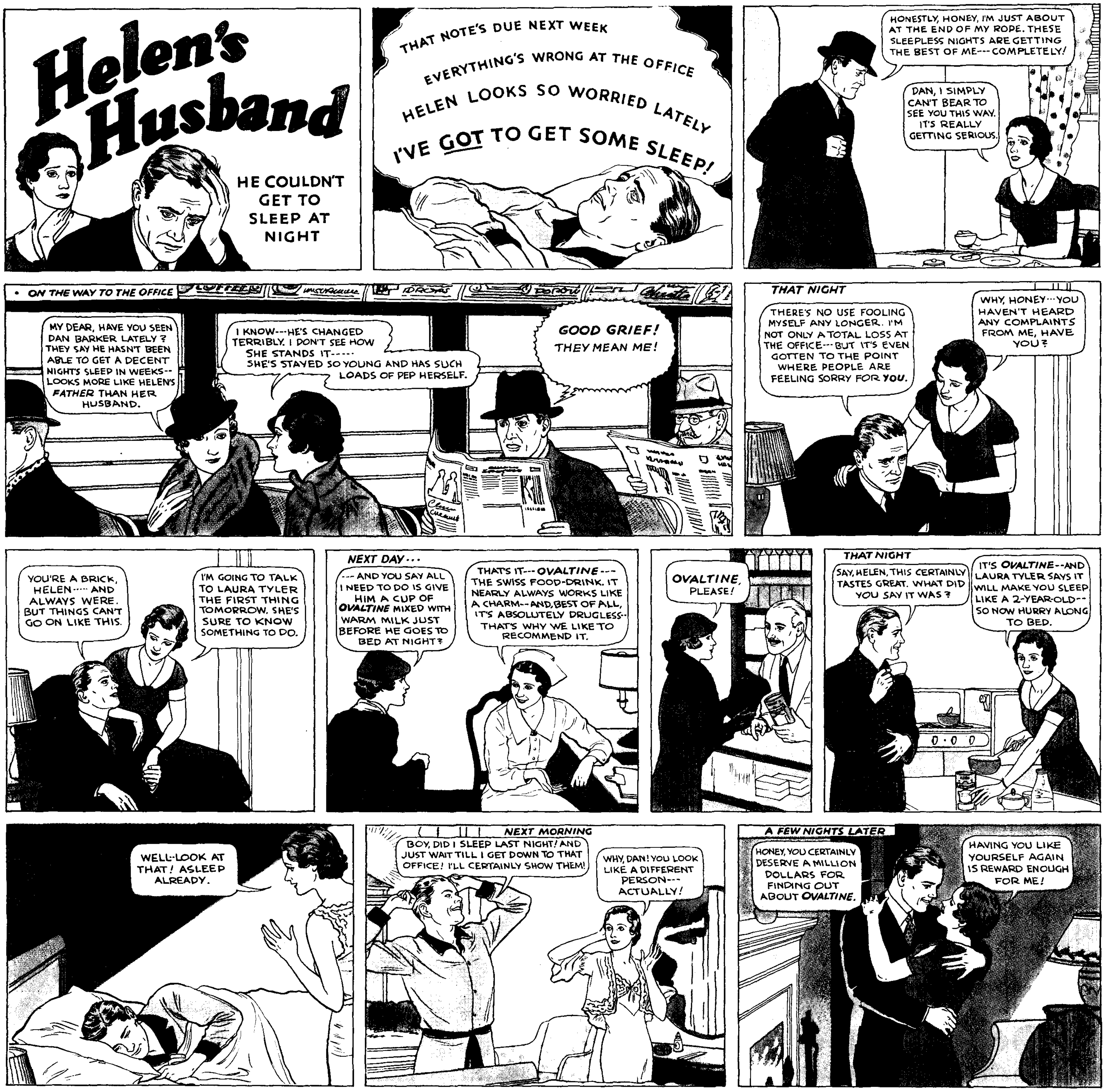
She followed him down the stairs to

(Continued on page 43)



"Don't pedal so hard or Mamma'll lose control up here!"

Frank Owen


Helen's Husband
HE COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT
THAT NOTE'S DUE NEXT WEEK
EVERYTHING'S WRONG AT THE OFFICE
HELEN LOOKS SO WORRIED LATELY
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
HONESTLY, HONEY, I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE GETTING THE BEST OF ME---COMPLETELY!
DAN, I SIMPLY CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU THIS WAY. IT'S REALLY GETTING SERIOUS.
• ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICE
MY DEAR, HAVE YOU SEEN DAN BARKER LATELY? THEY SAY HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP IN WEEKS--LOOKS MORE LIKE HELEN'S FATHER THAN HER HUSBAND.
I KNOW---HE'S CHANGED TERRIBLY. I DON'T SEE HOW SHE STANDS IT----- SHE'S STAYED SO YOUNG AND HAS SUCH LOADS OF PEP HERSELF.
GOOD GRIEF! THEY MEAN ME!
THAT NIGHT
THERE'S NO USE FOOLING MYSELF ANY LONGER. I'M NOT ONLY A TOTAL LOSS AT THE OFFICE---BUT IT'S EVEN GOTTEN TO THE POINT WHERE PEOPLE ARE FEELING SORRY FOR YOU.
WHY, HONEY···YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANY COMPLAINTS FROM ME, HAVE YOU?
YOU'RE A BRICK, HELEN····· AND ALWAYS WERE. BUT THINGS CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.
I'M GOING TO TALK TO LAURA TYLER THE FIRST THING TOMORROW. SHE'S SURE TO KNOW SOMETHING TO DO.
NEXT DAY···
---AND YOU SAY ALL I NEED TO DO IS GIVE HIM A CUP OF OVALTINE MIXED WITH WARM MILK JUST BEFORE HE GOES TO BED AT NIGHT?
THAT'S IT---OVALTINE--- THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK. IT NEARLY ALWAYS WORKS LIKE A CHARM--AND, BEST OF ALL, IT'S ABSOLUTELY DRUGLESS-- THAT'S WHY WE LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.
OVALTINE, PLEASE!
THAT NIGHT
SAY, HELEN, THIS CERTAINLY TASTES GREAT. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S OVALTINE--AND LAURA TYLER SAYS IT WILL MAKE YOU SLEEP LIKE A 2-YEAR-OLD-- SO NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.
WELL-LOOK AT THAT! ASLEEP ALREADY.
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! AND JUST WAIT TILL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE! I'LL CERTAINLY SHOW THEM!
WHY, DAN! YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON--- ACTUALLY!
A FEW NIGHTS LATER
HONEY, YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR FINDING OUT ABOUT OVALTINE.
HAVING YOU LIKE YOURSELF AGAIN IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME!

What Ovaltine Is . . .

and How It Quickly Brings Sound Sleep

OVALTINE is a scientific food concentrate approved by more than 20,000 physicians—and widely used in 54 different countries today.

It not only brings sound sleep quickly—but also acts to rebuild your worn-out body, nerve and brain cells while you sleep. And greatly increases your ability to recuperate from fatigue.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

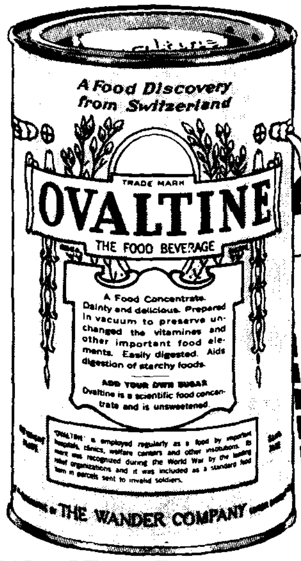
Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, in time, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Observe how quickly you fall asleep every night. See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

Start tonight! Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months—feel far fresher tomorrow.

If you prefer to try before buying, mail the coupon on this page for a trial supply.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*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TRADE MARK
OVALTINE
THE FOOD BEVERAGE
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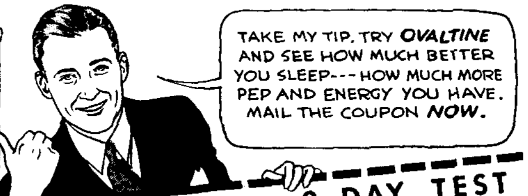
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MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

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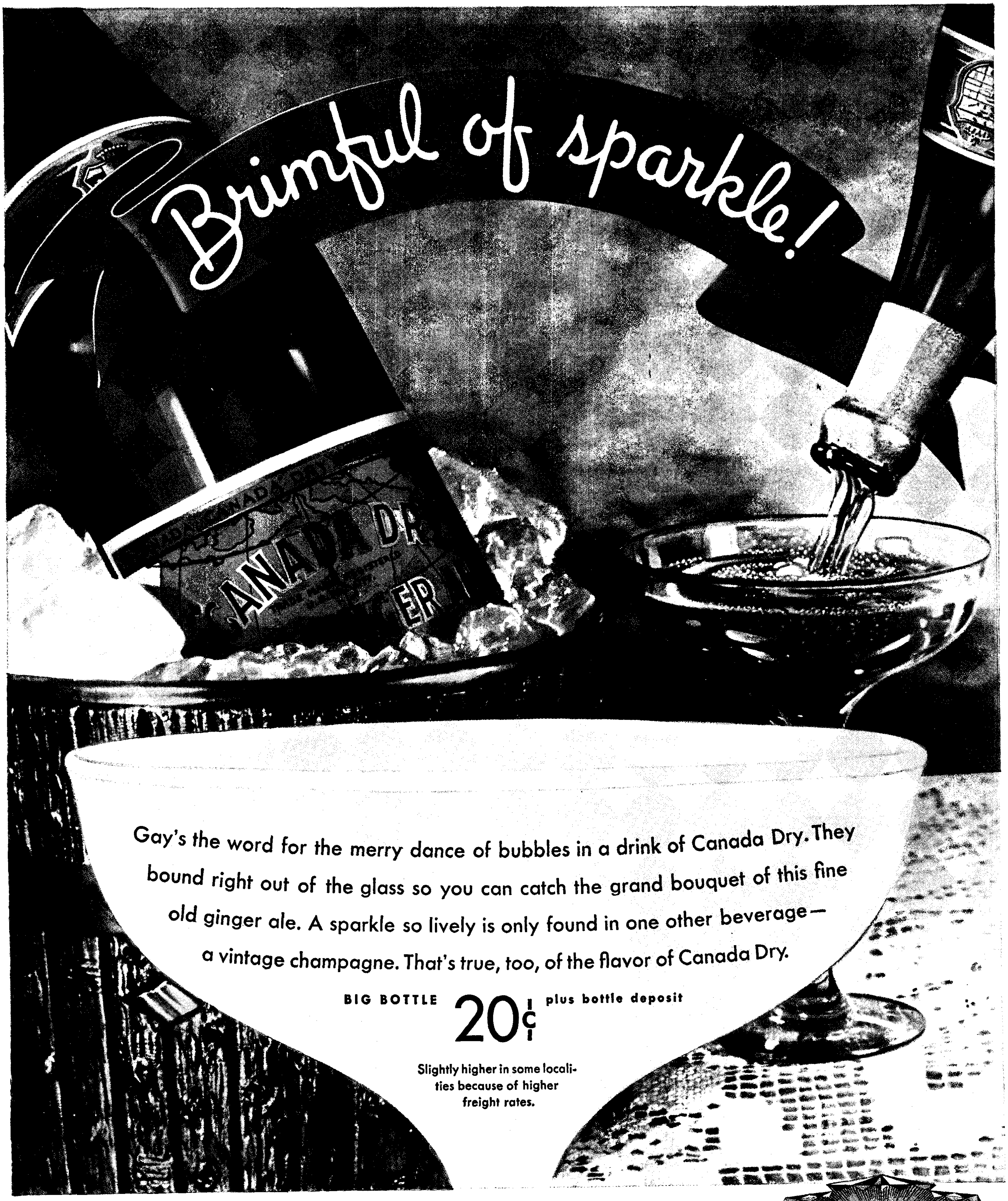
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..

Address..*State*.................... 1042-R

City..........................*(One package to a person)*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink



Gay's the word for the merry dance of bubbles in a drink of Canada Dry. They bound right out of the glass so you can catch the grand bouquet of this fine old ginger ale. A sparkle so lively is only found in one other beverage—a vintage champagne. That's true, too, of the flavor of Canada Dry.

BIG BOTTLE 20¢ plus bottle deposit

Slightly higher in some localities because of higher freight rates.

Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is just as delightful. It's full of extra zest because it's made by the secret process of "pin-point" carbonation. Same prices, same sizes, and same quality as Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

SPARKLING WATER

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 40

the street door. There she laid a timid hand on his arm.

"Have you changed your mind at all, Mr. Kernochan?"

"Sure I have," he grinned. "I think that Forman is a yap. What difference does it make how many husbands you've killed? You're brave and you're smart and you're lovely. Some women snore, some talk too much, others kill their husbands. I mean, what does the man want—perfection? What a bore perfection would be."

Her hand dropped from his arm; her face whitened before the brutality of his speech.

"Oh," she said. Not resentment at his jeer, but complete misery, was in the monosyllable.

"I'll be seeing you," said Kernochan. He walked through the door and down the steps to the street. He turned up his coat collar as he looked up and down for a taxi.

"I'll have to kick her around plenty," he muttered. "I'm not going to have her mussing up my life."

HE ALIGHTED from a taxi at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street and started into the Breston. Then he shook his head, turned resolutely around, and completed his journey to his apartment half a block away on foot. He'd managed to get through the day so far without a drink and was going to continue that way.

But the questioning of Rose Ames had exhausted him as much as it must have hurt her—if she was innocent. Arrived in his own rooms, he took off his things, stepped under a lukewarm shower, rubbed himself dry, and then stretched himself out upon his bed.

Could she, after all, be innocent? He had the type of mind that was logical enough, yet not dependent for conclusions upon the fitting together of arguments. In the courtroom the case against Rose Ames had seemed conclusive because of her lack of frankness. That lack had apparently not been discernible to the jury or the prosecutor or the judge, but it had been obvious to Kernochan. Upon this lack of frankness he had based his conclusions as to her guilt.

But this afternoon she had been frank enough. She had held back, he imagined, nothing, except perhaps an actual confession of the killing. There had been spots in her story that did not ring completely true. That she had thought to wipe her finger-prints from the gun, if she were innocent, was hard to swallow. But she had said that Ames had beaten her. She had not said that she lived in terror of the man's cruelty, yet she might readily have so lived. Such terror, if lived with long enough, creates cunning. It might easily cause a sensitive woman to fear harm from beyond the grave. The dead man, having injured her, might injure her after death. Yes, the story was not too plausible and yet it might be true.

Only, if it were true, it did nothing more toward the establishment of Rose Ames' innocence than had already been accomplished by a jury's verdict. The case remained, giving her all the best of it, where it had been for six months; either she killed him or it was a suicide. Remained only the far-fetched third possibility, that another person had killed Ames.

Upon a table by his bed Kernochan had emptied the contents of the pockets of the blue suit which he had worn during the day. A couple of hundred dollars in bills—he had drawn from the bank four days ago almost his entire account in order to be well equipped for the drinking bout before him—a key, a couple of letters, and Coghlan Buell's check for a thousand dollars comprised the little heap.

Well, one couldn't take a thousand dollars merely for asking a woman if she'd killed her husband. One must do more than that. But what more was there to be done? There was, of course, that vague, incredible third alternative. Because the existence of such an alternative must be conceded, he had called upon Laurette Marks this afternoon to ascertain if there was any Broadway background to Ames' life. Well, what more did he want? He had discovered that there was such a background. How that background would provide a person who could shoot Ames and go through a locked door was not easily imagined. But that thousand-dollar check was worth retention. He would at least go through the motions of looking up Ames' past, of discovering if there was anyone who might have wished Ames out of the way. And this reminded him that he had not phoned Tommy Turner. And as these things so often happen, Turner called him up just as he reached for the telephone.

"HEY, where've you been?" asked the theatrical agent. "Here I am, all dated up with the Trephon and another doll, with them all excited about a swell party, and I've been ringing you every twenty minutes. Is the party on?"

"Definitely," laughed Kernochan. "What time and where?"

Turner's voice was hesitant.

"I warned you that the Trephon would expect the best."

"She gets me," chuckled Kernochan.

"She thinks it's a break," said Turner. "The main event is all right with her, but what about the rest of the card? I mean, she wants champagne and caviar. How's the bank roll, the funds, the legal tender, the dough? I told them to meet us at the Waring for early dinner. I ordered four seats for the Berlin show. Then I said we'd hot-spot it for supper. Are you equipped for such adventure?"

"I'll have breakfast money left," said Kernochan.

"Okay," said the agent. "The Waring then—at seven-thirty?"

"Right," said Kernochan.

Sober, Kernochan was fussy about his apparel. Although he could look unbelievably shabby during a debauch, he could have passed for a careless fashion plate at other times. He wore his clothes in a nonchalant fashion that spoke volumes in testimony of the fact that he was used to debonair living.

Emily Trephon pursed her lips as he swung through the lobby of the Waring and Turner told her that the man approaching was her dinner partner.

"Class," she said softly. "You wouldn't fool me, Tommy? This is the drunken newspaper man that was just canned from the Leader, and not young Van Astor?"

"YOU dumb chorines give me a pain," said Turner. "Class is like gold, honey, where you find it. Why shouldn't a reporter have class, just as much as a millionaire or a theatrical agent?"

Emily Trephon patted Turner's arm.

"I always said it, baby. Theatrical agents and the Prince of Wales are the ones with the stuff. Now I got to add reporters. Do I look good?"

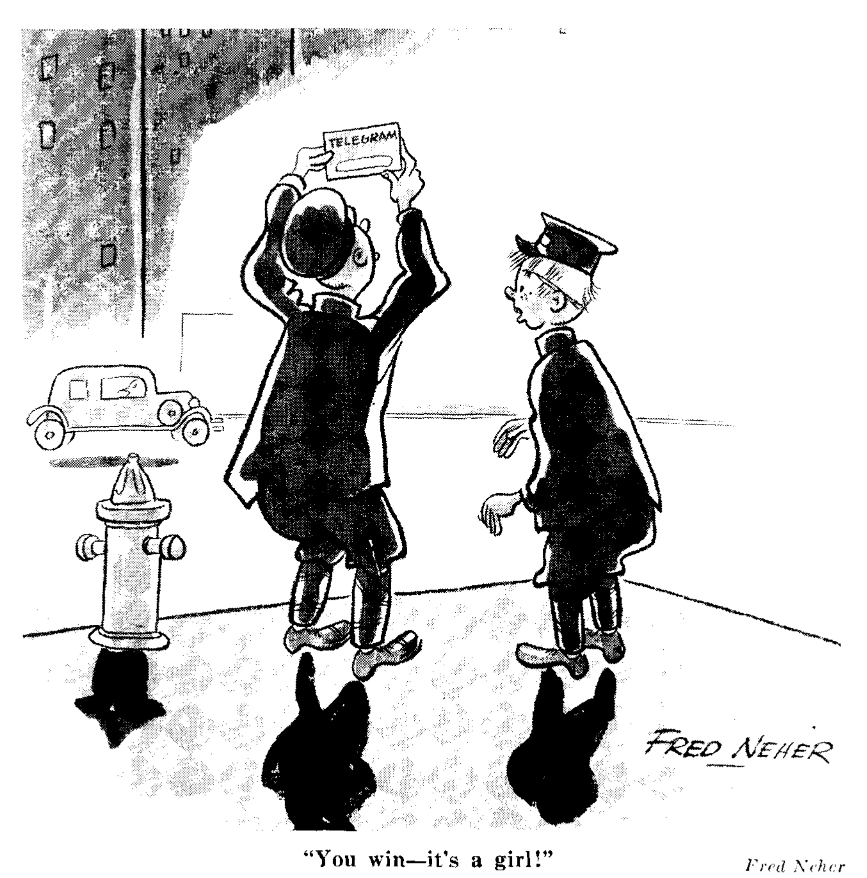
The other girl, an impudent brunette, made a face at Turner.

"Don't let her look too good to you, Tommy. You're here to entertain me. Of course, if you two want to cut the cards, I could go for that guy myself."

"Behave, girls," cautioned Tommy. He greeted Kernochan gayly, presented him to the girls, and a moment later a head waiter was ushering them to the table which had been reserved by Turner.

It was a pleasant dinner. Callie Curtis, the brunette, was gay. Turner was,

(*Continued on page 44*)



"You win—it's a girl!"

Fred Neher

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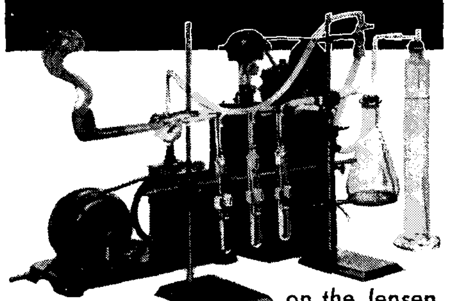

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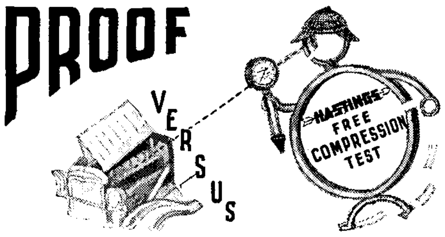

All the evidence may indicate your car needs new piston rings, but before you have them installed call on Detective Hastings for proof. While you watch, he makes a scientific test which shows whether or not piston rings are causing your car to use too much oil and lose its power. If the test shows new piston rings are not needed, you save the expense of a needless repair job.

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(Continued from page 43)

as always, amusingly brash. And Emily Trephon was pretty enough, in a hard blond way, to make any man, not *fussy at the moment, glad to be with her.* The dinner was good, the champagne excellent, and the show that followed was the season's hit. Later, the floor show at Nirvana was entertaining. And at about two in the morning Turner announced that he had a hard day ahead of him and needed a night's rest.

"I got to see Earl Carroll in the morning," said Callie Curtis with suspicious alacrity. "There's a girl dropping out of his show and I think I can get the place. I guess I'll have a little shuteye; I want to look my best."

Perfunctorily Kernochan urged them not to spoil a perfectly good party, but they could not be persuaded.

"Earl Carroll in the morning," said Emily as the other couple left. "Why, Earl never gets up until noon. Who do those two think they're fooling?"

"Maybe they were just tactful. Perhaps they simply wanted to give us a chance to become better acquainted," smiled Kernochan.

THE blonde reached under the table and squeezed Kernochan's hand.

"I guess there's nothing could stop us from learning to know each other pretty well," she said. "I've been wanting to know you for a long time. I don't know why I haven't met you, except that all the girls try to keep you to themselves."

"You overwhelm me," said Kernochan.

"The heck I do," she laughed. "You've never been overwhelmed in your life. On the level, I've told several girls to bring you around but there was nothing doing. And now Tommy Turner gives me a break."

"You could go all through my safe-deposit boxes and you wouldn't find any deeds to apartment houses, no Liberty bonds, no hoarded gold," grinned Kernochan.

"When I'm out for dough I don't pick reporters out of jobs," said the girl. "And there's something: You've picked up the checks tonight. How come a writer out of work is flush?"

Kernochan shrugged.

"Some of us work for fun and some *for a living.*"

"You mean you don't have to work? Then maybe you weren't fired but just quit."

"You get that urge to do something better, something you think better," said Kernochan. "Something creative."

"I bet your play is a beaut," she said.

"Why a play?" asked Kernochan.

"It's always that with newspaper men, isn't it? Or is it a novel?"

"I haven't quite decided. Maybe it'll be a book about you."

"And to write that book you'd have to be pretty well acquainted with the heroine, wouldn't you? I mean, if you're going to write about a chorus girl you'd have to know her intimately. Boy, looking at you, I'd have guessed you for a better line."

"Why think up a new one until you've tried the old one?" laughed Kernochan.

"Save the brain, eh? Maybe you're right. Anyway, you don't have to use any line with me. I hope I don't have to use any with you."

"It all seems as natural as the sun rising and setting, doesn't it?" grinned Kernochan.

The girl giggled.

"We're getting on, aren't we? So it was all phony about you getting fired because you thought the Ames dame killed her husband?"

"Well, that had something to do with it," admitted Kernochan.

"But it doesn't seem to worry you. I'm glad of that. I don't like worried men."

"You want them to worry a little about you, don't you?" he asked.

She eyed him closely.

"I might want them to but I'd never *expect worry from you. But say, I'd* like to know how you go about writing a book."

"Don't ask me. I've never written one."

"But you got to know something about it. I've always wanted to write. I'll bet that if I could write the story of my life it would be a corker."

"The vanity of you girls," scoffed Kernochan. "A small-town Jane comes to New York and gets herself a job hoofing in a night club. She meets a John and falls for him. Of course he would have married her, but we all know how that is. There he is, tied up to a wife that doesn't understand him, but isn't sport enough to give him a divorce. Baby, if that story made a book, there wouldn't be publishers enough to print them. They'd be turned out of Central Park West and West End Avenue as fast as griddle cakes at a hash joint."

"And what makes you think that's my story?" she asked.

"It's the story of so many," yawned Kernochan.

"Am I boring you? You might be polite and put your hand over your mouth," she said.

"It's a nervous habit. Didn't you ever notice how prize-fighters yawn just before the gong sounds?"

"Oh, you're getting ready to go into action, eh?"

He smiled at her.

"Well, I guess I'm nervous," he chuckled.

"And why wouldn't you be? Dinner, theater, night club, dancing, and never a little drop of anything. What you need is some of the grape I've been using."

"That's the very thing I don't need," said Kernochan firmly.

"Well, I can't drink alone. So if you aren't going to touch anything, suppose you take me home."

"Oh, we've hardly got acquainted," objected Kernochan. "I don't want to end this pleasant evening."

"Who said anything about ending it?" she retorted meaningly.

"By George," *exclaimed Kernochan,* "nobody did. Where do you live?"

"Fifty-eighth Street. Why?"

Kernochan shrugged.

"Idle question. I had an impression you lived in the East Seventies somewhere."

"I did," she replied, "until six months ago."

"John run out?"

She shook her head.

"They don't run out on me; I air them."

"And that's easy to believe. Only, in these tough times, a girl is stingy with the air, isn't she? Unless you're different from most of the girls."

"Certainly I'm different, but you won't give me time to prove it. I tell you there's a book in me and you won't listen *to me.*"

"Are we back to that again?" he derided. "Darling, you may be different, but your book would be the same. You meet the John and there's the swell apartment on Seventieth Street. But before you met him there was another man, without too much money, or maybe he was tight with it. Or maybe he was in a racket and you were tired of that, or afraid of it, or knew that with repeal coming, the racket wouldn't be any good any more. So you probably had some rows with your racketeer friend." He paused and drank a glass of water.

"Go on," she said, her voice strangely hoarse.

"Oh, there's a million ends to a book *like that. Sometimes the John gets his* divorce and marries the girl. And sometimes the racketeer turns straight and the girl goes back to him. And sometimes both of them get tired of being two-timed and throw her out. Then again, the racketeer decides he won't take what's being given him, and he just ups and kills the John." He grinned at her amiably. "You see, Emily, there isn't much novelty to your story, is there? What's the matter?" he asked quickly.

THAT hard beauty of hers had left her face; she looked much older than her twenty-two years. Her eyes were hard and lines appeared about her mouth.

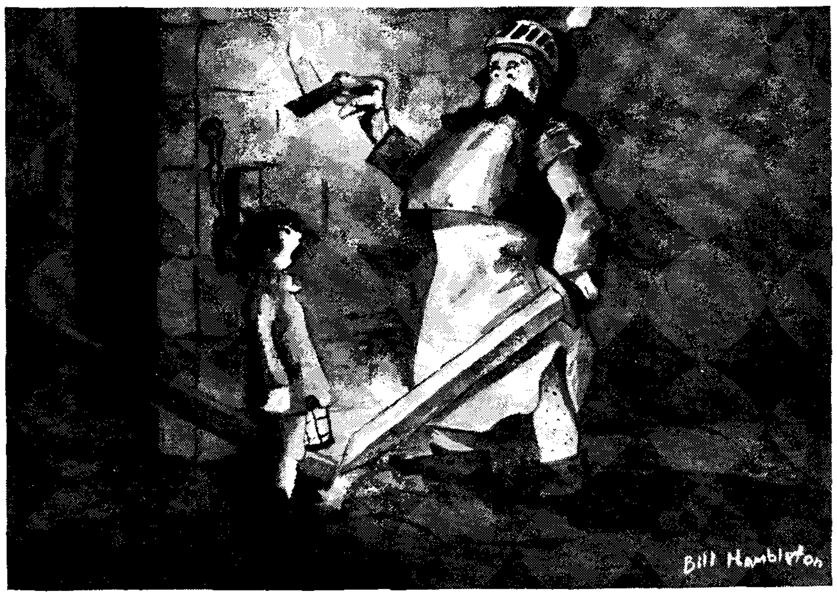
"Who told you about me? Where did you pick this up?" she demanded. Her hands gripped the edge of the table. Her voice was a harsh, insistent whisper.

"Pick what up? What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Don't stall. I want to know what you're driving at. Who told you about—I know why Tommy got me to go out with you. You wanted to find out about—"

She pushed back her chair, rose to her feet, and stared at Kernochan. Bewildered, he met her gaze. Her words died away. Before he could catch her, she pitched forward, glanced off the table, and fell fainting to the floor.

(To be continued next week)



"Pop says can he borrow some oil—he can't get his pants off"

Bill Hambleton

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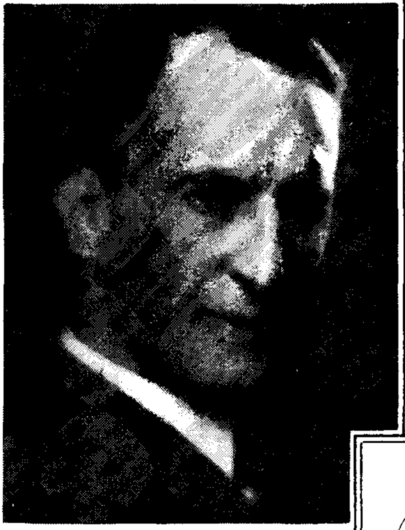
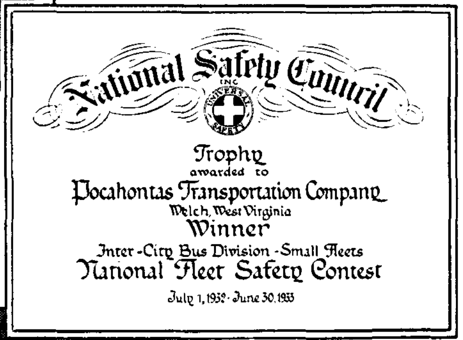


555,090 miles without an accident! The Pocahontas Transportation Company, winner in its class of the National Safety Council trophy, established the best non-accident rating of all groups.



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Welch, West Virginia
Winner
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National Fleet Safety Contest
July 1, 1932 · June 30, 1933

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"Of course we buy tires for mileage—but *safety* is paramount. That's why our whole fleet is equipped 100% with U. S. *TEMPERED RUBBER* Tires."

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Pocahontas Transportation Co.
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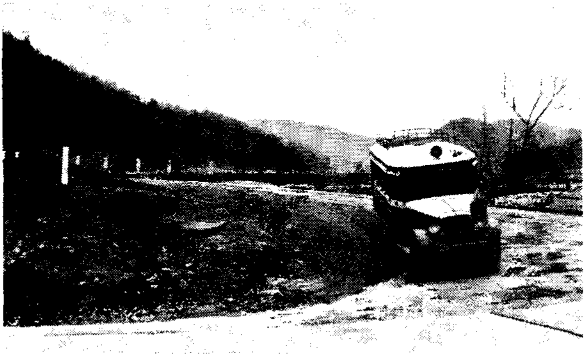
More than a half million miles a year of bus operation over some of the most perilous grades and curves in the Appalachians—with safety *all* the way . . . Not a single accident in the entire Pocahontas Transportation Company's bus fleet throughout a whole twelve months period. Not a minute's delay with tire trouble. That *is* a record. A record that *TEMPERED RUBBER* made possible—with the same kind of service that *you* can expect when you buy U. S. Tires for your car.



Tortuous turns on steep mountain grades try tire strength and stamina to the utmost. Only the *TEMPERED RUBBER* tread and *SAFETY BONDED* carcass of U. S. Tires could establish a supreme safety record over such an unusually difficult route.

"We have to make a lot of close connections at the end of a 147-mile mountain run. In over two million miles of operation we have never missed one on account of tire delay. What do you think of that for tire service!"
Operator
ED WIDENER

"In our business there's a lot of satisfaction in knowing you've got the right kind of rubber under you. We learned long ago that the way to get around tire trouble was to put your faith in *TEMPERED RUBBER*. It has never failed us yet."
Operator
HARB DOUGLAS

"Ride with us sometime over the grades *we* travel and the curves *we* take and you'll know that this service will soon show what your tires are made of. You don't have to tell *me* anything about the toughness of *TEMPERED RUBBER*."
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FRANK DAVIS

Only US builds TIRES of

in the CAUSE *of* SAFETY

F*rom the* Winner *of* National Safety Award *in the* City Bus Division . . .

"That the U. S. Cogwheel tread of *TEMPERED RUBBER* does provide the necessary extra margin of safety is, I believe, obvious from our record. That U. S. Tires likewise deliver thousands of extra miles has been proved to us by our rigid, continuous system of cost finding over a period of many years."

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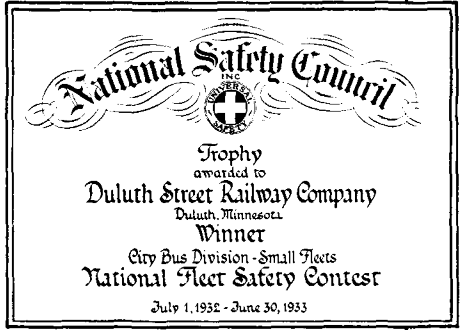
Duluth-Superior Transit Company.
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

A million and a quarter tire-miles of urban bus transportation with but one minor accident (involving no personal injury)—notwithstanding the severe trials of operating through long periods of sub-zero temperatures! That testifies to the certain safety of *TEMPERED RUBBER'S* road-gripping tread.



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"Since this company began to use U. S. Tires six years ago, I never have had to change a tire for any reason. U. S. Tires stand the gaff day-in and day-out . . . They're sure and safe. That's all I ask for."
Operator
H. J. McLOCHLAN

"We bus drivers for the Duluth Street Railway Company pride ourselves in being on schedule time. We haven't time to stop for tire changes — and we don't have to since the company changed over to U. S. Tires."
Operator
L. W. LARSON

"Give me *TEMPERED RUBBER* every time. It not only runs much further without giving trouble but it guarantees safe, non-skid traction a whole lot longer than any other rubber or any other tire I've ever had experience with."
Operator
H. MacDONALD

The Duluth-Superior Transit Company's award carries this significant message to every tire buyer: For greater safety over a longer time, trust to the deep-ribbed rugged tread of U. S. Tires built with *TEMPERED RUBBER.*

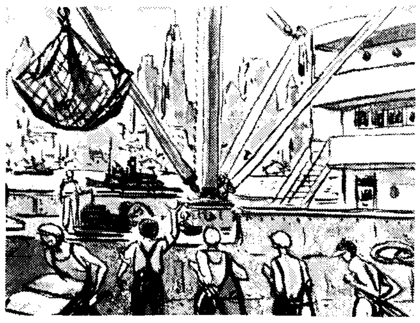
If you can interpret tire history, you will understand the remarkable record of tire wear written here. The sharp, cogwheel tread of a new U. S. Tire wears slowly, evenly, throughout its entire life, preserving safe, road-gripping traction to the last extra mile.

The BAY SHORE BATH
PARK POINT

TEMPERED RUBBER -

"But Freddie they cawn't do that"

1—"But, Bertie, they *do.* They send blighters to Central and South America to get the very cream of the whole dashed coffee crop.



2—"They bring it up to some quaint place called Brooklyn where perfect wizards of coffee blending take it over.

3—"They snap the bally caffein out of it and do it so cleverly, don't you know, that the blinking coffee flavor isn't even jarred.

4—"Good?—My word, Bertie, it's gorgeous...And because the caffein is gone, Bertie...

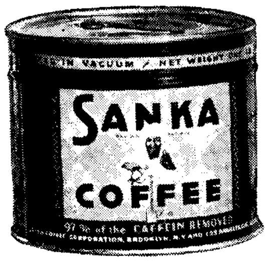
5—"... It cawn't keep you awake. You can drink it in the wee hours and then pip-pip ... and toodle-oo for the good old sleep of the just."

Try Sanka Coffee. It is real, cheering, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. So Sanka Coffee can't keep you awake, fray your nerves or upset your digestion. And here's a tip: make it good and strong in order to enjoy the full deliciousness of Sanka's flavor.

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee in vacuum-sealed cans, with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. The Sanka *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee by any method, including drip. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

Real coffee—97% caffein-free.
Drink it and sleep!



The Big Ten in Contract Bridge

Continued from page 15

in build but something less than medium in height, he wears horn-rimmed glasses that accentuate his impression of extreme concentration. Except when he breaks into a smile or his rollicking laugh at a good joke on somebody, he seems always to be thinking deeply about something. And he usually is—about finesses, squeezes, end-plays or coups. His love for the game as a study, his extreme carefulness and thoroughness at the table—always looking forward to the probable course of the bidding or play, calculating the chances in favor of each alternative—have built for him a reputation for shrewdness of mind which his intimates say should be attributed instead to a trait of character which makes him work harder than his rivals at the table to earn and deserve what he wins.

The Greatest Plum

Whatever the cause, this young New Yorker, who owes his start in bridge to a brief vacation in Boston, has outstripped the entire field this season. In the fourteen events of the annual schedule with pretensions to national championship standing, twenty-eight different people shared the laurels. Of the twenty-eight, only nine were able to be winners in more than one event. From those nine, only two were able to win more than twice—Mr. Burnstine and one of his favorite partners, Howard Schenken, another New Yorker. The latter won four championships, but "Dave," as his friends call him, was in the clear with five.

One of the records the 1932-33 champion made along the way was a clean sweep of the contract championship events for which he was eligible in his first winning tournament of the season, that of the American Bridge League at Asbury Park, N. J., last August. Four national contract contests were carded—the national mixed team-of-four for the Shepard Barclay trophy, the national team-of-four challenge championship, the Masters' Pairs for the Waldemar Von Zedtwitz Cup and the women's pairs. Obviously ineligible for the last named event, he landed top position in the other three, the first time anyone has won three national events at a single championship tournament. Displaying his versatility, he sat opposite three different partners in the contest—Mrs. Marguerite Stengel in the mixed team game, Oswald Jacoby in the challenge fours and Mr. Schenken in winning the star event, the Masters' Pairs, which is limited to those with championship records.

The very next big competition was the individual masters' conducted by the American Bridge League, in which thirty-six present or former national championship winners vied with one another to see who could best pair up with a succession of thirty-five different partners. Mr. Burnstine scored steadily in every session of play and landed this title, the greatest single plum of all from the standpoint of an individual. His team fared poorly in the big Vanderbilt Cup contest, in which all of the favorite combinations were eliminated early by "dark horses," but he regained his winning way in the final event of the season covered by this summary, the Grand National team-of-four championship of the young United States Bridge Association. So his five conquests include two open team events, one mixed team contest, and the de luxe pair and individual games of the season which are limited to "masters"—as all-around a mixture as the schedule affords.

Since contract came into vogue, the greatest previous record in a season was four championships in 1931-32 by Willard S. Karn, who this season retired from competition. Philip Hal Sims, who was last season's leader, with three national titles, did most of his winning with Mr. Karn as partner, but with the latter out of the game, he experimented with a series of different partners, who harmonized well enough with him to land three second places but no championships at all.

Howard Schenken, who shared the Masters' Pair, team challenge championship and U.S.B.A. team victories with Mr. Burnstine, won one other triumph, the U. S. B. A. pair contest with Michael T. Gottlieb as his mate, thus giving him four successes and an indisputable claim to second place in the ranking.

For third place there is the closest kind of a contest among seven players who gained two championships apiece. They are Samuel Fry, Jr., Louis H. Watson, Richard L. Frey, Oswald Jacoby, and Michael T. Gottlieb of New York, and Charles A. Hall and Richard M. Wildberg of Cincinnati. On a straight percentage basis, the two Westerners would win without argument, for they had a perfect 100-per-cent record in this respect, winning the only two national contests in which they played—the open team and pair championships of the American Bridge League, decided at Cincinnati. Winning these extremely difficult events, by the way, is a feat performed by no other pair in the game's history excepting the great Sims-Karn duo in 1931.

A Margin of One Hand

Places in a ranking list should be decided, however, on total accomplishment rather than on percentage, except where there is a tie on the total. Several others of the two-time winners had some second places to their credit, and these swing the balance. On this basis Mr. Fry, with three second places, is rated third behind Messrs. Burnstine and Schenken. Mr. Watson was twice a runner-up, so stands fourth. Mr. Frey and Mr. Jacoby each landed one second place, but Mr. Frey's was in the Vanderbilt Cup, a more difficult test than the American Whist League fours, in which Mr. Jacoby shared second place, so Mr. Frey gets the call for fifth, placing Mr. Jacoby sixth. The latter, by the way, is the only player who has been on the winning teams in the national challenge championship all three years the event has been held. Messrs. Hall and Wildberg are rated in seventh and eighth places, ahead of Mr. Gottlieb, this being a case where percentage decided the issue, since the latter played in the Vanderbilt Cup event and did not win.

So at last the West has crashed its deserved way into the national ranking in spite of the handicaps that confront players there, who have much less opportunity than their Eastern brothers to play in the title tournaments. Using the Hall system of bidding, a form of the one-over-one method, they made a brilliant finish to come from behind and win the American pair championship, and with their team mates, Albert and Philip Steiner—the only brothers who ever won in a national bridge event—performed a similar spectacular feat in the fours.

A peculiarity of the season's results

is that not one person who won a lone victory also had two or more second places. Five who earned one championship apiece also had one second place, however. These were: Miss Eleanor Murdoch, formerly of Birmingham, Alabama, and now of New York; Mrs. Humphrey Wagar of Atlanta, Georgia, and Walter Malowan, Edwin A. Wetzlar and Sydney Rusinow of New York. The place in the list of the First Ten is assigned to Miss Murdoch because her runner-up position was the most distinguished one which can be gained—in the national individual masters' event. This makes her the very first woman to earn a place in the First Ten, and with the fine grade of bridge played by many of the fair sex today, presages an era in which more and more victories will be won by women, who theoretically should make just as good players as the men who have been nearly monopolizing the honors.

Miss Murdoch's achievement in nearly winning the masters' individual must be classed as beyond comparison the greatest single accomplishment in championship play by any woman in the history of contract bridge. The contest was so close that Mr. Burnstine, with six hundred and nineteen and one half "match points" against her six hundred and fourteen, defeated her by only five and one half—less than the margin of one hand. On each deal a top score represented eight points. Just one different bid or play on any of twenty or more hands could have spelled the difference and made her the winner.

One of the features of the season was the way that Waldemar Von Zedtwitz kept playing brilliant bridge at every start and yet was dogged by some kind of jinx which kept him from winning a single championship. Three years ago he was the year's ranking player, and has been well up in the list the last two seasons. This magnificent cardsman, however, did set what will probably remain an all-time record for second places, with six to his credit and in addition almost the equivalent of another second by getting third in the individual masters'.

National rankings of the players in any game cannot well be based on anything except performance in events which are devised to be conclusive tests of skill. In contract bridge that means, first of all, duplicate tournaments in which everybody gets the same deals and tries to obtain better results with them than his rivals. This form of play is used in all of the events counted as national championships—two sponsored by the oldest organization, the American Whist League; nine by the American Bridge League; two by the new United States Bridge Association, and the independent contest, the Vanderbilt Cup.

The Four Aces

Of all these fourteen events of the season, the most startling in its results was the last named, in which every favorite team was eliminated in the early rounds and a line-up of four newcomers to national titles triumphed—Francis H. Rendon, Philip Abramsohn, Sydney Rusinow and Benjamin Feuer. The unexpected occurred frequently, however, along the way, and was strikingly in evidence when young Samuel Fry, Jr., and Louis H. Watson won both the pair and the team events of the American Whist League, which enabled Mr. Watson to jump from tenth place a year ago to fourth, and younger Mr. Fry to leap-frog him from not in the list at all to third place.

No pair managed to win two of the national pair championships of 1933-34. The only repeating combination was the leading team of the year, which Mr. Burnstine headed. His mates in winning the national challenge championship of the A. B. L. were Messrs. Jacoby, Schenken and Frey, to whom was added Mr. Gottlieb for the U. S. B. A. event, making it a "five-man, four-man team." Mr. Frey is the alternate or extra player to relieve any of the others when they are fatigued or unable to be present, and can pair equally well with any of them.

As the championship team of two seasons ago became famous under the sobriquet of "The Four Horsemen" and last year's most prominent team was sometimes spoken of as "The Big Four," this year's star quartet is being called "The Four Aces"—which makes Mr. Frey the "Joker."

Keeping Fit for Bridge

The season has been notable in many ways, indicating the great advance of contract bridge interest, which keeps on despite the fact that people are no longer much excited about arguments on bidding systems and instead are learning to harmonize their tactics with those of their partners. One event which revealed the wide hold of the game was the so-called "Winter Championship," in which approximately three thousand people played in the territory ranging from Boston to St. Louis, winners in twelve districts then coming together in finals at the Miami-Biltmore in Florida.

Since both the district and national finals were of one session only, the event was more of a sprint than a test of consistency and therefore could not well place its capable winners, Charles H. Porter and William Foster Hopkins of Cincinnati, in a ranking list, but it nevertheless furnished a real high spot for the season.

Ely Culbertson, our great foreign missionary of bridge, may not have won a solitary national championship since 1930 in his many tries against other American masters at duplicate contract, but he has surely kindled respect abroad for the strength of the American game. His leading of a strong team including Mrs. Culbertson, Michael T. Gottlieb, Theodore A. Lightner and himself to a clean-cut victory over a British team for the Charles M. Schwab International trophy was one of the most interesting occurrences in the history of the game.

Now, as this season's national competitions are over and another will shortly be under way, it may be timely to speculate on the chances of the leader repeating, something his predecessors have been unable to do. If trying hard can be a telling factor, David Burnstine will be none too easy to get out of the driver's seat. He watches every detail of his condition to be always at his best, with an alert mind in a healthy body. He always eats lightly prior to and during a tournament, drinks nothing then which might upset his stomach, but "breaks training" as soon as an event is over, just as the best athletic coaches advise. Between times, whenever convenient, he swims, plays tennis in season, a bit of table tennis, and pulls on a rowing machine.

Knowing that his eyes tire after a four-hour session, he refuses to enter events with inordinately long terms of play. He insists on always being able to do himself justice, and he is an eagerly receptive student of new wrinkles in bidding and play, so as to keep himself up to the minute and ready for any partner or opponents. Some people would call this "taking bridge seriously." That's exactly what he does, and what he enjoys doing. So if he is dislodged from the top in the coming season, it will not be because he loafs on the job.

Easy come
. . . easy go

You're lucky if you "just naturally" have a good, thick head of hair. But the chances are you'll wake some day to the realization that it is going as easily as it came, except as you give it regular, intelligent care. Be sure of keeping it with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. At least once a week before shampooing, apply the Tonic generously to the scalp; massage vigorously until the scalp tingles and feels stimulated. These treatments cleanse the scalp, and speed up the circulation exactly as exercise and a rub do for the rest of the body. Start today and keep that head of hair. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in two sizes of shaker-top bottles. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it.

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Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, 17 State Street, New York.

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A Cough is like an Explosion in your Throat

. . . nature's effort to expel irritations. To remove the cause, medicinal relief is essential.

That's why the vaporous flow of certain medicinal ingredients used in Luden's, quickly and so effectively soothes the throat.

LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS

GIVE QUICK RELIEF

LUDEN'S 5c

Unbroken

Continued from page 14

of dodging things never entered Andy Morgan's head. Patiently he lumbered back and forth on the wet and dripping forecastle head of the liner Pentalia. The Pentalia was a twenty-thousand tonner. Smoke drifted insolently from her rakish funnels. At the truck flew the commodore skipper's starred pennant.

It meant something to a man to sail chief mate of her. Dogface Johnson was the last hurdle for mates to leap on the way to command. He had a reputation with the officers of the line, that hard-bitten old seadog. He hazed the daylights out of his chief officers until the appointment to command came. Then he shook their hands as he wished them luck, and grinned at them and told them they'd make better shipmasters for having eaten the mud of Dogface Johnson's driving. Andy Morgan knew all that. But he knew that his hazing was to be of a different sort. Captain Johnson, too, had his loyalties—loyalty to his hate.

MORGAN'S cheeks stung with needle-points of cold. His feet were lumps of ice as hour by hour he paced the iron deck between the massive hulk of the capstan and the frost-white rail. It didn't matter a bit. Old Johnson meant to break him; and he could, by a single word and a slow shake of his shaggy head to the authorities on the New York docks. Morgan wasn't thinking of that; he was thinking of Nancy. She knew what loyalty meant. She had a way of tossing her chestnut hair, Nan did, and flashing her eyes at you that made the chief mate smile in the freezing cold. He remembered how she looked, standing on the dock, so small and slim and eager for his returns. Yes; it was lonely being a sailor's wife. But it would be so splendid soon, she used to say. When Andy got a ship of his own, they could be together almost every month for nearly a week. . . .

A ship of his own! Step by step he had fought his way up that perilous ladder to command. Not easy, that, these days. He had scars to mark each rung. Three splintered ribs when the Redfern smashed her pilot house to kindling wood in a North Sea duster. He was third mate then, nothing but a lad. A crushed leg a year ago when he took a small boat through a raging sea in an Indian Ocean monsoon to bring off the drowning crew of a crummy East India tramp. He limped a little with it yet. No matter; you had to take those things. Served you bloody well right. It was no more than you deserved for going to sea. And now command in sight! And there was Dogface Johnson, with his terrible hate growing like an enormous mushroom out of a grief that was twenty-odd years old.

Mr. Tracy was right. No doubt of it. Any other man, knowing that, would have dodged sailing on the Pentalia. But Andy Morgan had asked for it—telephoned to make sure of his appointment. It didn't seem to matter to him. He could start all over again, as patiently as now he lumbered back and forth across the freezing forecastle head of the liner. Because he knew Nan needed him. And that was a thing you couldn't dodge.

It was past midnight when at last the Pentalia cleared Spithead and throbbed with her double engines to the Lizard Light for her crossing of the wild Atlantic. Mr. Morgan, numb and blue with exposure to the cold, was undressing with stiff fingers in his room when the master sent for him. Stolidly he went back into uniform and entered the commander's suite. Captain Johnson looked at him out of his granite face.

"Although you stand no regular watch on this ship, Mister, you are my executive officer and I expect you to shoulder responsibilities. I am driving the ship to make up the time you lost me. She wants watching in this weather. Mr. Tracy seemed a little nervous. Take the bridge with him. . . . Inspection is at eight in the morning. You make the rounds with me. Good night."

He said this bluntly, biting the words off in his hard bass voice. Mr. Morgan's eyes did not waver.

"Very well, sir," he said; and went out and climbed the ladder to the bridge.

"For the luvva Pete, Andy!" Joe Tracy exploded over his mug of coffee in the chart room. "Did he send you up here?"

Morgan nodded. "All according to regulations, Joe. Shipshape and Bristol fashion. He thinks you're a little too nervous clearing the land to stand the watch alone."

"Bah!" the third mate snarled. "To hell with him! Stretch out on the settle in the chartroom here. You're dead on your feet. I'll give you a shake if the old buzzard starts prowling around."

"Thanks, Joe." Mr. Morgan shook his head slowly. "I asked for it, you know."

"Don't be a fool! You know what he's up to. He'll wear you out! He'll ride you till you drop. Then one day you'll fall asleep on the bridge, or you won't be able to get out of your bunk—and he'll report you lazy and unfit. You've got a ship coming to you, Andy. Don't go chucking it over the side. Lay down and take a snooze, I tell you. He'll ride you till—"

Andy shook his head again with that wry, wistful smile twisting the corners of his strong, wide mouth.

"I don't think he can do it. It doesn't make much difference anyway, Joe. But I'm anxious to see if he can."

He went out on the bridge wing. Mr. Tracy stared after him blankly, wagging his head. Couldn't understand a fellow like that; couldn't understand him at all. . . .

It was a wild voyage. The North Atlantic was in a rage. The westerly gales howled incessantly. There was no rest for the new chief mate. For three days he never came fully out of his clothes, taking what rest he could "standing up." Dogface Johnson watched him with a frozen passion, waiting with a diabolical gleam in his piercing eyes for the first sign of cracking. But Andy Morgan didn't crack. His temper remained calm and unruffled. The faint smile persisted unbelievably in his haggard eyes. Some inner comfort sustained him, a core of peace inside of him that remained untroubled by Captain Johnson's savage hazing or the angry hiss of the wild Atlantic graybeards.

MEANWHILE the Pentalia bored her way for Ambrose Light, twenty-thousand tons of steel and wood and wire, a mansion of glittering lights in the windy darkness. She swung down the westbound steamer lanes swaying and lunging and snarling at the mountainous green seas. Spray and hail splattered as high as her lofty bridge like the rattle of machine-gun fire. Twenty-three knots an hour to make the schedule good. And the gale whistling an age-old song past her string-tight funnel stays. Twenty-three knots an hour through the dark and the wind and the belching fog. Better than twice as fast as Andy's old ship could make. She was still in London docks, loading cargo for Mediterranean ports. She'd be two months more at least before she raised the Jersey coast again, the long flat-lying coast of home. But he'd hear the channel bell tomorrow; tomorrow at sundown if the Pentalia held her speed. It was in Andy Morgan's weary eyes, in the set of his chin, in the ache of all his tired limbs, that last mid-watch of the passage. Tomorrow. Tomorrow at sundown!

Mr. Tracy, the third mate, watching him from behind the shelter of the patent weather glass, wagged his head. What a beating the sap took without a murmur, without a growl of complaint. Bedeviled throughout the day by a thousand unnecessary stabs of malice; jobs of work that hadn't ever been done before and had no need to be done at sea. Kept on his feet through twenty hours of the twenty-four; hazed out of his room to keep half the night watch. Wanted him to crack, that's what! For his part, he wouldn't stand it a day. Dogface Johnson could go to the devil! And what was more, he'd tell him so to his face if it were he. But not Andy Morgan. Swallowed it all and asked for more. What would it get him? Mr. Tracy growled to himself and stared out at the liner's swinging head where the white, snarling foam glittered and leaped and whined.

THE snow came again, stinging and driving. The Pentalia bored her way into the crashing seas. Andy Morgan paced doggedly back and forth, back and forth in the weather wing. Smoky clouds of fog came belching over the edge of the invisible horizon, sweeping toward the ship with obliterating grayness. Andy Morgan sniffed it eagerly. The fog of the Georges Shoal swinging out to greet him. It was thick and clammy, with the land hundreds of miles behind it. Blinding, it hung in tatters and settled like smoke on the sea. He sent a throaty blare of the whistle into the night. Then he passed on into the wheelhouse, and lifted the telephone to the master's room.

"Setting in thick, sir," he reported calmly. "Gale still out of the west."

"All right. Keep her driving on a stand-by bell," the master's gruff voice replied. "I'll be up directly."

The chief mate turned away and came into the weather again. Suddenly he stiffened. His hollow eyes snapped.

"Hear it, Joe?"

Mr. Tracy nodded. Waiting for the sound to repeat itself, he crouched lower, the better to sense the direction of that faint blast they had heard in the white night. There! There it was again. Louder now. The Pentalia was cracking on. It didn't take long to eat up distance at twenty-three knots the hour. The third mate flung out his arm, pointing the direction of the sound in the fog. Mr. Morgan's head snapped about. The master had not yet come on the bridge.

"The telegraphs, Joe! Quick! Give her half speed, both engines."

Mr. Tracy sprang between the signals of the Pentalia's twin engines. Andy's eyes bored the blank white wall, tense and alert. Heard it again now. A deep muffled blare, startling in its closeness. His chin shot back on his shoulder.

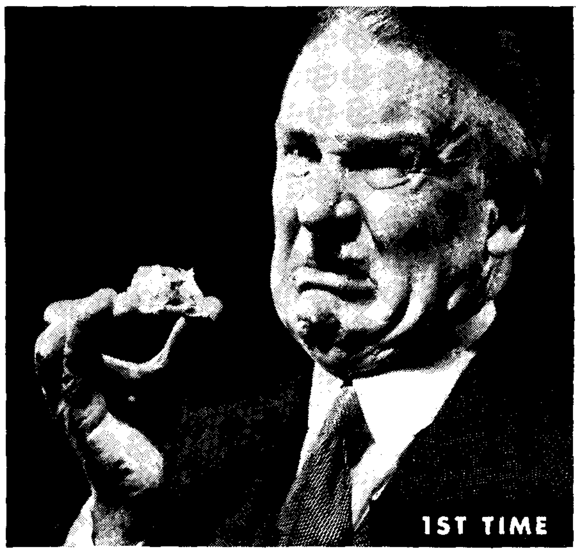
"Full astern, starboard engine! Full ahead port."

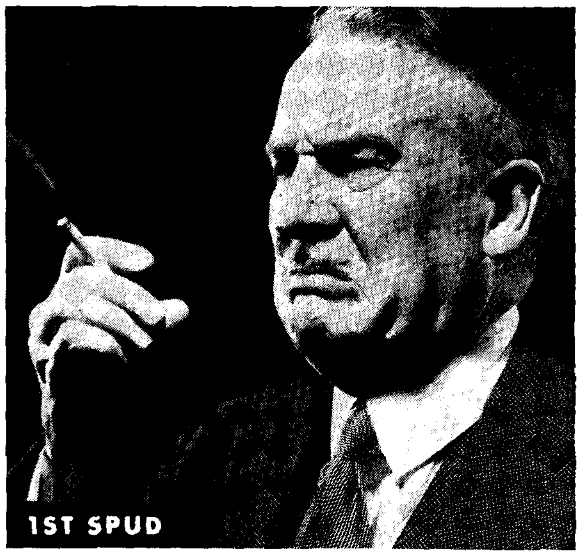
The brass handles spun in the third mate's hands. Morgan reached for the

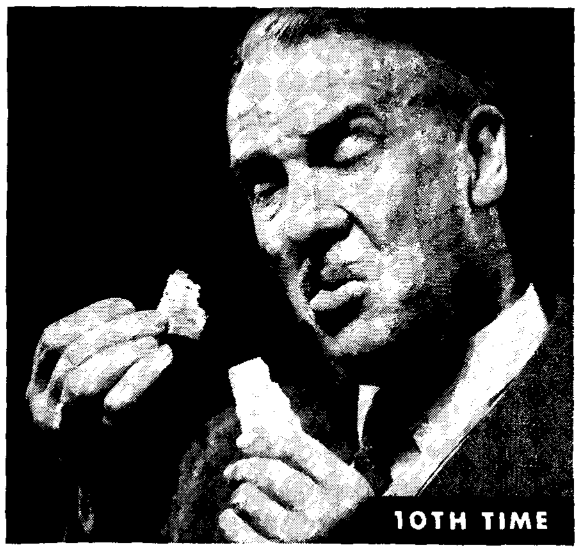
(*Continued on page 53*)

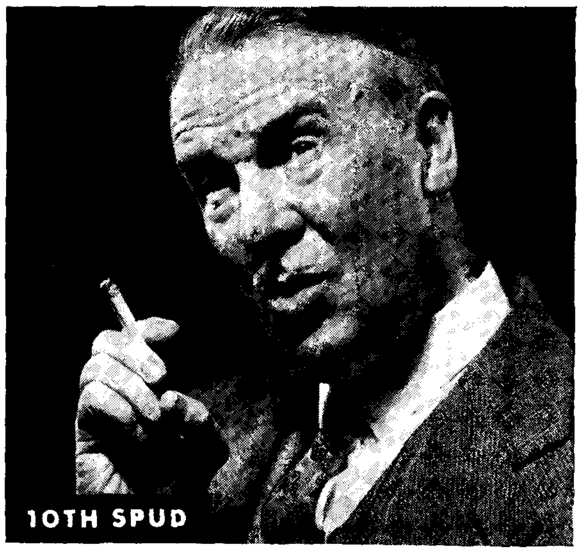
Roquefort-lovers are made, not born

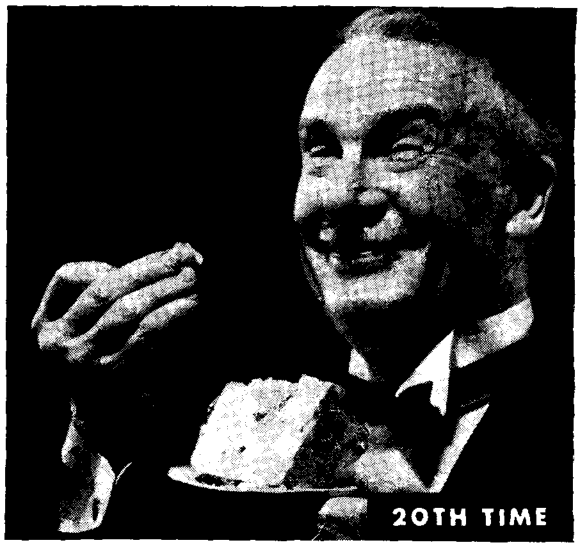
And so
are SPUD fans!

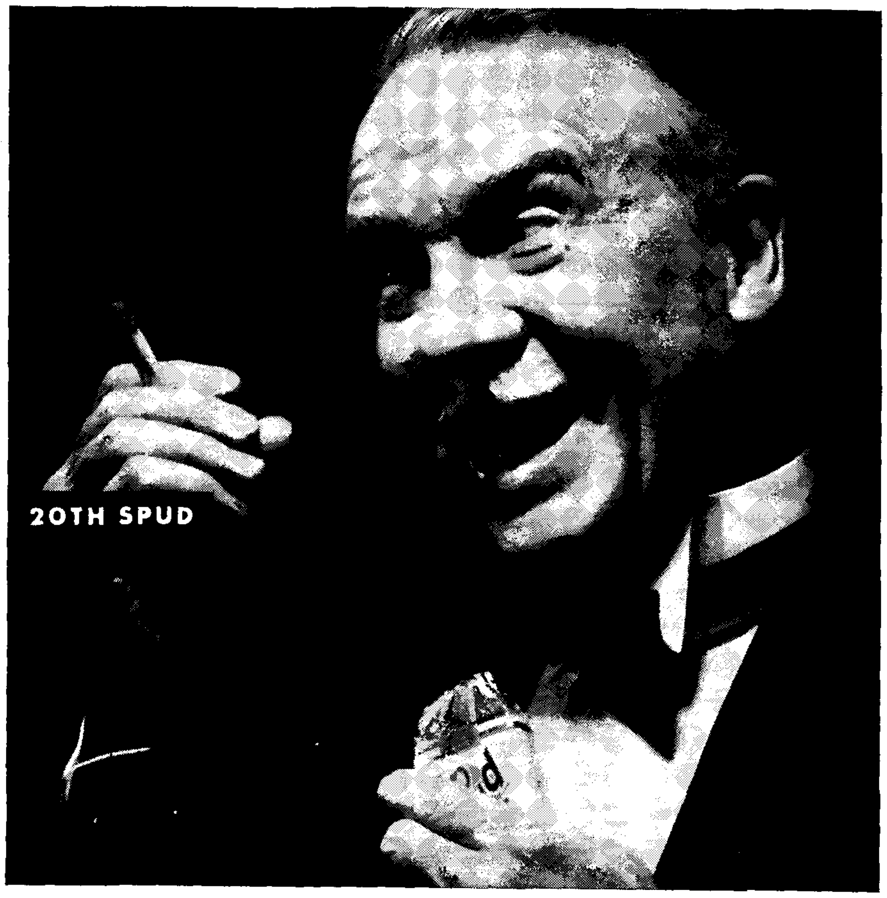












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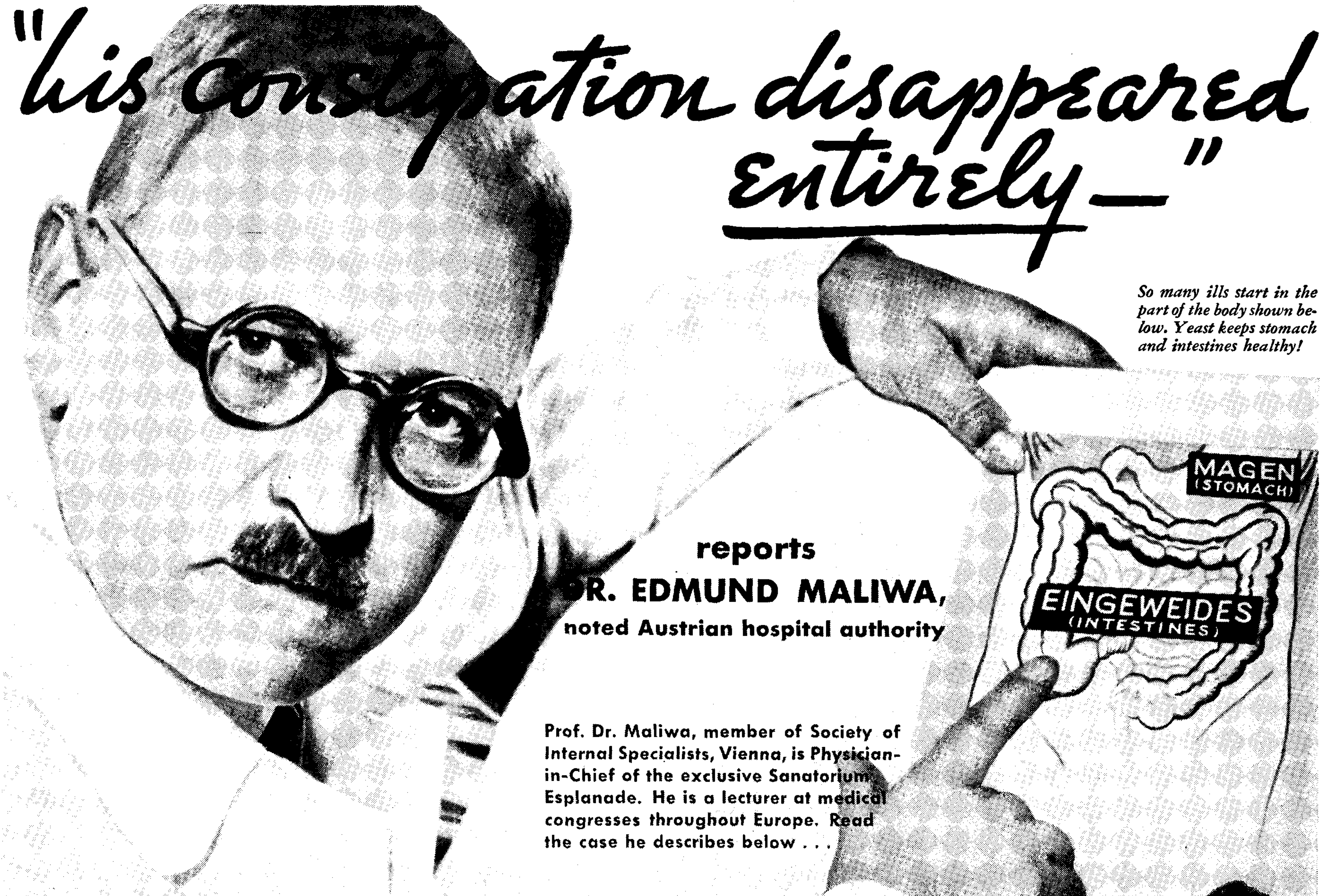
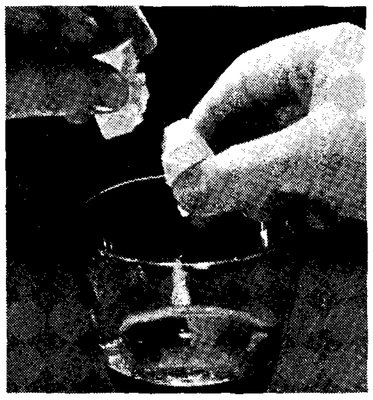


So many ills start in the part of the body shown below. Yeast keeps stomach and intestines healthy!

reports
DR. EDMUND MALIWA,
noted Austrian hospital authority

Prof. Dr. Maliwa, member of Society of Internal Specialists, Vienna, is Physician-in-Chief of the exclusive Sanatorium Esplanade. He is a lecturer at medical congresses throughout Europe. Read the case he describes below . . .

"PATIENT—AGE 50—complete lack of appetite—had a disagreeable feeling of being 'stuffed up.' Examination showed increased blood pressure, and a run-down condition caused by severe constipation...



"I ORDERED HIM to refrain from taking the medicines with which he had been dosing himself daily, and prescribed yeast, to be eaten before meals. He followed this prescription faithfully . . .

"IN A SHORT TIME his constipation and abnormal symptoms were corrected. Results were highly satisfactory and delighted both him and me." (Note X-ray of healthy colon—result of eating yeast daily.)

"My whole system seemed sluggish"

"I COULDN'T SLEEP—*was nervous—and had awful headaches," writes Ancel P. Harvey, Indianapolis, Ind. "I was crazy with indigestion and constipation. I looked terrible, too.*

"Then a friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. It soon cleared away the poisons from my system. I slept like a top—ate like a kid again."

"HEADACHES, colds, weakness, coated tongue, bad breath, skin troubles, indigestion—all these troubles indicate that poisons are attacking the body *from unclean intestines,*" states Dr. Maliwa.

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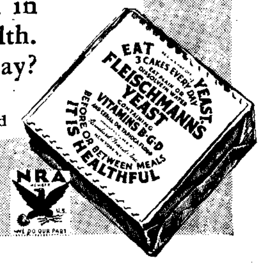
Appetite sharpens. Digestion improves. You lose that dull, heavy, "tired" feeling. You have fewer headaches, and boast a much clearer, fresher complexion when yeast relieves you of poisons daily.

Isn't it worth trying? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at any grocer's and at restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

IMPORTANT: Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D—so essential to health. Won't you add it to your diet—today?



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Unbroken

Continued from page 50

whistle rope to signal his helm. An instant passed; then another. Then the Pentalia, answering, shuddered and drove her forecastle head half under water with the violence of the change of course. Everything in her shook and clanged and whined with the terrific strain. It is something suddenly to throw twenty-thousand tons of steel off a course with all the power of engines. The two officers stood alert, anxious. Captain Johnson came charging up the ladder like an enraged bull.

"What the devil are you doing to my ship?" he roared. Blinded, his sight as yet unaccustomed to the gloom of the navigating bridge, he stumbled forward with blazing eyes. There was triumph in them now. He'd got Andy Morgan worn down at last. By thunder, he was scared! Changing the ship's course without orders. "I'll break you for this, you idiot! Didn't you ever hear of Atlantic steamer lanes? What are you afraid of? Haven't the guts to run half a night in fog!" His shaggy head snapped about. "Full ahead both engines, Mr. Tracy! Bring her back on the course."

Andy Morgan looked at him. His stolid face was haggard and drawn. For the barest fraction of an instant their eyes crossed. Then the chief mate whirled toward the telegraphs. It all happened in less than thirty seconds.

"Let her go, you fool!" the third mate hissed at him swiftly. "To hell with him! He'd damn you and you know it. Let him crack the ship to blazes. Where'll he be then?"

MR. TRACY'S arm moved to obey the captain's order. His fist closed on the polished telegraph handle. The chief mate's hand shot out and clutched his wrist.

"Steady. She runs as she is."

"You fool!"

"As she is."

Mr. Morgan jerked again at the whistle rope. A deafening roar answered the liner's blast. The Pentalia, churning the water, fought viciously around on her stem, forward well-deck rails under. Captain Johnson stood where he was, tall and massive and frozen-eyed in the biting fog. A vague black smudge shouldered its way out of the blind gray night, water hissing loudly. It loomed gigantic on the liner's bow like a ghostly mass of unsubstantial darkness. Then a red eye appeared; a ghostly white bridge; a swaying funnel streaming smoke. The next moment it was gone, swallowed by the wind and the fog. . . . It had surged by so close that the junior officer, white-faced and with shaking limbs, could have spat with ease on the boil of the forward deck as it passed.

Mr. Morgan turned away. His tight face relaxed a little. He was weary, utterly weary; on the verge of exhaustion.

"Full ahead both engines, Mr. Tracy," he ordered with tired patience. "Bring her back on the course."

Dogface Johnson's mouth opened; then shut. His face was pale and soiled as the fog. He knew well enough what had just been averted. Blue cords knotted his temples. His craggy brows were knit. His shoulders sagged.

"An outbounder from Boston, sir," the chief mate said. "We are crossing their eastbound lane."

Captain Johnson turned and went below without a word.

The terror of what had almost happened hung trembling over the navigating bridge. Mr. Tracy still stood motionless between the two polished uprights of the liner's engine telegraphs. The master rang the wheelhouse phone and asked his chief mate to come to his room.

Mr. Morgan went down with heavy, lumbering feet. His face was pinched and wet. His hands hung stiffly at his sides. The melting snow and sleet sent unsteady beads of water dripping from his great-coat to the captain's rug. Dogface Johnson said nothing. His fleshy cheeks were tight. His eyes had lost their piercing savagery. His solid body swayed a little to the lunging of the liner under his feet.

"You sent for me, sir?" the chief mate asked.

"Why did you do that?"

The master's deep growl was thick. He spoke with effort, his face twisting painfully to force the unaccustomed words from his throat. The new chief mate knew what he meant. His inflamed lids blinked.

"The Rules of the Road," he said dryly.

"I heard what the third mate said. He was right. I'd have done it, I think, if it had been me. I set out to break you; to ruin your chance at a ship of your own. I can do it and you know it. I gave an order up there. It wasn't a shipmaster gave it, but the man who hated Andy Morgan. Still it was an order from the master of your ship. You could have obeyed it—and dumped forty years of my life at sea into the garbage can. It would have saved you. Mr. Tracy was right. Why didn't you do it?"

"I never learned anything like that, sir, in any of the ships I served."

Captain Johnson winced. There it was again. The quiet strength, the spirit of the man. He saw him, with his patient farmer face, tall and lean as he used to be himself in those days when his own youth was full. But haggard, with eyes like burned holes. What was it that sustained him? Nan? She was ill, he said, and he wanted to be with her if he could. The thought sent a stabbing flame across Dogface Johnson's brain.

"You've got your nerve," he bit off gruffly. "No mistake of that. There isn't a man in ten would—"

"Look here, sir!" The chief mate's voice was low, but it stung like a lash. He stepped forward. Anger exploded in his eyes. He could stand no more. He was at the breaking point. "If you've any orders to give, give them! Otherwise, I warn you to leave me alone. You couldn't break me in a thousand years. I can stand all you've got to dish out and more. I'm not sailing with you for command. You and all the commands on the oceans can go to blazes for all I care! I know what I know about my job. I'll take care of it. You take care of yours."

MR. MORGAN hesitated, breathing heavily. Captain Johnson stared at him, aghast. There was something in the chief mate's face that commanded silence, something he had seen but rarely on a sailor's face. It was startling and unexpected on that stolid countenance. The officer's voice rolled on, rich and full of strength in the swinging liner's cabin:

"You've a hate to settle. Settle it then and be done! We ask no favors of you, Nan and I. Your wife died of childbirth in a westerly gale off the Cape and you've nursed your hate of the sea for that for twenty years. The sea had nothing to do with it. Women have got to face that alone. It wants some courage! What do you know about it? What do I know about it? I'll tell you this again, and be damned to you and your report on me to the port captain in New York! The girl's sick. And I'd go through worse than your hazing to be with her, standing by. If I've any luck I'll do it, with the Pentalia docking tomorrow. That's why I'm chucking my chance at command by sailing under you. I knew what I was doing, all right. I can't help her much. But, by God, I can be there! I can be there and give her my hand to grab. And that's worth more to me than anything you can do. She—"

"What's the matter with her?" Johnson broke in harshly. He had little acquaintance with sickness. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's in hospital to bear you a grandchild. . . . And now, sir, you can go to hell!"

THE chief mate's lips clamped shut. He was panting, his nostrils distended. His large red fist dropped to his side. He turned abruptly on his heel and reached for the knob of the door. He tore it open, one foot already across the weather board. The master's voice arrested him:

"Morgan!"

The chief mate turned. Captain Johnson, the man who had set out to break him, seemed broken himself. His old granite face was screwed up as if in intense agony. His shoulders were bowed. He tried to speak. He couldn't manage it. He took two paces and stopped short.

"Andy," he said hoarsely at last, for the words had a deal to overcome to get themselves spoken, "would you take me to see her—after we dock? I . . ."

His voice broke into silence. The gale stuttered at the deadlighted ports of the cabin. Spray splattered against the bulkheads loudly. It was an unaccustomed thing for Bradley Johnson to eat humble pie that way. Hadn't done it in forty years. They stared hard at each other, an old broken sea dog and his youthful officer. Six bells were made in the windy darkness over their heads. It seemed a singular sound, faint and troubling, those double strokes of a ship's bell in a tempest, recalling men to their loyalties and their faiths.

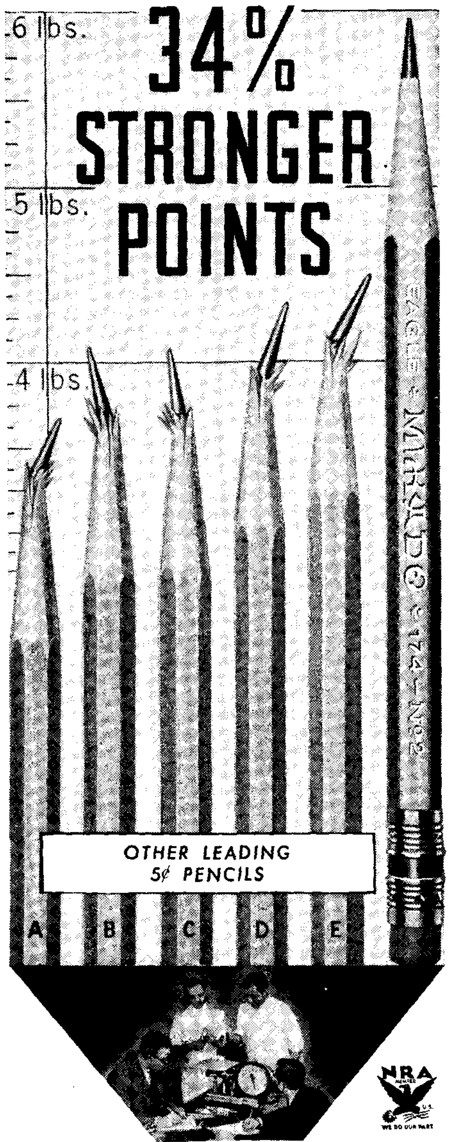
"Ay, sir," the chief mate said simply, as if answering that tinkle from the bridge. "Ay, sir; I will."

But Mr. Tracy, on the wide wing of the liner driving for Ambrose Light through the fog and the wind, knew nothing of that when Dogface Johnson came up into the weather alone and took his post grimly with his face in the gale. He seemed oblivious to it, to the sleet that stung like hail. He kept muttering something to himself. There was a curious look in his puckered eyes, almost as if for the first time in twenty years he had learned at last how to see clearly through the fog.

"A kid. Good Lord, a kid. . . !"

That's what it sounded like to the Pentalia's third officer. But he could make nothing of that. Nor could he understand the entry he found later in the night order book. It read simply that Mr. Morgan, the first officer, was not to be called at eight in the morning for the customary tour of inspection with the master. . . . What a rummy old buzzard, Mr. Tracy thought, wagging his head sagely. Couldn't understand old Dogface. You couldn't understand him at all. . . . He was glad the midwatch was almost gone.

They all break before MIKADO
The PENCIL with



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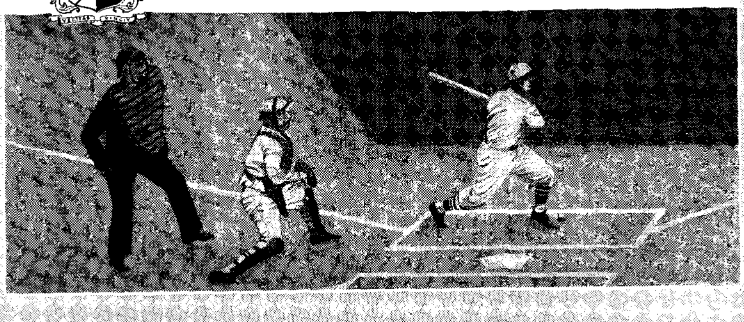

Clouded Leopard

Continued from page 9

a net set as a trap, yet it was all I could think of at the time.

With all my equipment together, I started with my boys for northern Johore where I had decided to set up my jungle camp headquarters. There we spent several weeks building an attap shed. It had to be large, as it was to serve all purposes—living quarters, store-room, and a shelter for captured animals. It was constructed with a bamboo frame and thatched with nipa palm leaves. The natives make these leaves into a sort of shingle, about eight by sixteen inches, which is called attap, from which the shed gets its name.

From this jungle headquarters I go out in various directions and, when necessary, set up temporary camps. It was in Pahang, which is the best cat country in Malaya, that I hoped to get my clouded leopard.

Now it is fairly easy to get on the track of animals in the jungle. The jungle people know me pretty well and are always coming into camp to report the presence of various animals. There were plenty of black leopards in the vicinity, but no clouded ones. I let it be known that I would reward anyone who put me on the track of a clouded leopard, but for a while there were no takers.

Up a Tree

And then one morning, early, I heard Ali jabbering with a Sakai. Ali was as excited as the Sakai. His eyeballs fairly shone as he ran to my cot and pulled aside the mosquito net.

"*Kuching balu marmar!*" he cried. "*Kuching balu marmar!*"

"How does he know it's a marble cat?" I asked, using the name by which the natives know the clouded leopard. "All leopard tracks look alike."

"He see him!" Ali told me. "With his own eyes he see him!"

The Sakai was making motions with his hands and pacing out steps on the ground to show me the size of the leopard he had seen. Even allowing for jungle exaggeration, I could see that it must have been an immense cat he had glimpsed.

"All right," I said. "Have him put us on the track, Ali. But tell him if it's not a clouded leopard I'll skin him alive."

Ali must have told him something much worse than that, for the Sakai trembled and looked like a sick monkey. But he still stuck to his story—it was a *kuching balu marmar*—so I knew I was in luck.

We started out immediately, the Sakai, Ali, myself and four boys. Sure enough, a few miles from camp there were leopard tracks. Whether it was a clouded leopard there was no way of telling. The only way was to follow the tracks to the animal's den.

The leopard, after a time, must have known we were following her. She doubled about through that jungle like a fox. Several times we lost the trail completely, but managed to pick it up again. It was a hot day, and the jungle was like a Turkish bath. I think maybe if it had turned out to be an ordinary black leopard I *would* have skinned that Sakai! But it didn't.

It was just growing dusk when we lost the trail again. I thought this would be the last time. It was too dark to see clearly and I was ready to tell the boys we'd go back to camp when Ali let out a shout.

"Loteng!" he cried. "Loteng!"

"Up where?" I said.

Ali pointed—straight toward the sky.

We were standing beneath an immense jungle tree, and in its branches, very high up, I saw my leopard. There was just enough light left to see that it was a very large and beautiful clouded specimen. Instead of going to its den the animal had gone up a tree.

That's what I meant when I said earlier that animals always give you new experiences. This was certainly a new one on me. I had captured lots of leopards, but never one from a tree. I was at a complete loss as to how to get it down. A hundred-and-fifty-pound cat, with teeth like sabers and claws like needles, is a bit different from a monkey. You don't climb a tree with a sack. You don't climb the tree at all, in fact, if you want to stay healthy.

I wanted to stay healthy—but I also wanted that clouded leopard. Even in the dusk I could see that she was a beautiful specimen, enormously large, and beautifully marked. But how to get her down? I knew she wasn't likely to come down out of that tree so long as we were around. And she'd be too suspicious of any kind of a trap we might set at the foot of the tree to ever venture near it. And besides, it was too dark now to do anything.

I decided to go back to camp and wait until daylight. But if we left the tree unguarded my leopard would come down in the night and get away. And even if we guarded it, there was a good chance she would leap over our heads in the dark and either mangle us up considerably or escape—quite probably both.

The only solution was torches—a constant blaze to frighten her and keep her in the tree all night. I sent Ali on a quick run to a native village a couple of miles away for some gunny sacks and a can of oil. By cutting the gunny into strips and winding them on poles, then keeping them well oil-soaked, they would burn throughout the night and keep my leopard where she was.

I left two boys in the jungle at the foot of the tree to keep the torches burning and gave them my rifle to protect themselves, and the rest of us went back to camp—which wasn't exactly a pleasant trip in the pitch jungle darkness with my revolver our only weapon, and the jungle waking into dangerous activity.

Watchful Waiting

I had a lot of thinking to do that night, and Ali's constant *gila* didn't help any. I was inclined to agree with him.

I didn't sleep much—probably no more than the leopard. I had all sorts of visions of myself climbing that tree with the big cat waiting to pounce on me. But along toward morning I got an idea. It looked possible—in theory—but theory in the jungle has a way of going wrong, and when it does people get hurt. But I wanted that clouded leopard and, theory or not, I was going to try it.

Before dawn I woke Ali.

"Come on," I said. "And no more *gila*. We're going to get that leopard."

I must have looked more confident than I felt, for Ali moved without a word.

"I want six boys," I told him, "another rifle, some 180-grain soft-nosed bullets, and the big net."

Ali looked at me queerly. I think for a moment he lost some of his respect for me.

"Not good, Tuan," he said. "Leopard never go into net."

I spoke sharply. "You do what you're told." I was irritated anyhow, because I was still thinking of the probability of error in all theory.

We started out through the dawn, with the light just breaking through the jungle trees. The boys brought the net on carrying poles across their shoulders. Being made of steel it was quite heavy and took four of them to manage it. I wasn't even certain my leopard would still be treed. Almost anything might have happened to let her escape during the night.

I felt better as we approached the spot and I smelled burning oil in the air. At any rate, my boys had kept the torches burning. A moment later we came to the clearing where the big tree stood, and there were the two boys fast asleep at its foot! The torches were still smoldering, but the flames had gone out. I glanced up quickly and for a second my heart sank. No leopard!

And then I saw her, high in the tree, where she blended so completely with the lights and shadows among the thick leaves and branches that it was almost impossible to see her. The marbled markings of the clouded leopard make it one of nature's best examples of protective coloration.

Well, I still had the leopard—treed at least. Now all I had to do was to get her down—alive.

I had the boys spread the net at the foot of the tree. It was a large net—fifteen feet square—and, as I've said, it was made of pliable steel wire. The mesh was two and a half inches, close enough to keep any leopard paw or jaw inside.

I think Ali still thought I intended to set the net as a trap. But when I told him what I really intended to do, his eyes brightened, although he still looked a little doubtful.

He handed me my rifle without a word. It's rather a light gun for jungle work—an American-made .300—but I find it just what I want. I use a heavy, soft-nosed bullet which has tremendous tearing power. As I aimed up in the tree I think the boys thought I intended to kill the leopard, although they know I never kill any animal if I can possibly avoid it.

At any rate, they were amazed when I missed the leopard. The shot struck just below her. She let out a snarl and climbed higher in the tree. I fired again, and this time she darted out on a limb growing at right angles to the trunk.

This was right where I wanted her, and I lowered the rifle. The boys thought I was disgusted by my bad shooting until I showed them what I intended to do. Then they looked even less happy.

I had them pick up the net and spread it to its full width, a boy at each corner. Then, as nearly as I could judge the position, I had them carry the spread net to a place directly below the leopard. They looked like a group of scared Malay firemen holding a life net below a dangerous wall which might fall at any minute.

Net Profit

I admit it wasn't a pleasant spot. If I had misjudged the place where I hoped the leopard would fall it would be just too bad when that biting, snarling, tearing cat landed—especially if it landed on one of the boys—or on me!

And there was plenty of room for misjudgment. That jungle tree was at least a hundred and fifty feet tall, and the leopard had crawled out on a limb well over a hundred feet from the ground. In fact, she was so high that she looked not much bigger than a house cat silhouetted against the sky.

I then started my real work. It sounds crazy—and maybe it was. For I intended to use my rifle as a saw and *shoot that limb clean off the tree!*

The limb was about five inches in diameter. And just to make things more difficult, my leopard wouldn't coöperate. She was afraid the limb might break, and she stayed as close as possible to the end toward the trunk. She stayed so close, in fact, that it left me a leeway of only about three or four inches to avoid hitting her!

I fired the first shot and she drew back a bit, snarling. It clipped off a good-sized piece of bark not two inches from her nose. I shot again, working down on the limb.

After the fifth shot I saw I'd have to work fast. The limb had begun to crack, and I was afraid at any minute the leopard would leap back to the main trunk of the tree.

So I gritted my teeth and fired four shots as rapidly as I could pump the rifle. The last one of those soft-nosed bullets clipped the limb off as cleanly as though done with a saw. The leopard let out a scream as the limb fell. Then she dropped—twisting, turning, whirling her way down through a hundred feet of space!

Luckily the limb fell toward the tree. The leaves acted like a parachute, so that it fell much slower than the leopard.

Mother Love

The leopard—a hundred and fifty pounds of fighting animal dynamite!—hit squarely in the center of the net. The taut cables whined with the shock. The leopard bounced slightly upward, clawing the air with all four feet. When she hit again I yelled to Ali and the boys. Working for their lives they rolled the net end over end, folded it over tearing claws and snarling teeth! And I had my *gila* clouded leopard!

I'll never forget the grin on Ali's brown face as he looked at me over that writhing net. He was a lot prouder than I was.

I really didn't believe it myself until, with the net tied to carrying poles, we carried that fighting, snarling cat back to camp and got her in a cage.

And then I saw why she had given me a new experience by climbing a tree instead of running to her den. It's a safe bet that animals will never do anything without a reason. And my clouded leopard hadn't. She had just had cubs, and rather than go to her den and endanger her children, she had tried to throw us off her track by climbing a tree! And now, in the cage, she was a snarling knot of animal muscle—wanting those cubs!

Well, I wanted them too. Clouded leopard cubs are even more rare than clouded leopards. So it was then my *real* search began. For two days the boys and I prowled that jungle. We followed every leopard track we found, hoping some of the old ones would lead to the den. And at last, hollowed out under a tree—a most unlikely spot—we found it. And in it were two little clouded leopards, just getting their eyes open!

We got them into a gunny sack, took them back to camp, gave them canned milk through a bamboo tube and put them in a little cage alongside their mother. Almost immediately she stopped her furious snarling and fighting. She stood very quietly and looked out at her babies. Then, for the first time since we'd had her, she lay down and went to sleep. Her babies were safe.

So the circus owner who had ordered Ali's *gila* clouded leopard now has her. The St. Louis Zoo has the two cubs. And I have a new experience and thrill in animals—shooting a leopard—*alive*—out of a tree!

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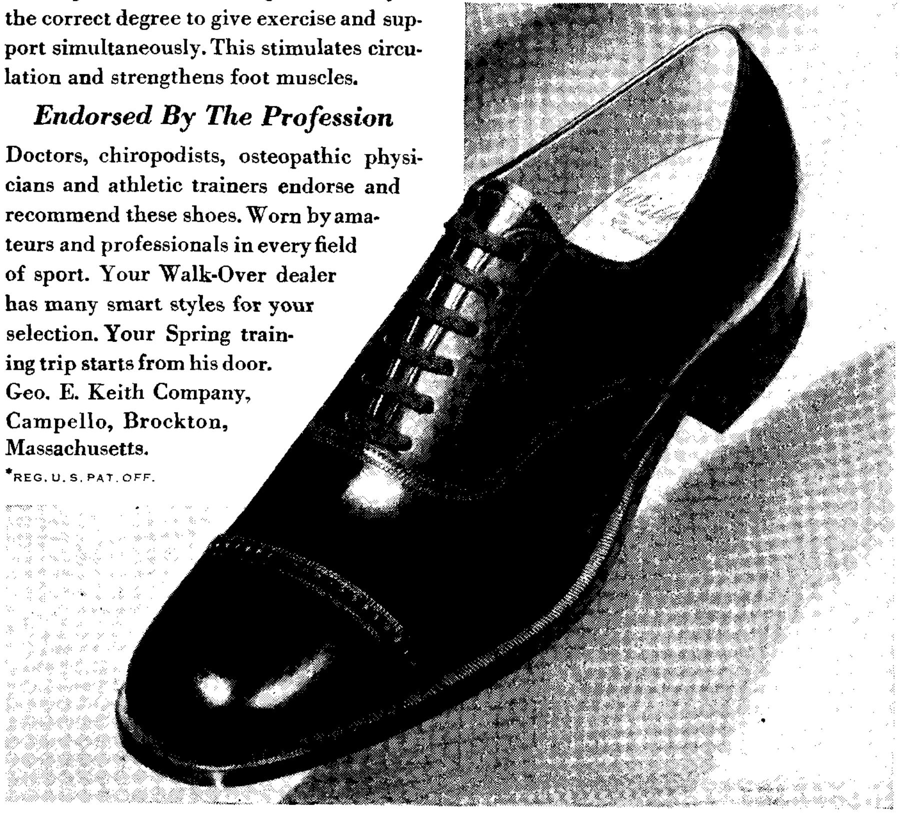


WALK·OVER

SHOES WITH THE "MAIN SPRING ARCH"

Guard your general health by periodic professional foot inspection

Rough Air

Continued from page 19

darkness sweep across her face. He said gently: "There's nothing between us, Carol. Thank God I didn't make that mistake."

"Would it have been such a mistake, Jim?"

"One of us would be losing too much. You're a high-powered woman, Carol. You haven't touched the peak yet. I'm a headliner that will never see another headline. I'm glad of it. I can be my own man for whatever time there's left."

She remained very quiet. "I'm in love with you, Jim. You know that."

"You'll forget it. I never have gotten quite to the bottom of you, Carol, but I know you'll forget. This is Hollywood. Tragedy today. Dinner for twenty on the lawn tomorrow."

"Never," she whispered. "Jim, let's fly to Caliente. Tonight. Let's be married there in the morning."

"Mr. Carol Castaine," he said, and grinned at the thought. "You want some French count to play that part gracefully. I couldn't."

"Don't be cruel! There isn't any woman in the world that could make you play second fiddle. You're not built that way. Just to look at you is to see something spectacular."

He ceased smiling, at that moment aware of what she had proposed, of what she really meant. Castaine marrying a flyer. There wasn't anything in it for her. She was doing the giving. He looked down, face taciturn; it hit him hard. "I told you one night I had something real in Anne—that if I ever came to you afterwards it would be because I had lost her and there wasn't anything left. There isn't anything left now."

"I don't care."

He looked up. "You've got your reasons and I have mine. No questions asked—and none answered. You're getting absolutely nothing in the bargain."

SHE was still motionless, this woman for whom motion was as necessary as breathing. Her pale, beautiful, strained face clung to him. "I know. I know exactly what is in your head. But I don't care, Jim—I don't care! Marry me. Give me a week. Then you can neglect me and torture me and do whatever you please. You would, anyhow. How can I tell you any better that I love you, Jim? I'll lose you, anyhow, soon enough. I know it. But—but I'll have something to remember, when you're gone."

He said, slow and unbelievingly, "I don't understand you, Carol." But he thought of Anne Carson, as he had ever since entering the room. It would be the absolute end, for them. The skeptical town would know it and cease to talk. Anne would know it and have no more regrets. There was little enough finality in a world cluttered with loose memories left over and lingering hopes continuing on. But this would be final, like the swift slice of a knife across a binding cord. It was what he wanted—one deed of certainty after all these mistakes.

Carol said in a subdued voice: "Whatever being a man means, you mean. You are all the men in the world, to me."

"I wouldn't want to fool you, Carol. It will be no better than you think, and for no longer. So, for whatever it is worth—all right."

She straightened and moved toward him and put both her slim arms on his shoulders. She was crying, but her eyes were light with some queer ecstasy. She kissed him and he felt the shock of that emotion carrying her so completely beyond herself. Then she turned and went swiftly to her bedroom. She said: "Now, Jim—not in the morning or tomorrow night or the next day. I shall be back in five minutes." She closed the door, her voice still audible to him as she called impatiently to her maid.

Breed moved over to the phone and dialed the airport. "Brixey," he said, "this is Breed. Turn 'er over for me, will you? I'll be out in about twenty minutes."

The noise of the party ran through the wall. Cars slashed along the gravel driveway, and somebody tapped lightly at the office door. Breed waited, not answering. He lighted a cigarette, paced slowly around the room. Presently he went into the front of the house and found Sunshine.

"Give me all the money you've got, kid."

"Sure." Sunshine looked at him carelessly and passed over his bill folder. He turned away and went on telling some story to another man. Breed walked back to the study—and found Castaine waiting, a small traveling case in her hand. She had slipped into a gray suit; alarm died out of her eyes.

"I thought you had changed your mind," she breathed; and afterwards she reached for his arm. They went through the bedroom to the back of the house and around it to the drive. Breed stowed her in his car. Carol's hand crept up to his arm and rested there, all the way to the airport.

TED RICKS, the publicity man, came back from the shadowed part of the porch, where he had been smoking, and waited in the entry till he caught Sunshine's eye. Sunshine walked over.

"They're gone."

"That's one idea we put across," said Sunshine.

"I sold it to her last night like it was her own idea. That was the angle—make her think she'd thought of it first."

"See that it's played heavy in tomorrow's papers, Ted."

"Yeah," said Ted. "Castaine marries the great Breed. It won't hurt her none as a stunt." But he stopped there and sucked on his cigarette a bit; he wasn't too well pleased. "Once in a while in this racket you draw blood. Gals like Castaine got showmanship and front-page stuff in their system. They live it. But I ain't so sure, Sunshine. You can't always dope Castaine. I think she's really gone for this guy Breed."

"All women go for Breed," countered Sunshine, not impressed. "The hell of it is that the wrong ones do. But this marriage won't last. A month, maybe. Then blooey. If she likes him she'll cry, but that'll be good for her art." Sunshine gloomed over the last phrase. "Yeah. Mature her art."

"Show people are human," said Ted Ricks. "They can be hurt."

"They get over it. But there's another kind of a girl that doesn't." Sunshine looked up then and saw Anne Carson talking to Gottschalk. Sunshine's reserved eyes admired her. "That's what I'm worrying about, Mike."

ANNE left the party at one o'clock, squired home by Sunshine and Gaynor. Sitting between these two men in the front seat of Sunshine's car, she listened to their casual talk and was glad that they made no effort to pull her into it. Both men, she suddenly realized, had a sympathetic insight into her troubles which was as rare as it was kind.

"Silly season's on in flying again," observed Gaynor. "Fellow pulled out of Harbor Grace this morning for Rumania. It's gettin' tough to find a destination that ain't been hit before."

"No money in that hop," reflected Sunshine.

"No headlines, either. Why do they do it?"

"A nutty impulse that grows, like bugs in the blood. That's flying and that's flyers."

"That's not right," said Anne, faintly amused.

"Well, what is right?"

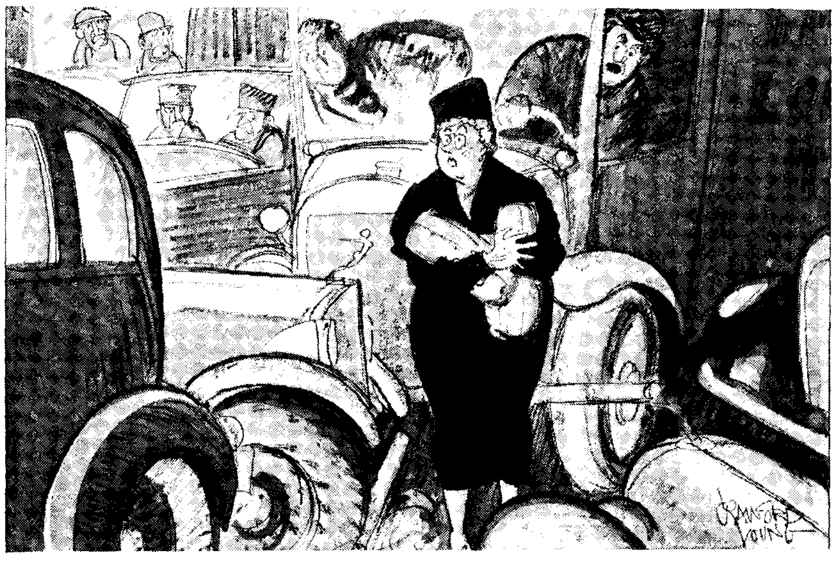
"You fly because you were born to, Sunshine. Some day, just because instincts like that never let you alone, a man will take off for the moon in a queer contraption. He will die, I suppose. But the idea will go on—and we shall reach the moon. People are great—when they want to be. I wish I could live to see this world a thousand years from now."

Sunshine said, after a long period of reflection: "You can take a lot of punishment and still come up smiling."

"I can be hopeful," she admitted. "I grew up on the desert, you want to remember, where you have to possess hope—and a lot of patience. It's a very slow land out there."

"So you ducked out and got into the newspaper business," reflected Gaynor.

(Continued on page 59)



"Could you tell me what your plans are, madam?"

Crawford Young

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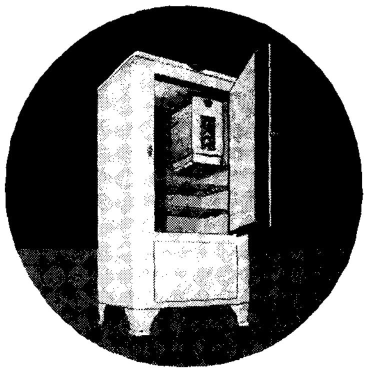

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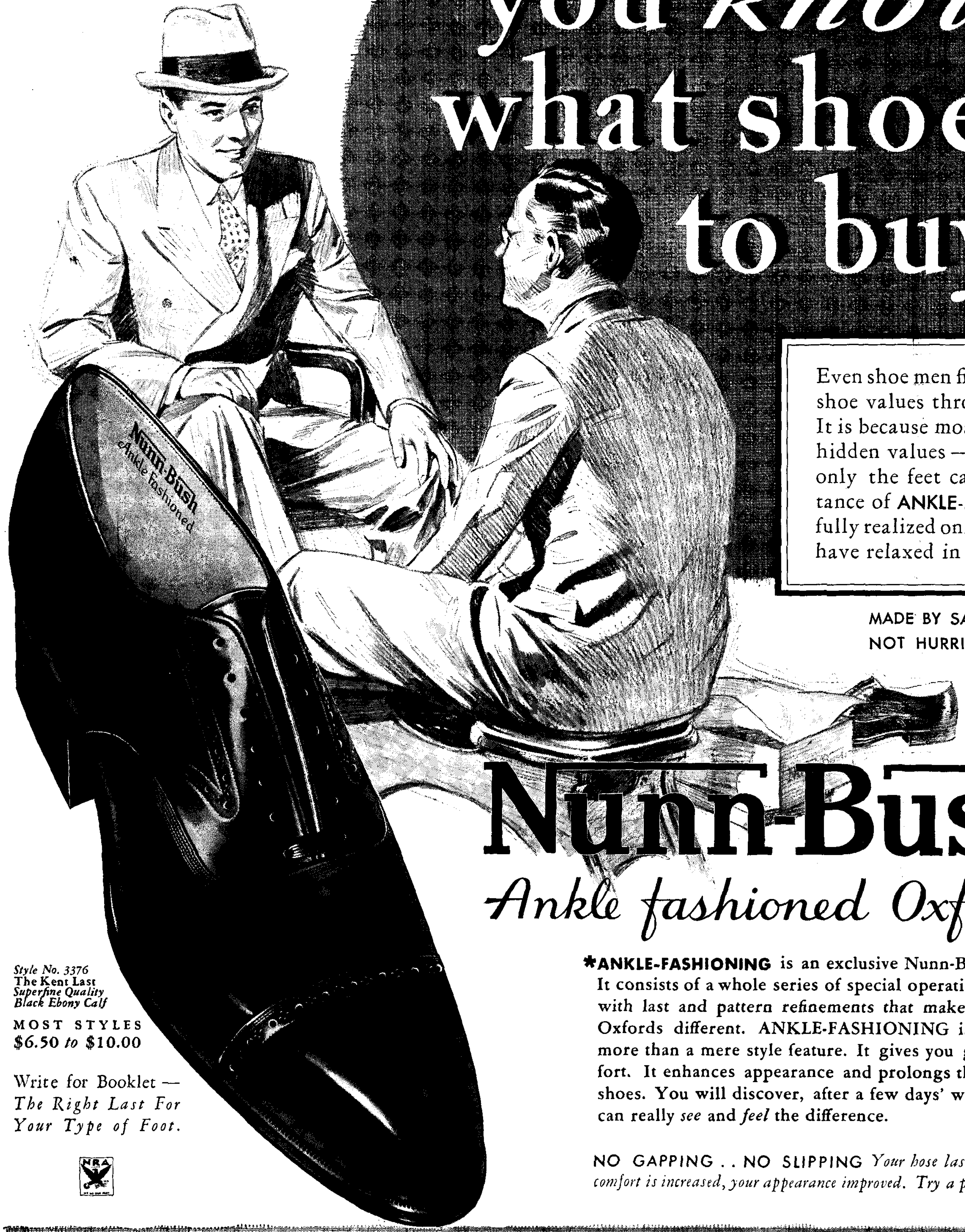

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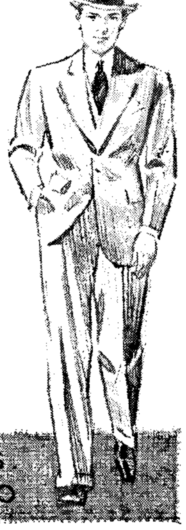

AT THE BETTER SHOE STORES AND MEN'S CLOTHING STORES IN MOST CITIES AND TOWNS.
FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER WRITE NUNN-BUSH AT MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK OR SAN FRANCISCO

Rough Air

Continued from page 56

"But I didn't duck out. Accident made me a newspaper woman. I love that country, Bill. I could go back and live in a tar-paper shanty and tend irrigation ditches and ride fence—and be well content."

"I doubt it. You're a city gal now."

"Sagebrush people are born, not made."

Sunshine eased the car to the curb in front of the Normandy. Bill Gaynor got out. Anne got out and Gaynor returned to his seat. Both men looked at her—Bill in sudden embarrassment, Sunshine with a strange taciturnity she could not understand. She said, "You're a couple of very good mugs," and smiled and turned into the apartment door. But the smile faded and she went on across the lobby as tired and dispirited as she had ever felt. A taffy blond woman sitting in the lobby chair dropped a paper and started to rise—and sat down again. Anne trudged the stairs to her room, snapped on the lights and sank full length on her divan.

THE feeling of weariness was in her very bones; it was an ache, it throbbed like pain. Staring at the ceiling, she wondered if her life was to hold any ordeal greater than the one she had just passed through. To keep her head up and smile, to be responsive, to meet the shrewd eyes of all those people at Castaine's and make them think she didn't care—that was torture. It was strange that civilized beings could so exquisitely refine their modes of punishment. And all the while, the deeper hurt had been in watching Jim Breed face the pack. He had said something about farewell—

She sat up, the fear very real in her. Castaine knew that this reckless, lovable man who had no protection against the sly, petty intrigues of the colony, had reached the end of his rope and would react blindly. Castaine was clever; she knew how to handle him. What would the woman do—what would she want of Jim? Anne got to her feet, thinking of Sunshine, who alone could protect him from himself. Sunshine's eyes saw what Breed did not. She said, half aloud: "I'll wait till he gets home and call him." And then she turned toward the door, hearing the quick rap on its panel. She opened it.

The woman who had been in the lobby stood there, her blond head too yellow, too sharply marcelled. She had, Anne observed in that one moment of silence, been once beautiful in a soft, luring manner. But her skin was prematurely breaking and her mouth and eyes were alike—petulant, friendless. "Miss Carson," she said, voice abrupt, "I'd like to see you."

"Come in."

The woman walked through the doorway, glance sharply observing the room. "You have taste. Or your men friends have taste."

It was like a slap in the face. Anne straightened. "That's impertinence. If it is all you have to say—"

"But it isn't all I have to say," said the woman acidly. "Do you know me?" Then, before Anne could reply, she added, "No, you wouldn't. I'm Dolly Vay. I used to be with Ziegfeld. I used to have a career. I had a suite in New York with ten times the junk in it you've got here. That's what the boys thought of me. Only I didn't go for furniture so much. You can't cash in on stand lamps and love seats, kid. I'm telling you, and I ought to know. Make 'em give you rocks—then you've got something. I had all the good-time boys right at the door."

"I can see that," Anne said coolly.

"Oh, you can?" the woman challenged. "How superior we are. How good we are! Don't kid yourself. The only difference between you and me is that I knew what I was doing and I made it pay. You're just a cheap chiseler. A candy-and-theater-ticket gal, trying to fool the public. That's all right—but don't fool yourself."

"Get out of here," said Anne swiftly.

The woman drew a heavy breath and stared. She wasn't as big as Anne and she knew danger when she saw it. "Don't like the truth, do you, honey? I guess you thought you were pretty smart, having a couple of your boys steal those pictures."

"*You* had that flashlight taken?" Anne forgot to be outraged. She said in a wondering voice: "Why on earth did you want it?"

The woman looked incredulous. "Either you're dumb, or a mighty good actress. Don't you know by now that Barry Trent's got a lot of women on his trail?"

"How would a picture help you?"

The woman got herself a cigarette and a light from the center table. Her rouged lips went tight, went loose. She measured Anne from head to foot. "I'm that guy's wife, darling," she said.

"Wife," said Anne, shocked. "I had no idea—"

"Yeah. That would make a good line for a song: 'I didn't know he was married.' Well, he's married, all right. And damn' well married. Sure, nobody knows it. You don't suppose he'd let that get out, do you? There's a story for you, kid. We went up to New London six years ago and did it. He thought he was pulling a fast one on the rest of the boys that hung around me. Then he discovered he hadn't been the only man in my life and that burnt him. Why should it have? God knows there were lots of women on Barry's mailing list. But that's a man for you, kid. He tried to divorce me and I wouldn't stand for it. I had him over a barrel and I've kept him there. He's paid me plenty for keeping this whole thing under cover. That's the lay, Miss Carson."

"Well?" challenged Anne.

"You don't get the rest of it? Well, he came out here and the checks stopped. So if he wants a fight he can sure have it. I've got a lot of dope on that amateur Don Juan. Anyhow, I think I know where there's a better bank roll. That picture would have made fine evidence in court."

THE woman, Anne told herself, was all evil. But she held her temper, swiftly realizing she had to deal gently with this sudden apparition of lewd vengeance. She went over to the divan and took up her carelessly thrown cloak and shook it out. "You don't have to believe this, Miss Vay. But I'm out of the picture. All Barry Trent can ever say of me is that I slapped his face."

"That's your hard luck," sneered Dolly Vay. "Most of Barry's women have been smart enough to keep out of sight—or Barry's been smart enough to keep them out of sight. I guess you figured your sweet and pure reputation was protection enough. Well, I want something to hang on him and I've got it. I don't need the picture. Everybody knows that he's come to your apartment and that you went up to his cabin. Laugh that off in front of the judge."

She drew in one violent gust of cigarette smoke and coughed, and turned to the door. Anne stopped her with a peremptory command. "Wait. What are you talking about?"

"My God," said Dolly Vay, "don't you catch on yet?"

"Maybe I'm not smart. Maybe I haven't had the specialized experience you've had."

Dolly Vay's faintly sneering face flushed. Her voice went rough and strident. "You're up-stage now, but when I'm through you'll be just another gal in the gutter. I'm suing Trent for divorce tomorrow and naming you as corespondent. 'Anne Carson—and numerous others.' That puts you in pretty common company. Just one of Trent's women that got caught when the door was opened. It'll get in the papers, don't worry about it. He's America's sweetheart, ain't he? Well, you'll know how it feels to be smeared over the front pages with a matinée idol!"

Anne watched the woman go out; white-cheeked, she stared at the door. The Vay woman had dropped her cigarette on the rug, where it lay burning. Anne moved stolidly over and picked it up, and ground it against an ash tray. She looked at the wrap hung on her arm, went to the bedroom closet with it. All this was automatic motion; it occupied none of her mind, which struggled desperately against a kind of inertia. She felt as though she had been hit over the head; she felt herself straining to do something without knowing what it was to be. And then she pulled herself out of this odd deadlock and discovered she had the telephone receiver in her hand. Sunshine. It was queer that he should be the one she turned to. She dialed his number.

SUNSHINE was pouring a drink for Bill Gaynor, who had dropped in for a moment. He stoppered the bottle and went to the phone with his glass. He sipped at the whisky, and said: "Smith." He listened a moment and then he stooped and laid the glass on the floor. "Who? Never heard of a Dolly Vay." Bill Gaynor turned sharply in his tracks, listening. "It's a bluff," said Sunshine, after a further pause. "If she's married to him and has a meal ticket why should she divorce him? Alimony's hard to collect."

"Don't try to reason it out, Sunshine," Anne said over the wire. "If you saw her you'd understand."

"She's got nothing on you. We burned those pictures."

"That isn't the point."

Sunshine thought a moment. "No, I guess not. Naming you in print is damage enough. Now, look. Maybe we can stop her. Let me think it over. I'll call you in the morning." He hung up and pivoted. "Who's Dolly Vay?"

"Married Trent secretly back east five or six years ago. She's out here on the sly."

"Did you catch what Anne was telling me?"

"I saw the play comin' up a week ago."

"Oh, for the love of God—"

"I know, but how can you stop a cyclone?" Gaynor asked irritably. "You learn to mind your own business in my game. I couldn't warn Anne—a week ago. You just don't do those things, Smith."

"Can't we stop that gal's clock?"

Bill Gaynor finished his drink and got his hat. "If there's any Los Angeles angles on her I'll know inside of twenty-four hours."

Sunshine said: "What a rotten deal. This thing gets worse for her, Bill." Then the whole cast of his face changed.

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

He swore. "I've got to catch Breed before he walks off the plank."

"I've been meaning to ask you about that. What's the score there?"

"Castaine and Breed eloped to Caliente tonight. Well, it was a good idea while it lasted. I sold Ted Ricks and he sold Castaine. It was to be a publicity stunt, but Castaine didn't get that angle at all. It was straight with her, Bill. All I wanted was to break everything off for Anne. Wash it up." He shook his head in disgust. "What a bright boy I am. She's hooked as a co-respondent and here's Breed marrying Castaine. That makes it look like Breed smelled scandal and dumped Anne flat. We're in a jam now."

"I wish you flyers would all load up and scram somewhere," grunted Gaynor.

"I'LL kill that Caliente business," promised Sunshine, and went to the phone. Gaynor stood by while Sunshine got the telegraph company. "Take this message to Captain James Breed, Agua Caliente. 'Call it off. Anne named in suit. Figure it out yourself. Sunshine.'" He waited irritably while it was repeated to him, and said: "Get me some kind of an answer right away."

Gaynor muttered, "I'll call you when I get something." Then he pointed his finger at Sunshine. "Maybe you dumb eggs will some day understand you can't ever be as smart as these people in Hollywood. This is their racket—not yours." He went out. Sunshine ambled around the room. He took off his tie and shirt; he filled up his pipe and sat down and got up. The phone rang. It was Sam Wein.

"Where you been all week?" asked Sunshine.

"I got something," said Sam. "Where's the big guy?"

"Out."

"Have him buzz me instant," Sam ordered. "He wanted a clean-up. I got it, boy."

"I'm expecting a call. Scram."

He hung up but sagged against the wall within arm's reach of the phone. After a while he got tired and started away. In the middle of the room he stopped dead, and a look of utter chagrin trickled across his face; he lifted both hands in the air. He had forgotten the most obvious fact—this was night time and Jim hadn't cleared through the Mexican consul in L. A. So they wouldn't cross the border till morning.

"Well," he said, "where would they be now?" Sweat crawled out of his skin. He got himself a drink and tried to think it out. San Diego? Maybe. But maybe not. Maybe at any one of a dozen towns along the line. There was Reno, too. Supposing Breed had known all along he couldn't get over, and had turned into Nevada?

He was sweating steadily. He clenched his pipe between his teeth. "Boy," he muttered, "you're in a spot." He went to the telephone again and got the airport, asking for one of his friends there. "It's Sunshine, Henry. Breed—" Henry cut him off, but Sunshine broke in. "I know he left. What I want to know is where he went. Didn't say? Didn't say anything? You're a big help. Look, Henry. Do me a favor. Check all the fields to the south for me. And try Reno. When? Well, if I don't sound like I want it right now what do I sound like? Yeah, so long."

He dialed again, this time catching Ted Ricks. "Kid," he said, "kill that story. We don't want it. Not any of it."

"Why?" Ricks demanded.

"Because," lied Sunshine, "I just got word it ain't going to happen."

"It's a good story anyhow. I'll run it as one of those 'it is rumored' things."

"You do," shouted Sunshine, "and you'll be the deadest damned press agent this side of Cape Cod!"

"What big teeth you got. What's biting you?"

"Plenty," groaned Sunshine. "But I'm telling you." He hung up and he swabbed his face with the palm of his hand. He swept the ceiling with a bitterly thoughtful glance. Then he called back the telegraph office and, checking off one place and another in his mind, he began scattering his messages to Breed all the way from San Diego to Nogales.

AT SIX in the morning Breed set the ship down at El Paso and drove to the hotel with Carol. Just before stepping into the lobby she stopped him.

"Pick yourself an alias, Jim. I'm only to have you for a little while, and I don't want the world in on it."

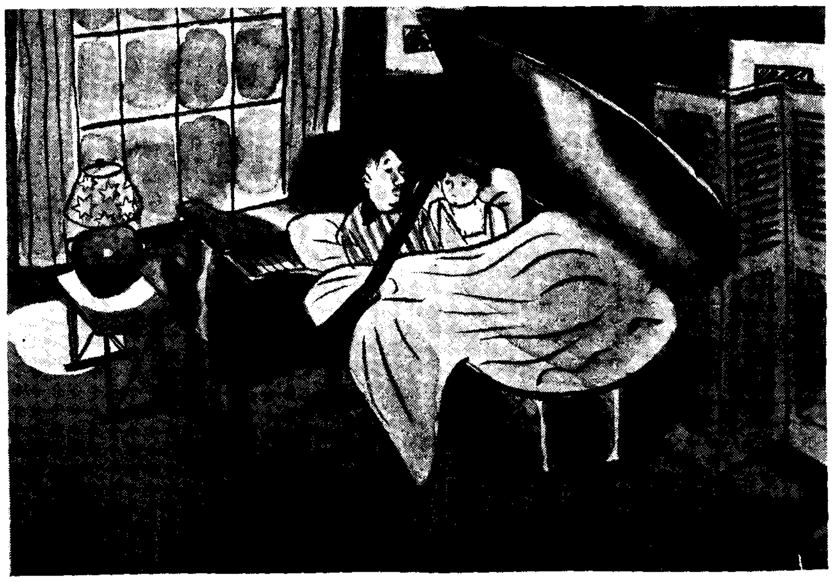
"If you're recognized the situation may be embarrassing. Anyhow, I have already signed in at the field."

She said, carelessly: "A woman in pictures is not supposed to be embarrassed, and the field and the hotel are two different places. What goes on today is between the two of us. Nothing like this will ever happen to me again."

So Breed became James Burton on the register and Carol scratched another name below—which he was not curious enough to read. The deception was honest enough but it made him feel ill at ease; and he thought the clerk's eyes touched Carol more than casually. They went up a flight of stairs and were put in adjoining rooms.

"Breakfast begins at seven," the clerk said, and went away.

(To be continued next week)



"We ought to go home, John. We're crowding the Smyths!"

Ed Graham

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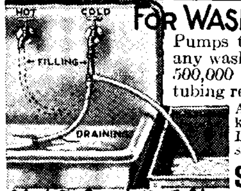

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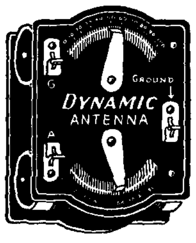

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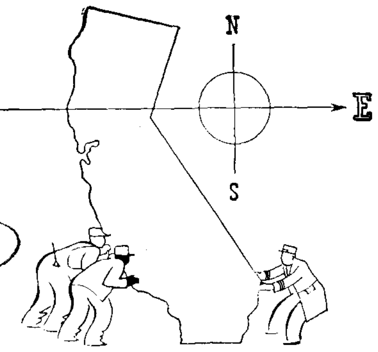
CALIFORNIA MOVES EAST



A California vacation is within your reach this summer!

How far is California? In miles, it's no nearer the East than it was last year. But in dollars it's a great deal nearer. All types of rail fares—for travel in coaches as well as in the most luxurious accommodations—have been reduced. Pullman charges have been cut *one-third* everywhere in the West.

California isn't far away in time, either. From Chicago, for example, it's only two days and three nights on our swift Overland Limited to San Francisco or Golden State Limited to Los Angeles. And these days en route will be well spent if you go on one Southern Pacific train and return on another Southern Pacific train. You'll see a different part of the United States each way. You'll bring back from your trip a better understanding of the West.

The conquest of heat

As a big step toward the air-conditioning of all equipment, club cars, lounge cars, dining cars and observation cars on our Overland Limited, Golden State Limited, Cascade and Sunset Limited will be air-conditioned by this summer. Air-conditioned compartments and drawing rooms will also be provided on these trains, and, important to your purse, *there is no extra charge for these accommodations—no extra fare on any of our trains.*

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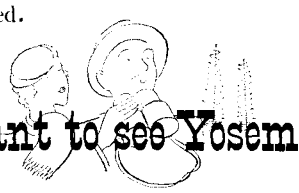

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Southern Pacific will take you there. We'll show you the fathomless blue of Crater Lake, the stupendous Carlsbad Caverns, the biggest trees on earth. Most of the famous scenic wonders of the West are reached by Southern Pacific rails. Our four leading trains approach California through four widely different scenic regions. By going to California on one of these trains and returning on another you can, we think, see more of the West than on any other railroad. Any railroad agent can sell you a ticket to California and back on Southern Pacific.

Though we are the largest transportation system in the United States, every mile of our track is west of the Mississippi. We are a western railroad. The men who serve you on our trains are western men. From the veteran who drives the giant engine that pulls you smoothly up the high Sierra to the waiter who serves you in the dining-car, they are sincerely interested in making your trip a pleasant one. We think you'll find on Southern Pacific trains an atmosphere of western hospitality.

First call on the diner

Ordinarily, people don't write to railroads unless they have something to complain about. So we are more than a little proud of the hundreds of letters we have received praising our new dining-car service. "The most reasonably priced and best prepared meal I ever had on a railroad," said one. "A perfect meal," said another.

We call this new service "Meals Select." Complete luncheons and dinners begin at 80 cents, including soup, salad, entree, vegetables, bread and butter, beverage and dessert. Club breakfasts begin at 50 cents. A la carte service is still provided for those who prefer it.

Mealtime on Southern Pacific trains is announced by the soft note of chimes. You are served quietly and courteously. And should you require some special diet, our chefs have the ingredients and the knowledge to prepare it for you.

The discovery of Mexico

Slowly but surely the eyes of tourists are turning to the nearest foreign country—Mexico, which always calls the first-time visitor back again. In Mexico the American dollar still buys three or more *pesos*, and the cost of getting there is low.

No way to Mexico City is more scenic than our West Coast Route. The time table fairly bristles with fascinating names—Hermosillo, Guaymas, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara—and each one springs to colorful life when *El Costeño* (The Coaster) pulls in. Everyone comes out to meet the train.

Our Mexican trains carry modern Pullman cars and serve good meals. Service has been increased to six trains a week, daily except Sunday from Tucson and Nogales through to Mexico City. (From the East or Middle West, take the Sunset Limited or Golden State Limited to Tucson. From the Pacific Coast, you can take the Mexico City Pullman at Los Angeles.)

The West Coast Route passes through a part of Mexico entirely different from any other part. To get the most out of your trip, you should use this route at least one way.

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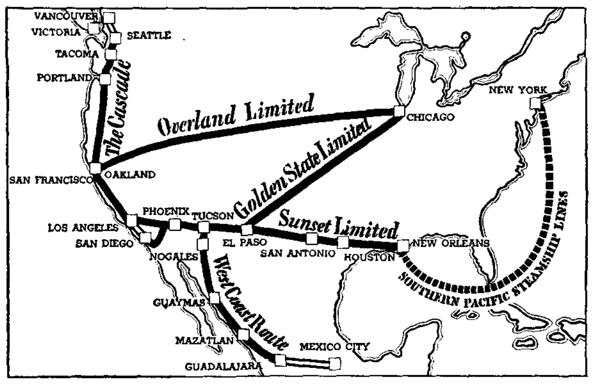

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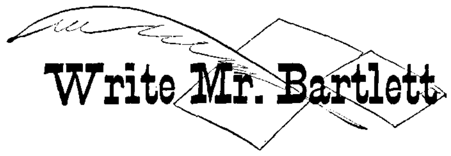

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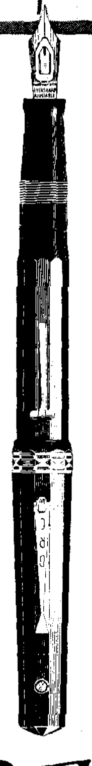

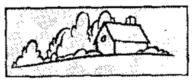

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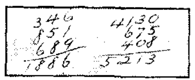

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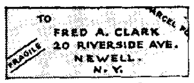

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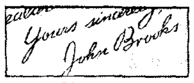

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Beyond the Finish

Continued from page 8

"I've only seen him by night," said Dave, "so I couldn't make out the color clearly. Calamity is his name. He's big—lots of bone—and he can move."

"I'd like to have a look at him one day," said the colonel.

"He's not kept on the place. I mean, he's not in the stable—yet," said Dave with a strange sense of guilt.

"I see," said Worthing, laughing. "Something up the sleeve, eh?"

When Dave rode away he cut across country and lifted the bay at the stiffest jumps he could find; for he knew that the laughter of Worthing would never pass out of his mind till he was dead, and he would have been glad to die soon.

THE next day he had a note from Molly Apperson:

"Dear Dave. I know you're sorry not to ride Tiptoe. Of course I understand. You've done a beautiful piece of work with her. I've asked Dick Thomas to ride her in the Chester Cup, and he's willing to. How can I repay you for all the time you've put in on her?

"Ever sincerely,
"MOLLY APPERSON."

She understood what? She would have understood something else if she had been there when Philip Worthing laughed and Dave took it. He hoped that she would never see him again.

He said that day to Cousin Tom: "The Chester Cup is only five days off. I ought to try out Calamity. I ought to have a hand in making him for the race." But Tom Reynolds laughed.

"Calamity's made for that race, already, and the race was made for him. He's gonna walk away with it. If he could beat the Apperson mare with me on his back, what'll he do with you up? If horses cry, Phil Worthing's Exeter is gonna be wet in the face before the finish."

Not till the following day, and then in the dusk, was Calamity brought over to the place by a man with a little concave face like an ape. He stood by, rubbing his hands to keep out the cold, and shifting from foot to foot.

"It's almost dark," said Dave. "I don't like to try him in this light, Tom."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Cousin Tom. "You never had any heart on the ground, but you used to have a heart on a horse. Don't argue; get up there and try him."

Calamity looked narrower from above than from the ground, but after he had stepped over a fence or two the mighty roll of his shoulders filled Dave with confidence. He worked Calamity to a good heat and when he dismounted he had to say: "He's a great jumper. But why can't we have him here in the stable till the race?"

"And have the wise ones hanging around and timing him over the ground and watching his style at the fences?" exclaimed Cousin Tom. "Do you know what I'm getting on him? Thirty to one, twenty-five to one, twenty to one."

That made Dave Reynolds worry, for tricks were in the air and he hated tricks. Nothing illegal, probably, but one of those sharp bits of practice of which he knew Tom was capable. In the meantime, pain grew in him day and night, and the sense of a lost cause; but pain had been his familiar for seven years. When people were kind to him, he was sure that pity was behind it, that frightful pity which is closer to scorn than to love. . . .

When the day of the race came the sky was sheeted across with gray out of which a small rain slanted to the earth. Cousin Tom stood at a window cursing steadily, grinding his teeth.

"Rain won't bother a sure galloper like Calamity," said Dave.

At that Cousin Tom turned in such a rage that he could only gibber soundlessly for a moment. Then he shouted: "You fool, if you don't know anything, can't you do a little guessing?"

Dave stared at him. He didn't know what there could be to guess about.

"Well, get on down to the tavern," Cousin Tom said. "All the riders are going to be there. You gotta be there among them."

As Dave went down the single street of the old village, he saw that all the small world of that county was moving towards the inn. The current bore him into the tavern's sitting-room, where there was a big fire jumping and shining under the marble of a classical mantelpiece. Near it stood Molly Apperson, lovely and quiet and small, but beside her, greater than a king's son in the eye of Dave Reynolds, was Philip Worthing.

"There's Reynolds now," said Worthing in his loud voice.

The old, sick fear ran into the heart of Dave again, and he was turning away when he saw Molly waving and heard her voice. He went straight up and took her hand. She looked up to him and her eyes, as always, moved a little on his face as though she found it worth reading; but today there was a touch of anxiety in her expression. She had barely time to wish him luck in the race when Worthing cut in.

"Your mount is one of these undercover horses, I hear," said Worthing. "It isn't going to run and then disappear, is it? Here today and gone tomorrow?"

"I don't understand," said Dave.

"He means, Dave," said Molly, "that your horse is honest, isn't he? He's an honest, real horse, isn't he?"

"Of course," said Dave. "He's a real, honest galloper."

"Is that all you know about him?" asked Worthing sharply.

"I know his name and his jumping," said Dave, puzzled.

"Oh, Dave!" cried the girl, and suddenly she was looking down at the floor and away from him.

SO HE left the inn like that, more than ever bewildered. As he went, the rain ended in one quick-pounding last flurry. Perhaps the race would be run in sunshine after all! Everyone began to stream out towards the course.

When Dave got there, he found Cousin Tom with Calamity blanketed to the ears. Dave knew the stallion by his ugly head; otherwise he never would have guessed at the color, for it was a flaming red bay. To be sure, he had seen the horse only in the moonlight and the dusk, and still that color startled him, the brightness of it. A small man was talking with Cousin Tom. The fellow was middle-aged, soft and fat; he had colorless lips that loosely held an unlighted cigar, and his eyes seemed too tired to shift their gaze or to blink.

"This is the kid, is it?" he asked Tom. "He's the real McCoy?"

"Would I put him up if he wasn't?" asked Tom.

"I've got you on for five hundred, at five to one," said the loose-faced stranger to Dave. "Do your stuff, kid. If Calamity ain't running light enough to suit you, take his hide off and see how he goes without it. You got a whip. Use it!"

"Yeah," directed Cousin Tom. "Make everything sure. And thank God that the rain's stopped!"

"It had to stop. That's why it stopped," said the stranger. "But maybe even rain wouldn't make the stuff—"

"Shut up, will you?" snarled Tom. The fat man at that began to roll his cigar slowly across his mouth while his tired eyes regarded Dave with a sort of hurt wonder.

There was no use trying to get at the meaning of these men. Dave stopped trying and looked over the other horses and riders warming up here and there. But a majority of the observers packed about great gray Exeter and Calamity.

Dave could hear fragments of talk. Calamity, he learned, had been pushed up to even money, and people were asking who Calamity was and where he came from. "He doesn't look like anything out of Tom Reynolds' farm or pocketbook," said one man.

Hollis Pembroke came up. Pembroke was one of the judges. He looked carefully over the big bay.

"I'd say that I've seen this horse before," he said to Dave, "except for the color. You say his name is Calamity?"

"Yes," said Dave, wondering why his heart sank.

Hollis Pembroke looked at him for a moment and then turned sharply on his heel and walked off. Whatever doubt was in his mind, plainly he was carrying it away with him.

JUDGE COLLINS began to call the entries to the start. Cousin Tom gripped the left stirrup of Dave and walked at his side. "I been doing things for you for seven years," he said savagely. "Now you try to do one thing for me. Calamity can win. You got to *make* him win. He's got bottom. You use it up. You hate the whip, you softhead. But use it today if you need it. Burn it into him. I've bet my shirt. You hear me?"

They lined up at the start, between the two oak trees, with a crooked white line drawn across the wet brown of the grass. Neat Dick Thomas brought Tiptoe up on the left. If she could only win for Molly! But never while Calamity was still galloping. He turned suddenly and said to young Dick Thomas: "Let her use her early foot; steady her through the middle; and then bring her on again. If she runs into her second wind she'll be sprinting again for you at the finish."

Dick opened his eyes a good bit. "Thanks a lot, Dave," said he. "If you were up on her she'd have more than half a chance."

The starter waved a gun above his head and at the third gesture discharged it. The line of racers fled from the sound like wild birds and went skimming down towards the first creek jump.

Tiptoe, full of early foot, was much the first over the Number One chance. Dave watched Exeter. He was a glorious horse, the gray, and working now with the smoothness of silk. Philip Worthing sat a horse as every Worthing knows how to do. Well, the gray would take a lot of beating. Besides, the heavy little chunks of lead which brought the burden of Calamity up to that which Exeter was carrying were a dead weight, not living, supple flesh and blood.

Off to the left, Dave saw the hundreds of mounted spectators sweeping along the edge of Temple Hill; and found Molly Apperson. What had she meant in asking if big Calamity were honest?

They entered the Meadows with Exeter suddenly out there in front at the side of Tiptoe. Then the first big stone fence of the Talmadge place rose and trouble started, for Squire Nichols' heavy bay charger rapped his forehoofs on the top of the fence, stumbled on the farther side, and left Mr. Nichols seated erect, grave, and moveless upon the hard ground.

The bay stallion, with that weight out of the saddle, went ramping ahead for the leaders and took the next fence in flawless style right at the side of Tiptoe.

A long, groaning chorus rolled down the eastern slope of Temple Hill. Both Exeter and Tiptoe were being maneuvered to escape from the dangerous company of the bay. Philip Worthing slashed at the Nichols horse, but the bay stallion flattened his ears and crowded over with bared teeth. He flew the next jump like a big, ugly-headed devil, and bumped gray Exeter to a stagger on the farther side of the wall.

To make a sprint now might burn up the strength of Calamity, but Dave took that chance. He gave the horse the whip, felt that great stride lengthening, and drew up hand over hand upon the leaders. All the others in the field were swinging over to the right, now, preparing to run wide rather than come up behind the bay, but Dave Reynolds closed in, driving straight for the riderless horse.

Gray Exeter, crowded, worried, now had taken the bit in his teeth and was edging over to get at the other stallion in spite of the frantic pull of Worthing. Then Dave and Calamity came up.

Worthing's calm was all gone. His face twisted like madness as he screeched: "You fool, you, Reynolds! Pull away! D'you want to smash us all?" And beyond Worthing, young Dick Thomas was reining Tiptoe back from the coming disaster; but Dave leaned far out from the saddle and caught the reins of the huge bay.

They were so close under the next big wall that there was no turning now. It was over together or crash together, Dave knew. He caught the reins of Calamity in his teeth; with knee and heel he straightened and drove his horse, for with one hand he had to manage the loose-running bay beside him and with the other hand give it the whip. Just before Calamity rose at the barrier, Dave cut the bay with all his might and the huge fellow half turned his head. But he lifted, nevertheless, only swerving at the last moment so that the tug on the reins pulled Dave far over in his saddle. He was holding by toe and ankle and heel as Calamity came down beyond the fence; the bay horse pounded mightily beside him. Only a desperate effort got Dave back in the saddle.

IT WAS easy for him then to steer the big Nichols bay far off to the right of the course, but every stride on that slant was costing Calamity extra running, lengthening his race.

But now, at a gap in a cross-fence, Dave flogged the big bay and shot him harmlessly through the opening into the next field. Then he angled Calamity back towards the red flags that marked the course. Up there on the hill the throng of spectators was stirred like a gay field of flowers struck by a wind. Hats and handkerchiefs waved and flashed. And all that was for him!

Dave's whole heart rushed out to the ugly stallion. It would be a pity if so brave a spirit should be beaten. They were halfway around, now, and Dave went on, nursing Calamity, picking the best spots for takeoff, the easiest clearances; he was putting little inches together, here and there, to make up the lost yards and rods.

Dave almost smiled. He was closing the gap little by little. When Herndon Hill began to rise, perhaps the imperceptible, deadly slope would bring some of them suddenly back to him; and beyond the hill was the plowed field which

(Continued on page 64)

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FINE tobacco is a weakness of mine. And often I'm tempted to try the most expensive kinds. But fine tobacco, I've discovered, isn't necessarily high priced.

For steady smoking, I like Union Leader. Its smooth, well-matured Kentucky Burley never tires my taste; it's so fragrant, full-flavored and biteless.

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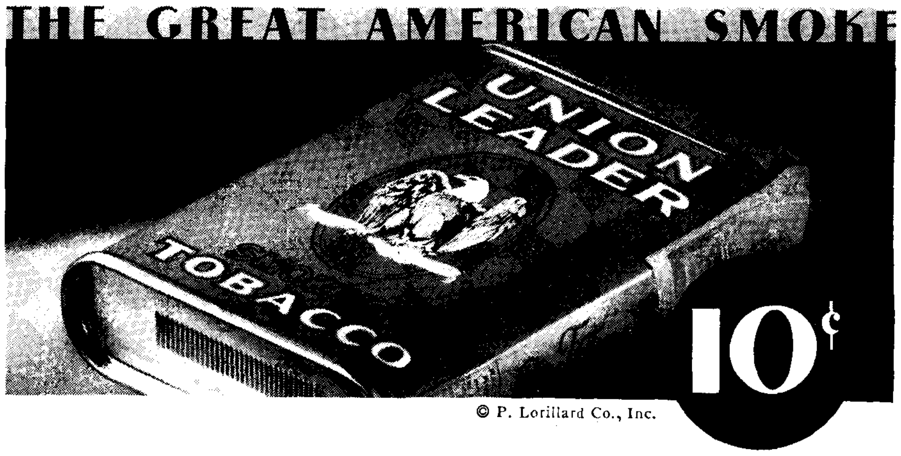

10¢

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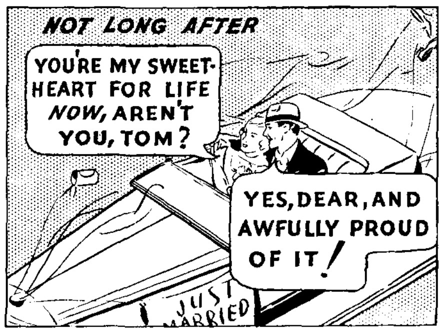
How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy

HOW'S YOUR ROMANCE WITH TOM COMING ALONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE TOOK ME SKATING!
NANCY OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION
AFTER TOM SAW NANCY'S SKIN IN THE DAYLIGHT HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANOTHER DATE
OH, SO THAT'S IT!
MY COMPLEXION IS AWFUL. BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP ME!
WHAT'S THIS? YEAST FOAM TABLETS DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN. I'M GOING TO TRY THEM!
I NEVER KNEW YEAST COULD TASTE SO GOOD. I'LL KEEP THIS UP!
AND ONE DAY SIX WEEKS LATER
HELLO, NANCY, MY, BUT YOUR LOOKING GREAT!
THANK YOU, TOM
NOT A CHANCE, FELLOWS, NANCY'S TIME IS MY TIME FROM NOW ON!


NOT LONG AFTER
YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FOR LIFE NOW, AREN'T YOU, TOM?
YES, DEAR, AND AWFULLY PROUD OF IT!
JUST MARRIED

What Yeast Foam Tablets did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health and new beauty.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary raw yeast. Yeast Foam Tablets have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today. See how this easy-to-eat yeast makes you feel better and look better! See how it helps you become more attractive to others!

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All Skin Blemishes Gone!—*"My skin used to be awful. But since I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets the blemishes and pimples have all disappeared. My skin is now clear and smooth."* SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

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(Continued from page 63)

had drowned the hopes and the strength of many a gallant chaser.

A dimness ran down over Temple Hill. All the bright colors were blurred. First a wind struck him; then slanting rain rattled against him and in a moment he was soaked to the skin, as though buckets of water had been sloshed over him.

Then the rain was gone and the sun laid a warm hand on the back of his neck. They had reached Herndon Hill. Fools who charged Herndon Hill would have spent horses under them at the top, but he only pulled the stallion in a little.

Down the incline the vast stride of Calamity devoured ground. Jeffry Bayne's black horse went reeling to the rear, and Tomlinson's washy chestnut, and the Charing bay which had cost so much in England and done so poorly in Virginia. Tomlinson was a surly brute, but even he gave Dave a shout to wish him luck.

Yonder in the plowed field went Exeter, the great gray horse, now blackened by rain and sweat, and little Tiptoe, after trailing through half the race, was coming on again.

AND now Calamity struck the plowed ground and went through it as though it were a clean roadway, though the clotted earth flung up from his hoofs sailed in the air like small black birds.

And the gray came back, and little Tiptoe came back beside him. Every stride of Calamity brought him nearer until Dick Thomas turned his head with a sudden new fear and saw Dave Reynolds at hand. Tall Philip Worthing peered across with a white, exhausted face, but it was Thomas who shouted: "Good boy, Dave, by God! Go on and take it!"

Then all three rose at the fence which bordered the plowed ground, Calamity with a lurch of effort that told Dave how nearly the big fellow was gone. But there was only the clean brown turf and two jumps between them and the finish now. Yet there were wings in the great, flinging stride of Calamity.

Off Temple Hill the entire horde of watchers was pouring, now, and at last their yelling voices dissolved into one word: "Calamity! Calamity! Calamity! Calamity!"

They had bet their money till their purses were light, backing their favorites, but horses were more than money in Virginia, thank God! And so they were cheering the horse which had come the longest way. Dave could see Colonel Apperson with his hat off and his long hair blowing; he could see Molly Apperson with her arm stretched, and he knew that she was holding out her hand to Calamity and—to him!

But ah, what power had been burned out of the good stallion! A groan came out of the crowd as it saw Calamity fall back; and then Dave could hear the voice of Cousin Tom yelling: "Damn you! Damn you! *The whip!*"

But not till the last fence was before him did Dave go to the whip, and he got from Calamity the lumbering answer of an exhausted horse. Yet the answer was there. It took them sailing over the last fence. Now, brave little Tiptoe was down and Dick Thomas was rolling, and here was gray Exeter striding two full lengths in the lead, stretched as straight and as true as ever a noble thoroughbred was seen in the drive to the finish.

Calamity was gaining, but only little by little, little by little—and the finish there so close at hand with the people already pooling about it! They were shouting for Calamity with such thunder that the winds of it blew through the body of Dave Reynolds, and carried his soul away into a glory. It seemed to him, then, that there was insane power in his hands and in his will to lift Calamity right forward across the line. He was gaining. He saw Phil Worthing turn a stricken face towards him. He shouted into the flattened ears of Calamity and saw one ear jerk forward. Those last three strides were like three strokes that beat gray Exeter back. The white line on the grass looked straight as a string, and Dave knew that the ugly head of Calamity had crossed it first.

Side by side, the two dead-beaten horses trotted, stopped, and as they turned, Dave saw Dick Thomas, mud-plastered, sending Tiptoe home for a staggering third, while a flood of yelling madmen poured out to greet the winner.

It was Philip Worthing who got hold of his hand first as they rode back for the weighing. There was a shudder in Worthing's grasp, his lips were jerking, and the voice was unsteady as it said: "The finest thing I ever saw done. Virginia's proud of you, Dave!"

Well, he dragged the saddle off at last and as he did so Calamity turned and rubbed his wet head against the shoulder of his rider. Then he saw a thin, red stain across the padding under the saddle, just where the cloth rubbed on the withers—a small red color as though Calamity had been scratched.

It was not that. There was no hurt on his skin, not a cut. It was not blood but red dye that had come off on the cloth!

He understood the thing not all at once but little by little, truth coming into him with the breaths he drew. The red of Calamity was the red he had been dyed, and that was why Cousin Tom had sworn that it could not and must not rain. This was the stuff that might "run." And honest Calamity, tried and true, was a ringer! What other names had he worn for rascals in the past, serving thieves with all the greatness of his heart? A noble anger, still, deep, and calm, possessed Dave. The world did not matter; it was the cheating of the good horse that counted.

He could keep the red stain on the saddle covered by holding it over his arm and so he could hide the shame that had fallen on the Reynolds name; but the race could not go to a ringer! He pulled up three of the flaps that covered the pockets into which the chunks of lead had been slipped and dropped the weights, one by one. They would be trodden into the mud quickly enough, no doubt.

Then he was standing on the scales, but all he could see of the throng about him was the great, bony head of Calamity as Cousin Tom flung the big blanket over him, covering him and his guilt to the ears.

AFTER that he heard Judge Willett exclaiming; and then they were testing the scales again; and then the empty pockets in which the weights should have lain were opened.

"Back there, somewhere—the flaps weren't secured," said the judge. "Calamity jumped them out. By heaven, Dave, this is a catastrophe, my dear lad! Apperson, Apperson! Come here, will you? What can we do but disqualify Calamity?"

Hollis Pembroke was close by, his jaw hard-set.

"This horse *couldn't* win, Judge," he said. "I've been looking up his record. No use making the thing public now. Not in the face of that gallant piece of horsemanship." He took Dave's hand and crushed it. "Because of you, I'm sorry for what has to happen!" he said.

Someone raised a howling voice. That was Cousin Tom, crushing his way through the crowd; and Dave slipped away into the press where numbers hid him.

He took the longest way home. The

rain had begun again when he came to the bleak old house of Cousin Tom.

Cousin Tom, seated at the table, lifted his face from his hands. He spoke not a word as Dave crossed the room.

"So you've come, Dave," said Cousin Tom, and then gradually erected his height from the chair. Dave seemed to be too tired to be afraid; he kept waiting for the terrible panic to fly through his blood.

Cousin Tom pulled off his coat. "You've busted me, damn you," he said. "Because you're a fool! I'm going to give you a lesson that'll be worth millions to you."

"Why, Tom," said Dave. "I've had a lesson. Seven years of adding up, and today I get the answer." He went over to the table and looked into the face of Tom. "I want to tell you a thing you don't know. The weights weren't jumped out of their pockets. Beyond the finish, when I pulled the saddle off Calamity and found the red stain of the dye, I took the weights out then and dropped 'em in the mud."

COUSIN TOM moistened his gray lips with the tip of his tongue and looked at space. There was fear in him, and Dave with a sick disgust and pity knew it. Not fear of a smaller man, of course, but the dread of something far greater than Dave and far beyond him, the voice that comes out of a man's own silence, and the light that comes out of his own darkness.

Dave left him staring and went to the door, pulled it open and stepped into the twilight. It was thickened with rain but still there was enough light stretched around the horizon to show him the hills beyond which lay the world.

When he walked out onto the road he knew that he would never turn to look back. An automobile came bucking towards him over the muddy road. He pulled aside, but the car stopped and the figure of Colonel Apperson stepped out.

"Well, Dave, my boy," he said, "where are you heading through all this muck?"

"I'm getting out of the muck," said Dave. "I'm just taking a walk out of it."

There was a silence, after this. A flurry of heavier rain stung the face of Dave and slackened again before he heard the colonel say: "You're leaving home?"

"I'm getting out," repeated Dave.

They had blundered into another silence. "Now, look here," said the colonel at last, "I was wondering if you would come up to my house this evening. I was wanting to tell you, Dave, that my affairs on the place are too big for me; and I thought we might talk matters over."

Suddenly Dave cried out: "I know what you're driving at, but I've got to get away. I've started and I'd better keep going."

"You'll keep going," said the colonel. "When a fellow like you starts moving, he takes long steps. But Molly is cut up a bit. She's been crying over Calamity and you, Dave, and I'd like to take you up to the house for dinner, if you'll come; and then you can go on to the biggest things you can find."

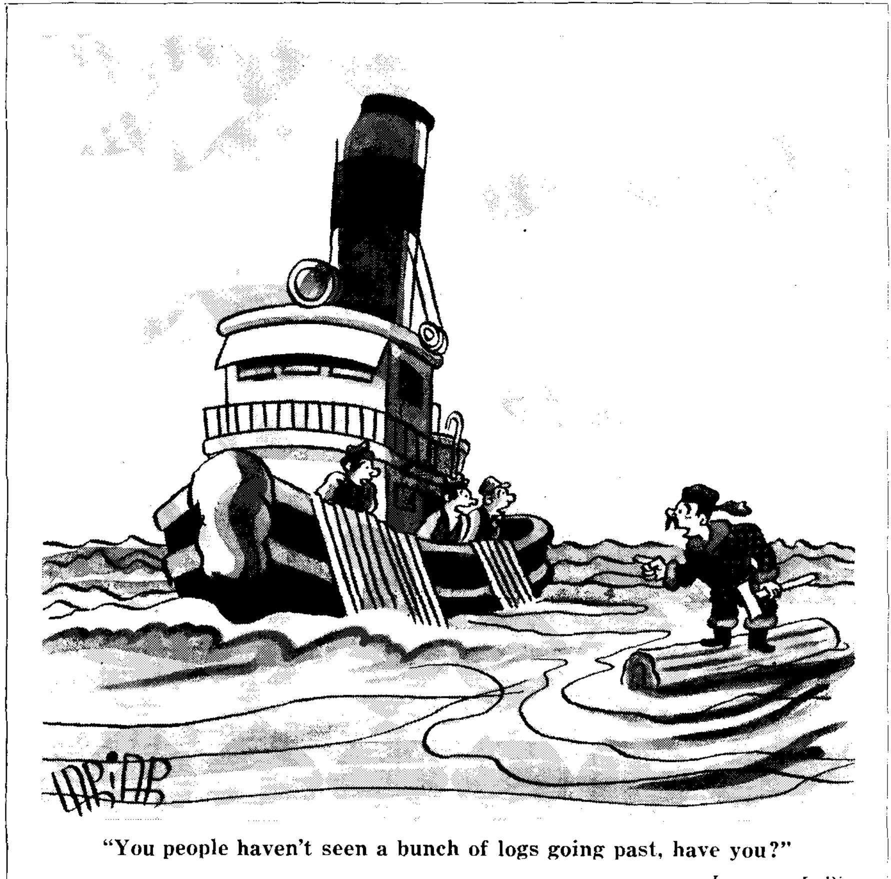
"Of course I'll come," said Dave. "I only thought—but, of course, I'll come."

He sat back in the deep seat and by the dashboard light saw the shadowy face of the colonel above the steering wheel.

"About the horse," said the colonel finally. "A few inquiries were all we needed after the race. Calamity. Engineer. Santone. Gossip. Those have been some of his names. And the fat fellow is Lew Grayson. Don't blame your cousin too much. But there'll be no more heard of this affair. The horse has been given to me for safekeeping until we know the right way to dispose of him. As for your cousin, he'll be all right. He's your cousin; and the people around here think a great deal of you, Dave."

Before words came to Dave the car was stopping in front of the Apperson house and he was climbing the steps at the side of the colonel.

From the porch, through an uncurtained window, he saw Molly Apperson standing in front of the fireplace. She was all in white that flowed over her, and the firelight handled her softly and seemed to breathe its shining into her hair. She was looking down at her loosely clasped hands and Dave realized that he knew them so well that even if her face had been masked he would have recognized her by their brown and slender beauty.



"You people haven't seen a bunch of logs going past, have you?"

Lawrence LaRiar

"Oh, Ruth, I'm . . . I can't keep our home any longer! George didn't have quite enough . . . life insurance."

"And she with those fatherless children! Ruth, I must *find a way to save* you *from that."*

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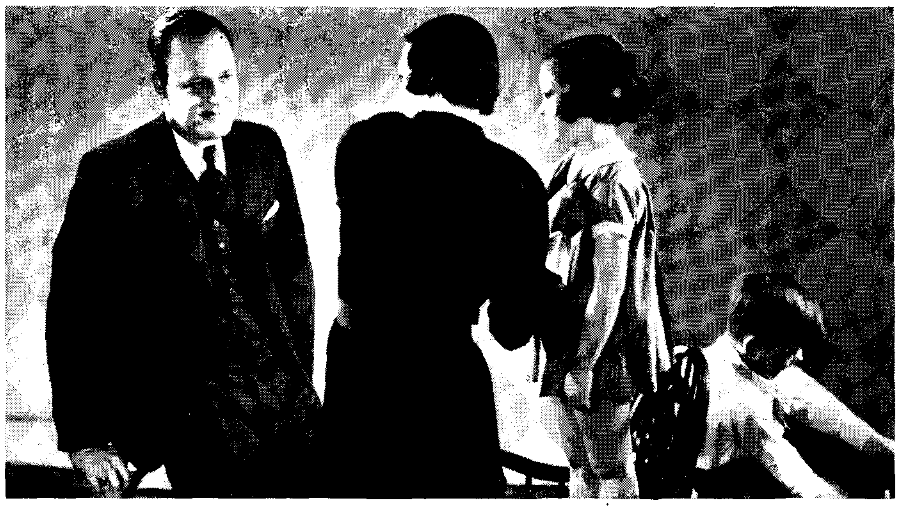

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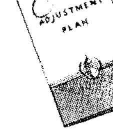

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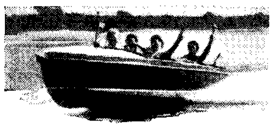

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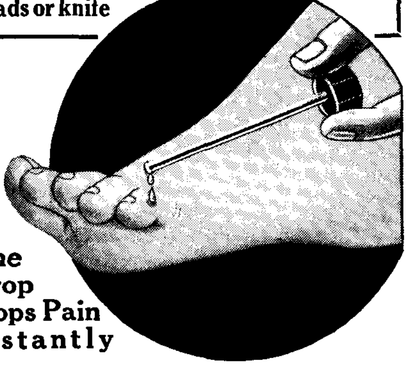

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FREEZONE

This little Pig

Continued from page 11

you've got anything to thank me for. Let's go back. I've got a couple of hours' work to do."

The next day I discovered that Fred was right and Ann wrong, about Kitty Doran's ability. Her part in the scene I watched was pretty simple and she had to be told how to do everything, but, once told, she managed to do it with a sort of fake naturalness and aliveness that were very effective.

When they had cut, Fred came over to me. "Well?" he asked, grinning.

"Not bad," I said. "How does she photograph?"

He laughed. "Wait till you see the rushes. Hey, Lew!" The camera man joined us. Fred said, "Bugs wants to know how Doran photographs."

Lew said, "Easy to handle. How about a little poker tonight, Bugs?"

"If I get through in time. Maybe we'll—"

Kitty Doran said, "Oh, hello, Mr. Parish."

I said, "Hello."

ONE of the boys handed me a telegram from Max Rhinewien:

AFTER CONSIDERATION THINK YOU RIGHT ABOUT INADVISABILITY OF CHANGING FENTON CHARACTERIZATION STOP DID YOU SEE QUOTE EAT EM ALIVE UNQUOTE QUERY SUGGEST SHOTS OF BATTLE BETWEEN SNAKES OR SPIDERS OR PERHAPS SNAKE SWALLOWING FROG AS SYMBOL OF EVIL ATTACKING GOOD STOP SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET OF BISON BEING DRIVEN THROUGH SNOW TO YELLOWSTONE WINTER QUARTERS AVAILABLE IF YOU CAN WORK IT IN STOP BEST REGARDS.

I passed it over to Fred. "Betty Lee F. made her squawk stick as usual, which is all to the good."

"That's all to the good," he agreed, and read the telegram. "A fine time we'd have trying to make that bum look like anything but Virtue-in-a-simple-frock! You ain't gonna put no varmints in this yere fillum, air yuh, pardner?"

"No, suh," I said. "I hates a snake like p'isen and I just ain't got no use fuh buffalo. You sure you want that swimming-hole sequence we were talking about?"

"Sure. It's a natural for Kitty."

"O. K. I'm going back and work a while. When you get through with Danny Finn, send him over. He remembers the old Ray Griffith gags better than I do and we need some of them."

Kitty Doran caught up with me when I was within twenty feet of my tent. "Oh, Mr. Parish, I'm so happy! Freddy says you're going to give me a real part in the picture."

"That depends," I said, "on whether you can handle it."

She looked at me wide-eyed. "But—but Freddy said I was doing fine. Was that just because—just because he likes me? Tell me what I do wrong, Mr. Parish. I'll stop doing it. Honest, I will. Honest, I want so much to— Am I awful bad?"

"No."

"But I'm not very good?"

"I don't know. What I've seen is all right, but I haven't seen enough yet."

"Oh, then I think—" She laughed. "I mean I hope you'll not be disappointed. I mean in Freddy's opinion." She went into the tent ahead of me. "Could you tell me what my part is?"

"It hasn't been worked out yet. You're probably the cut-up of the expedition. Tomorrow you sneak off to go swimming and are surrounded by Indians or cavalrymen or something and can't get to your clothes—that kind of junk."

"I think that's fine," she said.

I let it go at that.

"You're a friend of Ann Meadows, aren't you?" she asked. "I saw you with her last night."

"Yes."

"She hates me, doesn't she?"

"She's in love with Fred."

"I know, but it's not my fault that he likes me."

"She thinks it is. She thinks you're stringing him along for a break in the pictures."

"Well, what of it?" she demanded. "Didn't he give her her first break?"

"Maybe, but she happens to be in love with him."

"Well, I like him very much too."

"That's not the same thing."

She stood in front of me and her lower lip trembled. "I guess you think I'm a dirty little tramp, Mr. Parish, but, honest, I want so bad to make good in pictures that I guess I'd do anything to get a break."

"Could I count on that?"

"You're making fun of me," she said, "but yes."

"That's honest, anyhow. Now run along. I've got to work."

She laughed and held out her hand. "I like you. Can I call you—your first name's Chauncey, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh, but you don't know me well enough to call me that. Make it Bugs."

"Bugs," she said, "and thanks."

I thought about her for a couple of minutes after she had gone and then settled down to the typewriter. A page and a half later Ann came in.

"Don't stop," she said. "I don't want to interrupt you." She sat down and lit a cigarette. Her face was red and angry.

"That's all right," I told her. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. LePage and I have just had a row. He accused me of sulking in front of the camera, so I told him what I thought of him and walked off the set."

"After all," I reminded her, "we are making a picture."

"I don't give a damn about that."

"That's not the spirit of Pagliacci."

SHE dropped her cigarette on the floor and stamped on it. "Cut it out, Bugs. I'm sick. You know what she did?"

"Kitty?"

"Yes. She told him I was trying to persuade you not to fatten her part up any more than you had to."

"That's true in a way, isn't it?"

She looked at me suspiciously. "It is not. I never— You didn't tell her that?"

"No. You're being a chump, Ann."

"I suppose I am," she said gloomily, "but who cares? I ought to—" She broke off as Danny Finn came in, said, "Hello, Danny; be seeing you, Bugs," and went out.

Danny smacked his lips. "I could go for that dame. I got a swell Indian gag, Bugs. Listen to this."

I listened and said: "No, Groucho would be sore. He used that in Duck Soup."

"But there's no Indians in Duck Soup."

"The gag's the same. I want something for a swimming-hole sequence we're using Kitty Doran in."

"Doran, huh?" He smacked his lips. "I could go for that dame. How about this? Eddie Sutherland used it in one of the Oakie pictures." He described it to me.

"Yes, maybe we can kick that around,

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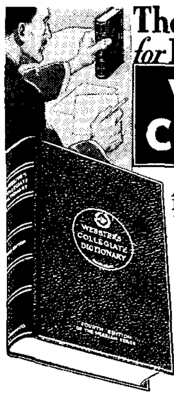
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but cut out the double-wing-and-scram on the end. Now let's see what else we can dig up."

We had five more gags—two early Sennetts, a Chaplin, one from As Thousands Cheer, and one that practically everybody had used—by the time Fred came in from his day's work afield. Betty Lee Fenton and Kitty Doran were with him.

Betty Lee paused at the door only long enough to ask, "You heard from Max?"

"Sure," I said. "You're safe."

"I thought I would be," she said, and went away.

Fred asked, "What've you guys got?" and, when we told him our six gags, said, "I guess they'll do."

Danny went away.

Fred yawned and spread himself on my cot. "Ann tell you about the blow-up?"

"Yes."

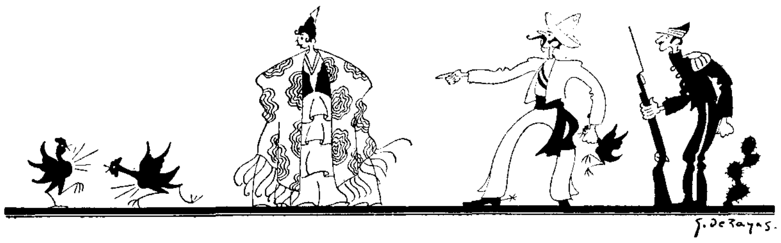
"I can't do anything with her," he complained.

Kitty said, "It was disgraceful."

"The part can be whittled down," I said. "She doesn't have to be the one that Wiley seems to be falling for."

"We've got to do something," he

(Continued on page 68)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Down in Muzo, Colombia, emeralds were once so plentiful that small ones and chips were thrown away—and many eaten by chickens. Now the government, realizing that these small pieces have a commercial value, has a law that requires the killing of chickens to be done in the presence of a government employee who takes the gizzard, which is the property of the state.

For several centuries, hanging has been the usual method of execution in England. But up to 1789, women were burned at the stake because the courts of the land felt that it was hardly chivalrous to swing a lady from the end of a rope and subject her to the indignity of exposing her limbs.

Since 1928, when the "talkies" swept into Hollywood, 65 out of the 86 starring actors and actresses of that time have passed out of the pictures. Of the 21 veteran stars who remain, only three are women.

For the first time in the history of this country, a federal court has ruled that a wife may be a competent witness in behalf of her husband in a criminal case. It was so decreed by the Supreme Court of the United States during a case which it heard in December, 1933.—*By A. M. Taylor, Jr., Birmingham, Alabama.*

On their wedding day, most Moroccan brides are carried in boxes to their new homes by a small army of guards. Not only are they so laden with precious gems that they cannot walk, but often the value of these ornaments—most of which are borrowed for the occasion—necessitates extra protection. Sometimes these "boxes of jewels" are worth as much as $350,000.

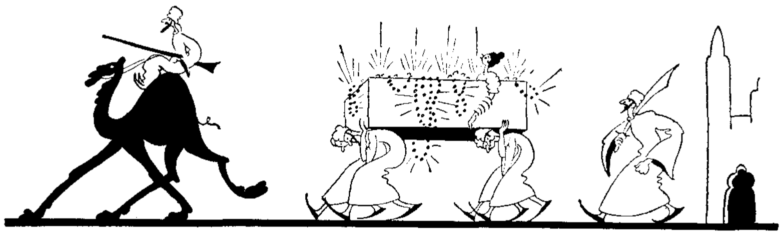
In Aleppo, Syria, sheep are the favorite household pets. Every family owns one and dyes it several bright colors. It may have green ears, an orange muzzle, a red tail and a blue-striped body. Every afternoon the streets are a riot of color as these little "muttons" are taken for their walk.—*By C. P. Shorts, Harrisonburg, Virginia.*

One of the longest labor strikes on record began in 1495 in Colmar, Germany, when the bakers of that city walked out and stayed out for ten years. It was no ordinary strike over wages or hours. Its cause was far more important. They had been denied their usual place in the Corpus Christi procession.—*By Mrs. G. Aiken, Jr., New Orleans, Louisiana.*

About 1885, Behanzin, the Negro king of Dahomey, French West Africa, established an army of about 5,000 women, whom he trained in cruelty and ferocity. He did it so well that later he had to make them wear bells to warn civilians to keep out of their way because they delighted in proving their barbarity.—*By T. H. Black, Evansville, Indiana.*

About 55 years ago when scientists were considering an attempt to communicate with Mars through a chain of bonfires in the Sahara, the symbol that they selected as the most likely to be understood by the Martians was the diagram of the famous geometrical theorem of Pythagoras because they believed that the Great Architect of the Universe was more of a mathematician than a biologist or engineer.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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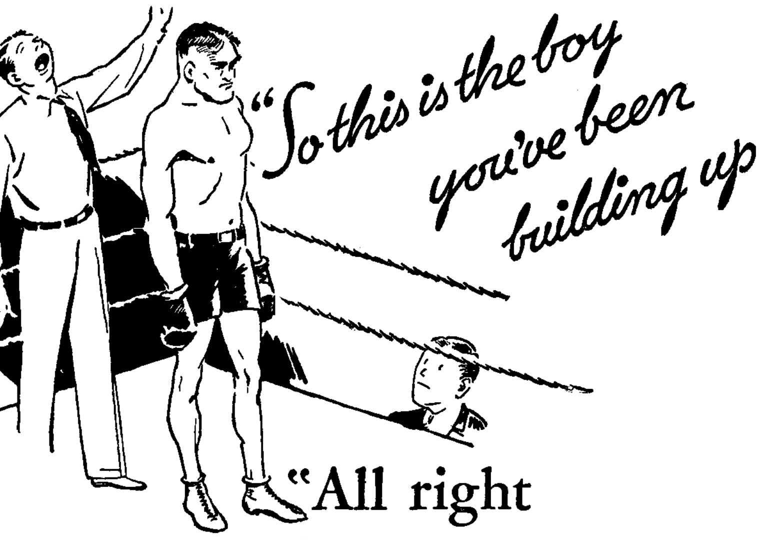
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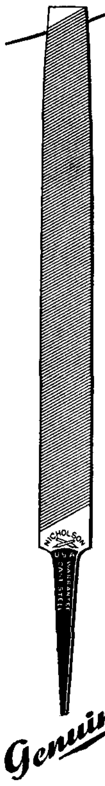

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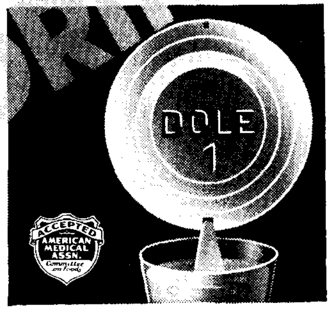

(Continued from page 67)

growled. "She's wooden. Why does she have to take her spite out on the picture?"

Kitty clapped her hands. "Oh, Freddy, couldn't I have that love scene with Wiley? I know I could do it."

"It could be written that way," I said.

He scowled at her and at me. "Max wouldn't stand for it. It'd have to be too big a part—we'd need a name."

"Max wants sex," I said. "Here it is."

"Please, Freddy!" she cooed. "Please!"

He shook his head.

"Well, we've got to do something," I said. "What?"

Kitty said, "Please, sweetheart!"

He looked at me.

I said, "I'll front for you to Max."

He jumped up from the cot. "All right! Go ahead!" Kitty laughed happily and put her arms around his neck. I said, "Clear out, youse mugs, this means a solid night's work for me."

KITTY came back alone at a few minutes before midnight. "I just had to come in to thank you," she said, "because I owe this wonderful chance all to you and I'm so excited I know I won't be able to sleep a wink tonight. Could I see what you've written for me? Just a tiny peep, Bugsy?"

"Stop talking like that," I said. "One more Bugsy puts you back among the people who call me Mr. Parish."

"I'm sorry, Bugs, but I'm so happy I don't know what I'm doing." She began to dance around the tent. "Freddy likes me to call him Freddy."

"Would he like your being here?"

She laughed. "Then maybe I'd better stay till late—till we're sure he'll be asleep and won't see me leaving. Can't I see what you've written?"

"Help yourself."

She read the new pages of script carefully and said: "I like that. I think it's fine. But look, I've got an idea. I know an awfully cute little dance. I'll show it to you—and see if you don't think it could be worked in in that campfire scene. You know, I could dance around the fire."

"Sure," I agreed. "We could have thirty or forty Nubian slaves—"

She pouted. "You're making fun of me again, but let me show you. It's a cute dance."

She showed me and it was a cute dance. I said so.

"And you'll let me do it?"

"No."

"You're a meany. I guess you think I'm an awful pig, but there's something else. I want to ask you—another favor. Freddy's been awfully nice to me, but he's mostly a Western picture director, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"That's what I thought. Well, will you help me with the love scenes?"

"Sure, but it's not going to do you any good at this stage of the game to let Fred get the idea that you're slighting him. He—"

"I know, but we can be tactful about it, can't we? I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings for worlds."

"Your sentiments do you credit," I said. "Now you'd better—"

"Oh, no, I can't leave till we're sure Freddy's gone to bed. He might see me. I'm going to curl right up in this corner and I won't bother you one teeny-weeny bit."

So I wrote her a love scene with Ted Wiley, the male lead, and we shot it against the campfire almost in silhouette, and I directed it, and if I do say it myself it was every bit as good as when Murnau first did it against a sky in Sunrise. And everybody except Ann agreed that we had a find in Kitty.

Ann took me aside to say, "I've seen a lot of hammy performances, but . . ."

I said: "I'm very sorry to hear you say that, Miss Meadows. I thought we were all great artists working together in a great art form."

She wrinkled her forehead. "Listen, Bugs, what are you up to?"

"I'm fixing things—for everybody."

"How?"

I told her. "By simply doing what everybody wants. It's a beautiful plan. You want Fred back. You get him. Fred and Kitty want her to get a chance in pictures. She gets it. Betty Lee wants to keep her virginal characterization. She keeps it. I don't want anything. As usual, I get it."

"But how does that bring Fred back?"

"Wouldn't he break with his own mother if she sent him over his schedule and budget? Well, with Kitty carrying the sex burden, she steals the picture completely from Fenton. Whether your jealousy will let you see it or not, she's not bad, and when Fenton sees the finished film she realizes it and squawks her head off in her usual refined manner. Max has got too much dough tied up in Fenton to let her be buried by an unknown, and Kitty's part is written so that if the big scenes come out the rest will have to come out and something else will have to be put in its place—and that means more money and time. And who does Fred blame for that but me and Kitty? He can't do anything to me; he can bounce her out of his affections and his picture. On the other hand, you have only a small part in the dingus now and he probably still loves you and—"

"Maybe," she said slowly, "but I don't like it. You're being malicious and you could've—"

"Sure, I'm being malicious, but I've got to have some fun. Besides, a lot of people get good lessons out of it. Max learns he oughtn't to try to sex up Westerns; Fred, that if his gods are Budget and Schedule he should stick to them; Kitty, that little pigs who go to market shouldn't carry too big baskets; and maybe all of you that I'm not just an amiable boob."

She shook her head. "There's more to it than you're telling me."

There was more to it.

TEN days later I finished my work on the script and went back to Hollywood, but, of course, not immediately on to Santa Barbara and the play. Max Rhinewien had bought a Hungarian comedy which he said needed more epigrams and he talked me into doing the adaptation. That took about four weeks and I finally escaped by simply ducking out on him.

I had been in Santa Barbara eight days when Ann telephoned me. She said: "Oh, Bugs, you've got to come down. Kitty Doran is dying in St. Martin's Hospital."

"What?"

"She committed suicide. Hurry, Bugs."

I had a car that could do plenty and a chauffeur who could get plenty out of it, but that ride to Los Angeles seemed the longest I had ever made.

Kitty wasn't dying. Her mouth was burned and her face was white and thin, but she raised her head a little and smiled painfully at me when I came into the hospital room.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Never mind. Don't try to talk."

"I can talk," she said. "Bugs, they took all my stuff out of the picture and when I asked Freddy about it he was awfully nasty to me and he said Ann Meadows told him you meant them to."

"Forget it. We'll fix you up."

"But did you?"

"I'm sorry. I'll do my best to square it. Get well and I'll see that you have another chance. I can make Max—"

"Will you? You're a darling, Bugsy! I'll—"

Ann came in.

Kitty sat up straight in bed and cried, "Make her go away. I told them not to let her in."

Ann said, "I only came in to thank you."

"Make her go away," Kitty screamed. "Make her go away!"

I SAID "All right," and took Ann out into the corridor. "Now what?" I asked.

She leaned against the wall and laughed. "But I ought to thank her," she said through her laughter. "I might've gone on and on being so silly."

"This makes a lot of sense to me," I growled.

"Don't you see? When I phoned you —when I thought she had really tried to kill herself—it was you I was worried about—about your having it on your conscience that your trick had driven her to it, and I knew then that—"

"Didn't she really try?"

"No. The doctor said she could've taken gallons of the stuff she took, and they found out she'd done the same thing twice before and knew it wouldn't kill her. But I didn't know that then and I found out it was you I— Honest, Bugs, I knew it even before Fred put the finishing touch to it."

"What's he up to?"

She laughed. "Not up—down. If he kept on in the same direction and at the same speed he's in Panama by now. He lit out for Mexico as soon as he heard what she'd done."

"And you're sure you're not just—"

She held her face up to me. "Aw, Bugs, don't be as stupid as I was."

I had my arms around her when the first slipper whizzed past our heads. The second one grazed my shoulder as we escaped around the nearest corner, leaving Kitty standing in her doorway screaming unnice things after us.

"See how sick she is," Ann said—"just like Tarzan. But just the same don't let's ever think up any more smart schemes."

"I don't know," I said. "This one got out of hand for a while, but the result seems to be O. K."

Outsider's Chance

Continued from page 22

impossible for one man to leave a permanent imprint upon a party. Woodrow Wilson, who rounded up many Progressives in his first term, couldn't do it, and Theodore Roosevelt failed with the Republicans.

Even the Progressives who idolize the President admit that, with the exception of Republican Cabinet members—who enjoy no political strength or possess no qualities of leadership—the Democratic party, in the Cabinet, in Congress, and in the field, is cluttered up with men who have never exhibited any affection for Progressive principles or personalities.

"I remember," says Senator Johnson, "what Woodrow Wilson once said to me. He said: 'It is a pity that men who have the same liberal beliefs are kept by artificial barriers from getting together and working for the things they believe in.' It's true. Political prejudice is like religious bigotry, and it's hard to get rid of. God knows I'm an independent, and yet I can't bear the thought of leaving the Republican party for good and all."

So it's no easy matter to level political barriers, and a mere presidential fiat in isolated instances won't accomplish it, as Jim Farley, who must do the actual leveling, has discovered. When he flew around the country seeking delegates for Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, he got most of his assurances from old-line, hard-shelled Democrats. They jumped aboard the Roosevelt chariot, not because he was suspected of Progressive sympathies, but because he seemed the most likely to win. They were thinking of patronage and prestige, not of Progressive principles, and they haven't changed.

Jim, and also Mr. Roosevelt, naturally feel under obligation to these early birds, especially as the Progressives did not enter the Rooseveltian ranks until election time—the eleventh hour. The petitions of the reactionary, wiseacre Democrats are better political collateral than those of the legions of Progressives whose support is cloaked in the secrecy of the ballot box.

Take the specific cases of "Young Bob" La Follette of Wisconsin and Bronson Cutting of New Mexico. Mr. Roosevelt, in speeches delivered in their bailiwicks, praised them, appealed openly for their indorsement, and got it. Both have voted for the main tenets of the New Deal legislation. Both, quite as much as Senators Norris and Johnson, have displayed a rare spirit of independence and liberalism inside and outside the Senate. If anybody deserves the presidential blessing, they seem to.

Though not such historic figures as the Nebraskan and Californian, they present a peculiar claim. In his Milwaukee address Mr. Roosevelt recognized the La Follette dynasty and the Wisconsin school as his pioneers and partners. Now, with Old Bob dead, Son Philip in temporary eclipse, and Young Bob facing a life-and-death battle, it may be up to the President to determine whether this famous political family—as famous as the Roosevelts themselves—shall survive.

Rebellion Afoot

Mr. Cutting, in some ways, is a more picturesque figure than all the other Progressives. Wealthy, cultured, a Harvard graduate and born of the Long Island Cuttings, he migrated to New Mexico for his health. There he built up a political organization among the lowly, including the despised "Greasers." He is tall, pompous, and he lisps, but his looks belie him. He is one of the bravest and most independent of senators. He demolished Elder Smoot when that horrified gentleman declared that Lady Chatterley's Lover was written by "a man with a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell."

But the non-rebellious and non-literary Democrats have built up strong organizations in Wisconsin and New Mexico, and they captured most state and national offices with Mr. Roosevelt's aid in 1932. Now they want to capitalize on his popularity some more when Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cutting run again next fall, by putting up their own candidates. Having labored for many years without any reward, it is only human nature for them to protest when asked to turn the other cheek to Progressive foes. What's the use of being a politician if you can't collect? That's going to be a hard question for President Roosevelt and Chairman Farley to answer, as it has been for other Presidents whose dreams of a partisanless United States were punctured by the realities of bread-and-cheese politics.

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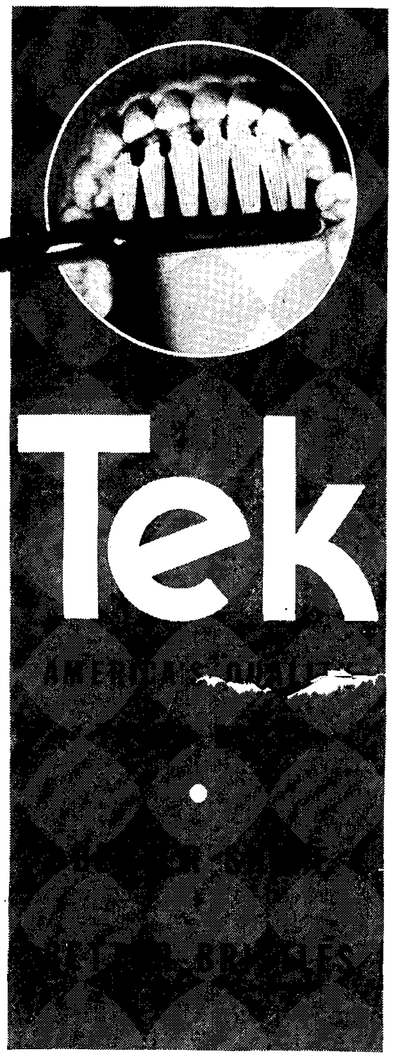

• A jury recently placed the value of a tooth at $1,000. Whatever price *you* put on your teeth, they're too valuable to lose through neglect. You can't afford a tooth brush that skips a single part of a single tooth.

Tek's Better Shape makes it easy to reach and clean every tooth surface and gum-line... even the *inside* arch back of your front teeth, where bulky brushes often miss... and where so many dental and bodily ills begin due to infected gum-lines.

Tek's Better Bristles are laboratory-selected for purity, resiliency and long life. Tek, sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. Tek Jr. for children and smaller mouths.

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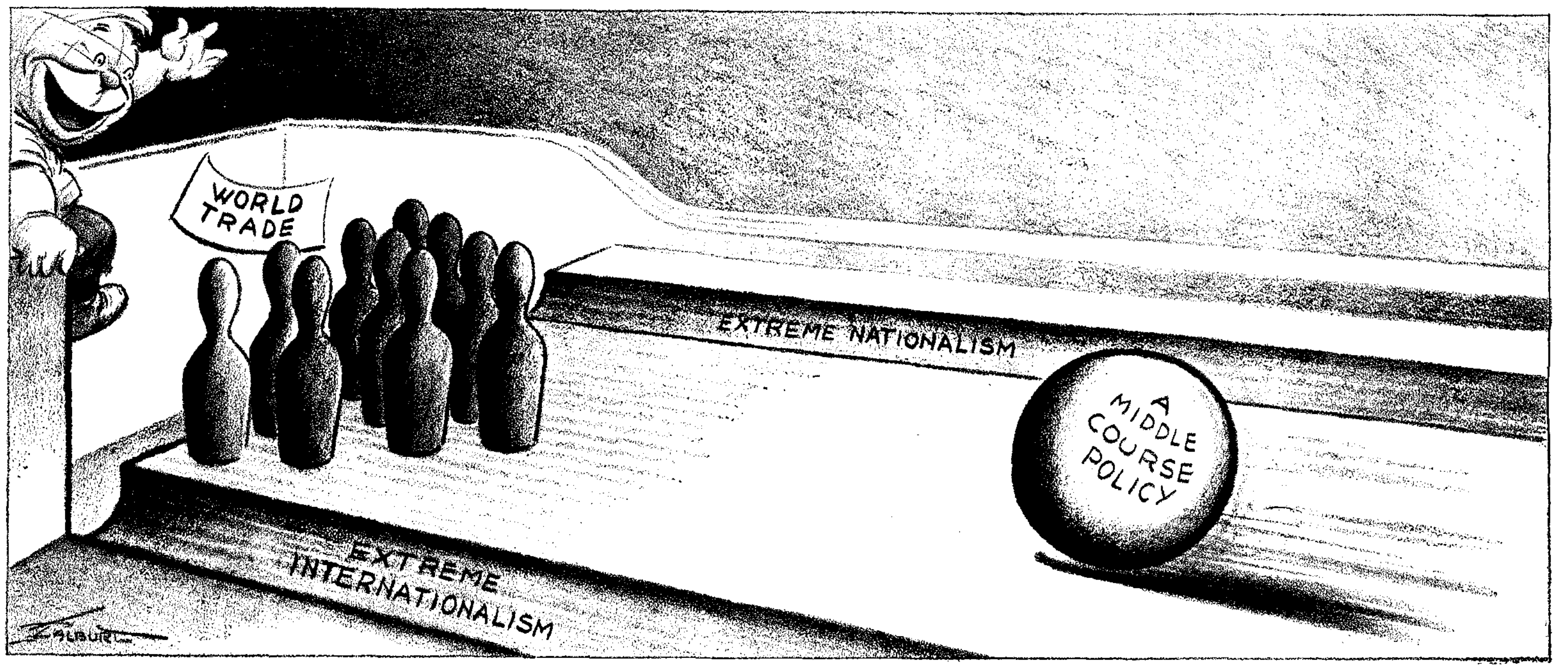

Horse-Trading Revolution

HENRY A. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture, is counted the most radical of all President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Certainly he is one of the most thoughtful and deliberate. Wallace's real opinions and plans accordingly give the best available information concerning the long-time meaning of the Roosevelt revolution.

Alone among the major figures of the Administration, Secretary Wallace has recently put on record his ideas for our future. He understands clearly what he wants and he makes an effective argument. Here it is in brief:

Governmental control is here to stay whether we like it or not. We shall go on controlling farm production because limiting production is necessary to save the American institutions we love.

We are out to subdue competitive overproduction. Consequently we must decide what to do with the 43 million acres of marginal plowland we are taking out of production this year. We must stop working these acres because the world will no longer pay us for the extra wheat, cotton and corn we have been growing on them.

As long as we remain a creditor nation, with high tariff policies, refusing to accept foreign goods in payment, those acres should not be tilled. Until we adopt a long-time world trading policy, in keeping with our position as creditors, we must continue to reduce our crops.

In a booklet written for the Foreign Policy Association Mr. Wallace sets down in detail the reasons which led him to this conclusion. The facts he recites are impressive. Here are some of them:

During the World War the United States dded 40 million acres to its cultivated lands order to provide food and clothes for ope. When peace came Europe went to work and raised its own crops.

en we went into the War we owed ations 200 millions yearly on inter- en the war was over other nations owed us 500 millions yearly on interest. We changed quickly from a debtor to a creditor nation.

Between 1914 and 1930 we sent to the outside world 25 billions more in goods than we received. We loaned on an average more than 500 million dollars a year to foreign countries.

When the Roosevelt administration took the helm it was clear that foreign buying power no longer existed to pay for our surplus crops at acceptable prices. So land had to be taken out of cultivation.

Even with the present drastic reduction in planting we are not down to a strictly domestic basis. We still have foreign trade in cotton, tobacco and other foodstuffs. We would like to have more foreign trade.

Still, this year we shall probably take out of production 15 million acres of cotton land, 20 million acres of corn and half a million acres of tobacco. In addition, 7½ million acres on which wheat might be raised will be idle. This 43 million acres is nearly one eighth of all crop land now harvested in the United States.

All this is temporary and experimental. Secretary Wallace says the present program of farm reduction is merely an emergency plan to be used until we are able to decide on a permanent policy and program.

Starting with these facts, Mr. Wallace weighs the advantages of nationalism, popular now, and internationalism, which is under a cloud. For himself he prefers a well-thought-out middle course.

Limiting our crop to the needs of the home market would be too drastic. We would have to take from 40 to 100 million acres of land out of cultivation. We would have to find other work for Southern farm laborers and for many in the wheat and cotton belts. The difficulties of such a restriction of agriculture would be staggering.

In fact, if we went all the way toward nationalism, Mr. Wallace foresees compulsory control of all marketing, licenses for plowed land, quotas for every crop every month of the year and a far greater development of public ownership than we now have. A permit stuck on a post authorizing a farmer to cultivate a bit of land would be the final result of planting only what could be sold to Americans. Mr. Wallace does not like this picture.

The alternative Mr. Wallace advocates is a planned middle course between extreme nationalism and an extremely low tariff policy.

Quoting him: "We would lower tariffs enough to bring in another half billion dollars' worth of goods annually and permanently retract of our good agricultural land some 25 million acres. . . .

"Every man and every woman in this country have a common stake in seeing that we go back to simple horse-trading common sense in our dealings with foreign countries. It would pay us all to become more import-minded. Let us get it straight that we should not make loans abroad until we have first achieved a lowering of our tariffs that will permit the repayment of our loans."

Meanwhile, however, the government through the RFC has already established a bank to finance exports to Russia and to other foreign countries. George Peek, transferred from the Department of Agriculture, is actively seeking foreign orders for American crops.

Examine this policy as we will and it is hard to find any red radicalism. In the long run we shall decide this issue as we think to our profit. Mr. Wallace pleads for enlightened self-interest but he does not break with the past.

Public control over agriculture and industry and governmental financing for industry and trade are new in our experience but the purpose of governmental interference is not new. It is a modern method of seeking to accomplish an old object, which is to enable every American to enjoy life and liberty and to pursue happiness in his own way.